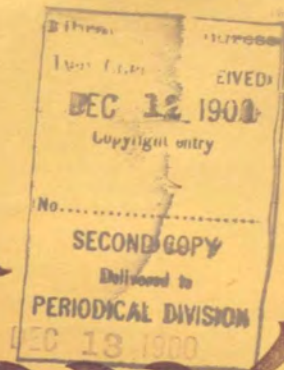


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# THE IDEAL REVIEW.

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## MIND AND CEREBRATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

"The best thought, like the most perfect digestion, is done unconsciously," as the late Master Byles Gridley declares. Then following up the concept he adds, reflectively: "Ideas at compound interest in the mind—Be aye sticking in an idea—while you're sleeping, it'll be growing. Seed of a thought to-day—flower to-morrow—next week—ten years from now."

In this brief outline is comprehended a mass of experience which we all recognize as our own. We have imagined it to be a form of memory, and so it is; but it is far more than mere remembering. We observe that purposes which we have formed, and other vivid mental impressions are by no means uprooted from the mind by being dropped or dismissed from the conscious thought. We awake generally at the time that we had set, or at which we have formed the habit; and we are reminded by a signal of the memory that the appointed moment has come for us to set about something which we had proposed to ourselves. I have been roused from sleep to do a thing which I had contemplated, sometimes apparently hearing a voice call me for the purpose; and I have been often interrupted in a course of active



thinking by the intervening of the occult reminder. I have also been a witness to kindred phenomena in persons whose external consciousness had been suspended by an anæsthetic. In such cases, whatever had been expected or contemplated previously, the thought or emotion that was uppermost, would be exhibited in words or action. Pain, terror, anger, as well as rapture and beatific delight were expressed, as though actually then experienced, and even as though there had been no interruption of the normal condition. Yet the individual, on recovering from the peculiar trance a few minutes afterward, would remember nothing of the matter, and declare unqualifiedly that there had been no consciousness whatever of anything that had occurred.

Analogous experiences sometimes take place with individuals when under the mesmeric influence. Many of the illusions of the insane, and even of others who are disordered in some way by passion and warping of the imagination belong in the same category.

Another manifestation of the occult or supraconscious faculty is of greater significance. It has been experienced in trying conditions, when there was uncertainty and deep anxiety to say or do what was right and wisest. I have at times myself been utterly at a loss for proper words and arguments on important occasions, and they came to me at the critical moment to fulfil the required purpose. At times, likewise, I have felt myself circumscribed in my ability to solve and decide important questions. This peculiar constraint would occur when someone was pressing me peremptorily to give an answer on the instant to some proposition. There would be a difficulty to think clearly, or to apprehend what to say or do. There seemed to be no alternative except to appear stupid or obstinate, and to abide the result. In other instances, likewise, when endeavoring to lash my own mind to a conclusion, a like impediment would be present. Yet, after a time, sometimes brief and sometimes indefinitely prolonged, there would come unexpectedly into my



thought a solution of the whole matter. If a decision had been required, about which I was not certain, it now came clear and unequivocal. In fact, I am seldom disappointed in this respect when I am really in an exigency. Nevertheless, I do not consider it prudent to forego any study or mental effort, relying supinely upon such necessary aid. This would be a species of foolhardiness, and might tend directly to shut away the very succor upon which we were counting.

It is not well, however, to make any critical scrutiny into the moods and processes which wrought and resulted thus beneficially, but wiser to accept the results with a modest docility. Indeed, we are never quite able to understand the operations of our own minds. Yet so far as I remember, these peculiar exhibitions were in harmony with previous ideas and habits of thinking. The readiness and spontaneity seemed to result from a quick memory which had been aroused on the instant. The thoughts and words which came vividly forth were very often shaped after forms of expression which had been used long before, and perhaps forgotten. Most persons, therefore, will regard the matter as nothing very wonderful. Nevertheless, the true explanation belongs to a deeper principle of our being than simple memory.

The ablest writers on Human Physiology as well as Philosophy have concurred in the recognition of an ulterior faculty in our nature which exceeds memory and even scientific methods. It is a private potency which we possess within and behind our common phenomenal existence. We perceive by the senses what is external and objective to us, but this faculty transcends that form of consciousness, and indeed is distinct and superior. Its office is to comprehend facts, solve important questions, and so to enable us to acquit ourselves properly in emergency, whether in principles of thought or matters of action, accounting for what may be otherwise unexplainable.

Numerous designations have been invented to denote this



wonderful faculty. Maudesley terms it the preconscious action of the mind, a mental power which is organized before the intervention of consciousness. Agassiz describes it as a superior power which controls our better nature, and acts through it without consciousness of our own. Schelling denominates it unconscious knowing, a capacity for knowing which surpasses consciousness, and is higher than the reasoning faculty. Other writers, however, are not willing to acknowledge a mode of activity that is purely intellectible, and style it reflex action of the brain and automatic brain-work—a form of brain-activity without thought, but, nevertheless, an activity which may be subsequently reproduced in connection with consciousness or thought, or which may, without being reproduced, modify subsequent kindred mental action or thought in the same mind. “There are philosophers,” the Duke of Argyll apply remarks, “who appear to think that thought is in some measure explained when it is called a ‘cerebration.’”

Dr. William B. Carpenter has taken the initiative in this direction. He formulates the hypothesis under the title of UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION, beginning with the proposition that the brain furnishes the mechanism of thought. He affirms, accordingly, that there can be no question at all that it works as though of itself; in fact, “that it has an automatic power, just as the sensory centres and the spinal cord have an automatic power of their own.” He explains, however, that it originates in the previous habit of the individual person. There can be no doubt whatever, he declares, that a very large part of our mental activity consists of this automatic activity of the brain, according to the mode in which we have trained it to action. The will gives the impulse in the first instance, and keeps before the mind the thoughts which it can immediately lay hold upon, or which association suggests, that bear upon the subject. These thoughts, however, do not conduct immediately to an issue, but require to work themselves out. The sensorium, or rather, the



group of nerve-ganglia of special sensation, which have their seat at the base of the brain, and distinct from it, may be in a state of inaction all the while, or perhaps otherwise occupied.

This peculiar activity of the brain, though automatic, Dr. Carpenter does not consider to be spontaneous, or the result of any peculiar inspiration. His theory is simply this: That the cerebrum, or brain proper, having been shaped, so to speak, in accordance with our ordinary habits and processes of mental activity—having grown to the kind of work which we are accustomed to set it to execute, can go on and work for itself. Unconscious cerebration is defined by him accordingly as the unconscious operation of the brain in balancing for itself all the various considerations—in putting all in order, so to speak, in working out the result. This conclusion, he declares, will be the resultant of the whole previous training and disciplining of our minds. He designates it accordingly the Common Sense.

Dr. Ernst von Hartmann, the author of "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," declares that consciousness has its origin in the cerebral organism. He explains it as not being a fixed state, but a process, a perpetual state and becoming. Its antecedents are impenetrable to itself, and, therefore, we can only hope to solve the problem indirectly. There is no Supreme *Being*, he insists, but only an Omnipresent Will and Intellect. Of these, he states that they are acting unconsciously in an inseparable union with each other—one Absolute Subjectivity, a Power operating on all unconscious functions, human, animal and vegetable.

It is a fashion for certain writers of the modern school to decry metaphysics; yet, with a curious inconsistency, they seem very generally to have a metaphysic of their own. Professor Hartmann is a conspicuous example. He employs the most abstruse and unconsionable metaphysical subtleties to set forth and defend his propositions. He sets at nought the primal fact that Will and Intelligence are the essentials of real being, one



and inseparable; affirming, on the contrary, that the breaking of the two apart constitutes the very essence of consciousness. Perception, he sets forth as having its origin in the mind, thus separating and emancipating it from the will, and enabling it to revolt, and even to subject the will to its laws. The astonishment of the Will at this—"the sensation caused by the opposition of the Idea in the bosom of the Unconscious—that is Consciousness."

In brief, "the Unconscious Thought does not recognize a separation between the form and the content of the knowledge, the subject and the object in the act of thinking. It is just here that the subject and the object are intimately identical, or rather, that nothing distinguishes them absolutely, since they are not yet risen out of this condition of original non-difference."

This hypothesis of Professor von Hartmann is an illustration of the curious agreement often attained by persons whose reasons for it, as well as their views generally, are diametrically in opposition. This writer, who is understood to deny a Supreme Being as well as the immortality of the human soul, is in accordance with the extremist Mystic who surpasses his fellows in the subtleties of theosophic conception. Both declare that the individual who really *knows* does not cognize the fact of knowing, because such knowing is *subjective*, and therefore is not to be contemplated as an object, that being in a certain sense a thing apart from us.

It would be a happy result if such incidental harmonies in conclusions should ever lead human beings to be just toward each other, magnanimously bearing in mind that difference of opinion is often only a diverse view of the same truth, and no warrant or occasion for animosity, proscription or disrespect. The rivers, however at variance in the direction of their currents, all meet as one in the ocean. So all faiths and dogmas, and all destinies, we may confidently believe, converge finally in Divinity.



The existence of double consciousness, which in some form of manifestation we all possess, indicates the origin of many of the curious phenomena which would otherwise be less easy to understand. The author of the tale "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" based his fiction upon this quality. He represents a man as changing his very shape by artificial means, and with it alternately suppressing and restoring the nobler endowments of his character, in order by turns to delight himself with the viler propensities and again to appear in a truer manliness. Analogies to this may be observed in everyday life. Physicians have reported examples of two-fold conditions of existence alternating with each other, with corresponding phenomena of a memory peculiar to each, and in no respect common to both. "Persons have lived for years," says the late Dr. William Gregory, of Edinburgh, "in an alternation of two consciousnesses, in the one of which they forgot all they have ever learned in the other." Epileptics have been known, when in a new paroxysm of their complaint, to finish a sentence begun in an attack which had occurred days or weeks before. Maudesley relates the case of a groom whose skull had been fractured by the kick of a mare. As soon as the portion of bone which was pressing on his brain was removed three hours later, he recovered his usual consciousness, and cried out an order to the animal.

Dr. John W. Draper supposes that such manifestations are incident to the two-fold constitution of the brain. The hemispheres, it is assumed, are organisms quite distinct from each other, and have the power each of them to carry on its functions as if independent of the other. Usually, however, they act together more or less as a single brain, the superiority of the one eclipsing or compensating for the defects of the other. Yet sometimes there is not such subordination, and there are in consequence two trains of thought and two distinct utterances, either at the same time or else first one and then the other. Each of the two may be perfectly consecutive and sane



by itself, but the two will be incongruous from being mingled confusedly together. This condition, in its exaggerated form, is regarded as insanity; nevertheless, it has been observed in the thinking operations of persons whose minds are considered perfectly sound. In such cases, if one of the hemispheres chanced to be disorganized entirely, or if it had been destroyed by external violence, the other appeared to do the whole work acceptably.

There are, also, numerous examples of the independent action of the hemispheres where the individuals were in health. We may be engaged in ordinary pursuits which imply a continued mental occupation, and be occasionally beset with mental suggestions of a different kind.\* A strain of music, or even a few notes may be incessantly obtruding. In our building of air-castles we generally permit one of the hemispheres to act, presenting fanciful illusions while the other contemplates the operation and lends itself to it.

Pictures made of each side of the face will often exhibit contrasts, as of two different individuals. These exhibitions of double consciousness often alternate in a striking manner. One hemisphere will continue in action for a period of days or even weeks, and then lapse into a quiescent condition. The other will then take up the work and run its course in turn. We can observe our own moods, and we will be likely to find ourselves verifying this in a decided form. It is by no means an abnormality, but rather a safeguard against such ill fortune. Instances have occurred, however, where one of the hemispheres had undergone deterioration or suffered lesion, so that it was reduced to an infantile condition, and there was an incapacity to make use of the impressions which had been previously made

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\*The Jesuits are said to have a rule that a person may not remain at one kind of employment longer than two hours. This prevents a tendency to mental disorder which is promoted by too steady adhering to the same occupation without variety.



upon it. The individuals would alternately exhibit what has aptly been termed child-life and mature life.

Dr. Draper is of opinion that these exhibitions of alternate and double preception can be explained on no other principle. He is less decided, however, in regard to explaining the sentiment of preëxistence in the same way. Indeed, the facts can not all be thus accounted for. Von Helmont, the elder, by experiment upon himself with aconite, suspended the action of the brain; upon which consciousness and perception became manifest at the solar ganglion or "sun-tissue" at the epigastrium. This indicates that the function of cerebation or brain-activity, whether conscious or otherwise, does not account for all these phenomena. The statement of Dr. Carpenter that "mental changes may go on below the plane of consciousness" is hardly adequate. There is no single plane of consciousness, but a plurality of such departments, subliminal, subreptive and supraliminal; and it is a mistake to attribute all to the brain and cerebation. The nervous ganglia of the sympathetic system have also their part and allotment.

The assumption that inventions and the various phenomena that he depicts are resultants of the previous action and discipline of the mind is also faulty. Idiots are by no means destitute of intellectual and moral faculties; and at times they display an independent spiritual consciousness. Seagar, of Berlin, reports that he had in his establishment indubitable cases of idiocy, in which the head was small and malformed. Yet the results of education were so triumphant in them that they were ultimately able to go forth and mix with the great world, exhibiting no mental infirmity that could be detected. In one instance a young man underwent the rite of confirmation without being suspected, by the priest, of any irregularity of mind. Dr. Bateman, consulting physician of the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots in England, expresses his own undoubting belief that the idiot of the lowest class has the germ of mental activity and



of moral responsibility. "This germ," he confidently declares, "although only permitted to bud here, is destined hereafter to expand into a perfect flower, and flourish perennially in another and better state of being." In such cases, however, the budding, expanding and flourishing perennially are resultants of other factors than those furnished by brain-protoplasm.

Indeed, we may remark that when thought and mental activity are imputed solely to cerebration, the inquiry has not been carried to a sufficient extent. The fact that the brain has two hemispheres with powers corresponding but not dependent upon each other, does not fully account for what is observed. It is the organ of consciousness by means of which we communicate with the world around us, and on this account has received the most attention. Nevertheless, during sleep it is quiescent, and in our waking hours it is not capable of very long attention to one subject, or indeed of a long persistence to a single course of thinking. Its proper sphere is to be employed with sensations, matters of the surface rather than with principles. The mind is immanent in it like an inspiring divinity and surrounds it as an atmosphere. When any of its ganglia or functions are impaired, the communication between the mind and the world outside are correspondingly interrupted. The mind then subsists apart and seems to the superficial observer to have suffered a like destruction.

But cerebration is by no means the whole of our thinking. The brain is not the sole organism upon which the mind depends for the exercise of functions. There are other structures in the nervous systems that are also essential, and afford communication between the mind and the various parts of the body. As was said by the writer in another discourse, "The mind is the man, the human being in very self-hood, the superior organism, and not a Will o' the Wisp moving about the cerebral swamp and depending upon its vapors for luminosity and existence. The spinal cord is the vehicle of involuntary motions; the sensorium furnishes the medium for emotion and organic



instinct; and the 'gray matter,' the cortical surfaces of the brain, the ganglia, are intermediary for the reason and will. So each performs its duty; we grow and subsist after a manner like vegetables; we go from place to place, and perform voluntary movement, like the animals; we think, reason, perceive moral principles, and exercise will, like gods."

While our general consciousness and thinking may be attributed to the brain, the function which has been called "unconscious cerebration" must be ascribed to another organism. The brain suffers fatigue and requires frequent renewal by sleep; but the other nervous structures are always awake. The cerebellum, or little brain, is of this character. It is incessantly in operation, unslumbering, and does its work in silence. Its important function is to take up and complete what had been begun in the brain. Thoughts, problems, percepts, which had occupied the attention, soon drop out of the consciousness and are apparently forgotten. But this is not the case. They are, instead, delivered over to the subconscious thought that has its abode in the cerebellum. There they are digested and assimilated, and become a part of the mental being, a "second nature." They are now wrought into conclusions, convictions and purposes, and returned to the cerebral consciousness as such, seemingly as a matter of memory. This explains the expression so often uttered by discreet and cautious persons, to sleep over a question before deciding it. Thus the cerebellum is manifest in its nobler character as the ethical organism, containing and maintaining the humanity of our nature, the purpose which makes freedom a right, the foresight which transcends the common prudence and circumspection.

Dr. William H. Holcombe affirms that consciousness is the consequent of our finite, imperfect state. He substantially repeats the doctrine of Aristotle, Spinoza and Swedenborg. "Our imperfection," he declares, "is the pledge of our immortality, our progress, our happiness, as well as the ground of our con-



sciousness itself." With this statement we must also accept its corollary: that if imperfection is the origin of actual consciousness, then that which transcends consciousness pertains to a higher state of being.

Indeed, Dr. Carpenter himself appears to concede as much. "I believe," says he, "that it is the earnest habit of looking at a subject from first principles, looking honestly and steadily at the True and the Right, which gives the mind that direction that ultimately overcomes the force of those early prejudices and those early associations, and brings us into that condition which approaches the nearest of anything that I think we have the opportunity of witnessing in our earthly life to that Direct Insight which many of us believe will be the condition of our minds in that future state in which they are released from the trammels of our corporeal existence."

An individual, however, can conceive principles only from having their substance in himself. He can know nothing of that which is totally foreign to his own nature. The insight which is nearest approached by the earnest contemplation of the True and the Right is no acquirement of an alien or engrafted faculty, but a development of an energy which is innate in us. It is rather the awakened memory of a knowledge already possessed in a former condition of being. The attainment is supraconscious, and, therefore, it hardly belongs in the category of cerebration. It is intuition, a faculty distinct from the physical organic structure, which neither fatigues the brain nor changes it in any part. In short, it is the self-recognition of soul, enabling the individual to perceive the ideas which it is sought to express by "all the master-words of the language—God, Immortality, Life, Love, Duty."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given a very fair illustration of this condition of mental unfoldment. "The more we examine into the secret mechanism of thought," he declares, "the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind



enters largely into all its processes." In the account of the "Vision of Myrtle Hazard," he sets forth his meaning. The maiden gazes upon a luminous figure of a cross, which he cautiously suggests to have been an accidental product of phosphorescent decaying wood. As a result she becomes ecstatic. Before her there appear one by one the forms of several of her ancestors, and with them her own eidôlon, as though she was in some way outside of her own body. They seem to address her, and to desire eagerly to breathe the air of this world through the medium of her external shape, which was at the moment empty of her presence. Presently she seems to return into it, and afterward the others appear to be merged one by one into her personality and to become part of her being. She feels the longing to live over the life of her own father and mother, then the peculiar nature of the others, and finally becomes in some way one with the purest nature of them all.

Dr. Holmes, after some speculations about "objective projection," to which imaginative young persons are sometimes subject, takes the matter up philosophically. "The lives of our progenitors are, as we know," says he, "reproduced in different proportions in ourselves. *Whether they as individuals have any consciousness of it, is another matter.*" Not stopping, however, at the concept of heredity, he boldly suggests that some who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect life in these bodily tenements, which we are in the habit of considering as exclusively our own. It might seem that many of those whose blood flows in our veins struggle for the mastery, and by and by get the predominance; or it may be that two or more are blended in us, not to the exclusion, however, of a special personality of our own about which the others are grouped. "We all do things awake and asleep which surprise us. Perhaps we have co-tenants in this house we live in."

Kant entertained a similar opinion. "Perhaps it will yet be proved," said he, "that the Human Soul, even in this life,



is, by an indissoluble communion, connected with all the immaterial natures of the spirit-world acting upon them and receiving impressions from them."

Goethe is more definite and unequivocal, distinctly affirming our inspiration. "Every grand thought which bears fruit and has a sequel is inherent in no man, but has a spiritual origin," he affirms. "The higher a man stands, the more he is standing under the influence of the demons (or angelic spiritual beings). Everything, so far as we are not it ourselves, flows into us. In poetry there is something demonian, and particularly in the unconscious, in which intellect and reason fall short and which acts accordingly beyond all conception."

Agassiz explains that there are a double set of mental powers in the human being, essentially different from each other. "The one," he says, "may be designated as our ordinary conscious intelligence; the other as a superior power which controls our better nature." The latter power he describes as acting through us without conscious action of our own.

Professor John Tyndall speaks in the same vein. "It was found," says he, "that the mind of man has the power of penetrating far beyond the boundaries of his full senses; that the things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon the things unseen; in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws, principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which need be and can be spiritually discerned."

When Dr. Henry S. Tanner was undergoing his famous fast of forty days in New York in 1880, many physicians predicted that his brain would give way for want of nourishment, and that he would become delirious, in consequence. Yet on the very last day he exhibited no sign of mental deterioration, but so far as will and reasoning powers were concerned, was perfectly normal. His only external support was air and water with the peculiar influences and vital emanations derived from those about



him. His example illustrates the fact that the brain is the instrument of the mind and not its master, and that the mind itself exists and acts by virtue of an inherent energy that exceeds matter and its conditions.

Nevertheless, to a certain extent the materialists are right. But the induction upon which they rely so much is in many respects insufficient for the evolving of important truths. It is, so to speak, a viewing of the night-side of Nature, and they who employ it exclusively are able only to descry what may be compared to a dark vapor obscuring the light and knowledge by its dense gloom. We may more wisely regard every subject upon its upper side—above the clouds, where the sun shines, and Truth makes it luminous and distinct.

It need give no embarrassment, because vital force, nervous force and mental force are closely related, and apparently interchangeable. The important fact is the one which is brought to light by the phenomena of what is termed Unconscious Cerebration, namely: That the unconscious, which is also designated the subconscious and the supraconscious as being on different planes, modifies the conscious, and that the two become blended into compound states. This demonstrates their kinship and shows that mind runs deeper into material substance than is generally supposed.

We are at the superior pole of psychic verity and in direct antipodes to the empirical reasoning, which would resolve the real world into a synthesis of sensibles, and the soul itself into a consensus of the faculties which observation discovers in the human organism. The omnipresence of consciousness in its several forms affords no rational basis for the theory which endeavors to eliminate it, and personality with it, from the Supreme Essence. We cognize the entity of Thought behind all sense and organic manifestation. We perceive that death does not extinguish human existence, and that that is beyond man, and that the universe itself is neither void nor altogether unknowable or unessential.



Holmes has formulated the conclusion at which we have arrived: "We all have a *double*, who is wiser and better than we are, and who puts thoughts into our heads and words into our mouths." The Soul is then to be recognized as the receptacle of the thoughts which are thus dissociated from corporeal phenomena. The double by which they are transmitted is the purer intelligence. This is the universal consciousness imparted in a certain degree to each individual, and, nevertheless, after a manner common to all. Sir William Hamilton affirms this clearly: "The infinitely greater part of our spiritual nature lies beyond the sphere of our consciousness, hid in the obscure recesses of the mind."

There is an ocean, so to express it, of pure Intelligence which permeates and includes all. It is, as Dickens describes it, a sea that rolls round all the world. We are in it, and pervaded by it, through all our mind. It reveals itself wherever the conceit of knowledge which proceeds from ignorance is dispelled. This consciousness is beyond perception by the senses, and whatever agency of the brain is associated with it is wholly receptive, and cannot properly be deemed or denominated cerebration. It is the partaking of the Universal Intelligence, as our corporeal organism is a partaking of the universal nature. For it, matter has no obstruction, space no limit, time no measurement; for it transcends them all.

There exists in the various ranks of modern society a solemn idleness which would make us refrain from meddling with questions of this character. Arrogating to itself the honored title of *experience*, it would rest every thing upon the notion that theoretic shallowness is practical excellence. In this way a degenerate humanity is striving to subdue and overwhelm the true humanity, in order to bring it beneath the power of cultivated animalism which deems itself superior, and thus to pervert or suppress the higher instincts. Then of all which has ever borne the name of virtue, there will nothing be left but *utilities* so-called, and these may also be applied to vicious ends. As we



become more skilful and scientific, it tends to make us more irrational. It would eventually establish, so far as relates to higher truth, a reign of ignorance which is really bestiality. Its worship would be indeed that of brazen serpents and golden calves, without any veneration for the soul itself; and professed men of science would minister at its altar. Professor Huxley has justly pronounced it a "grave philosophical error," adding that it "may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life." To such a paralyzing, brutalizing lethargy, it is a supreme duty not to succumb. The true soul is eager to know, to have that knowledge which is the possessing of that which is known.

Our subject is thus carried inevitably from nature to metaphysics, from cerebration to the supersensible, and from the unbelief of scientists and the cant of the unknowing and opinionated to that superconsciousness which transcends all. Mind is the substance, the underlying reality of things. We say with Herbert Spencer that the consciousness of Absolute Being cannot be suppressed except by the suppressing of consciousness itself. The thought, therefore, which can not be found to have its origin on the plane of the common conception must be traced beyond it, and so we must consent to let physiology be transcended by teleology. All that is vital and important to us is concerned in so doing; and questions of such tremendous importance may not be left to sleep in the unknown,

Scenes of Earth  
And Heaven are mixed as flesh and blood in man.

There comes to us at times from the Unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of Being  
The rushing sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations that we deem our own  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

—Longfellow.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.



## THE LIVING GOD.

BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

No two men ever have an identical conception of God, and God never seems the same to any individual at different periods of his development. Yet it is a fact that all men see God at all times with greater or less clearness. You may look at a mountain from this side and from that side, from the North or the South, from the East or the West, or all the intermediate points of the compass, and every time you vary your position the mountain will seem to be a different mountain. You may see it uplifting itself, snow-clad, a hundred miles away, and every mile by which you approach it will change its appearance. It will seem as though the mountain changed, but the mountain remains as it was; it is you who have changed your position. Although two persons stand exactly in the same spot and look in the same direction at the same mountain, those two would see different mountains. For the range of our vision is not the same; our capacity of comprehension is not the same; what seems great to one will seem small to another, and what seems worthy of remark to one will pass unnoticed by another.

And so you understand that I can only speak of my own vision. If I can stir you to some sort of original vision of your own it will be all that I can hope to do.

I am sure of this, that compared with what I used to know, my present thought of God would be infinite. If I could write down now the best thought I have concerning God, and find words to express it—which I cannot—and then turn back the hands upon the clock until my life had gone back twenty years and try to read what I now had written, it might almost as well be written in an unknown tongue.

The God who seems unknowable may be simply unknown. If we live long enough and our power of vision increase, we



may not only see the mountain from one point of view but from every point of view; we may possess it if we will. If God remains the same to any soul, that soul is either full-grown and more than human, or else it is little developed and is less than human. You may mark your humanity and be certain of it by the development of your thoughts concerning God.

Now, to me, God means to-day these five things: (I should be glad if he might mean more, even before I had finished this utterance; more in quality and in quantity than so far, I have been able to think; for I have no other ambition in life than this,—to know God.)

In the first place, then, while God seems different to all of us, and we use the term with different meanings, there is one meaning that the word "God" has to all of us, one that can scarcely be called a meaning, but one of which all of the philosophers and scientists and theologians have had some conception, and that is the idea of THE INFINITE—THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

We can all say, with our poet:

"I see and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least."

I do not understand this God at all. I cannot define him I cannot characterize him. Did you ever think that for a man to say "God is infinite" and then to try to define him is a contradiction in terms? The word definite is the exact opposite of the word infinite,—infinite means without limit; and to define is to determine limitation. We cannot comprehend the unmanifested. The Eastern philosophers have trained their thoughts for thousands of years to try to express the idea of the unmanifested God, but they have not been able to describe him. For instance, when one speaks of Nirvana we are told that it is "annihilation." It is anything but annihilation. To the Eastern mind it is something so different from our present condition as not to be called existence; you would have to invent an entirely new vocabulary to describe it. When the Buddhist tells you that



God is Nothing, he does not mean to deny the existence of God. I have heard it said that the Buddhists were atheists. But the Buddhist is a believer in God. What he means, when he says that God is nothing, is that God is *no thing*, something greater than what we call realities. And so, when we think of God in this fashion, whether we be heretic or Hebrew or Christian, the very best we can say is this,—that with this “mystery of God we dare not dally.” Beyond all this manifestation and expression is the infinite God.

The flower knows life on one plane but not as the bird knows life. The bird knows life on another plane, but not as we know it, and yet we know that there is a higher life than that of the flower and the bird; and there is probably a higher life for man, higher than most men suspect; and we know that we ourselves may change from one plane of thought and experience to another, so as to make the former plane seem unreal, non-existent. And when we have risen to our highest conceptions, we may see that there are higher planes still, beyond the possibility of present human thought.

And so I can say that this God is unknown, not because we never can know him, but because our present vision or conception is not great enough.

In the second place, God seems to some of us to be  
UNIVERSAL FORCE AND SUBSTANCE.

Here we begin to comprehend God. In other words, the unmanifested becomes manifest, or begins to express itself, and it does this in two ways,—as substance and as force.

Science and philosophy agree in this, that there can be only one substance and one force, and that in the last analysis it is probable that the force and the substance are one and the same, forming and re-forming, combining and re-combining. We know that we can change solid to liquid, and liquid to gas, and we think of the great wide spaces and we know that there is no emptiness anywhere.



No scientist has ever been able to invent a microscope by which you can look between the atoms and tell what is there, but he tells us that something is there, and that probably it is identical with the one substance.

But we do not need either the scientist or the philosopher to tell us this truth. We see the clod become the vegetable, and the vegetable become the animal and that the man eats the animal, and then we see the man go back again to make more vegetables, to make more animals, to make more men. Now this differentiation of the one force and substance is not the reality; there is something back of all this, which is universal. God is the same in essence, but he is not the same in experience.

We ask the question, "What is Man?" but how would you answer it? You cannot identify mankind by saying that men have such and such bodies, because their bodies differ; nor by saying that they have such and such minds, because their minds differ. What is it that marks man as man? It is the great unity that is back of time and experience, behind the body and the mind of man, that we call soul; and there is something behind the manifestation of the universe, and on which it rests, the truth of all living things, the soul of nature, and we call it God.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.  
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame.  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glowes in the stars and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

God is not only the paramount fact, but the ONE FACT in the universe. Every object and being and manifestation of life perceptible to us through the mental faculties and the spiritual



intuitions, is an expression of the one life. God is the generative, central, unifying energy which we recognize at the heart of each individual and of the universe itself. He is the universal intelligence that is involved in nature as we know it and that finds its highest expression in the most highly developed human minds. He is the enfolding atmosphere, which on the physical plane we perceive as air, on the mental plane as omniscience, on the spiritual plane as the sum and complete transcendent expression of all good.

He is not the source of all being, in the sense of having created all things apart from himself, but he *is* all being.

In the third place, God means to me THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE.

There is one sense in which God does not grow, there is another in which he does. God of whom I spoke first as the eternal reality, does not grow. In this sense God increases, in that our appreciation of him is enlarged. Here is a beautiful landscape, and here is a man, and there is a veil between, so that the man can not see the picture. He makes a little rent and looks through and sees only a little; then he makes the rent larger and larger, and at last the veil is gone and he beholds it all. This is what explains the different ideas that men have about God in different races and ages of the world. The growing man breathes upon the veil and it gradually vanishes.

The philosopher tells us of the Absolute, back of all things, but no one of them has ever been able to explain how the unmanifested becomes the manifested, how the abstract becomes the concrete; and how that which is beyond our idea of existence and life comes to exist and live. That which to our lower sense seems real is not the reality. The very old thinkers on this subject have pictured to us the great God thinking a thought of creation, and our universe is the result. It is as though the manifested universe were a breath of God and its development and spiritual realization were his inhalation; as



though he were for a time the germ, then expressed himself in its growth and returned to the germ again; as though he knew a winter of repose, a spring and summer of propagation and fruitage, an autumn of garnering the harvest and a winter of preparation again; as though now he rested and now he was active, and the universe was the incarnation of the activity; as though now he slept and now awoke and the universe was God awake. Who shall say whether the sleeping or the waking, the winter or the summer, the resting or the working is the better, since both are perfect in their way. Some of our modern theories have developed this, and have given us ideas which enlarge our intellectual and spiritual conceptions. At first, nothing but pure spirit. The whole of the processes we know is the experience of the spirit becoming matter and going through millions of changes, gradually becoming more and more material, going down, down, down, until it reaches that which seems the lowest, and then coming back, until it is the unmanifested source of all existence again. This is what happens in the birth of a child, and every man is a microcosm of the world and the universe. The spirit descends into matter and the child is at first a little animal. Then the spirit begins to manifest itself, and takes control of the animal. But the child may fail to learn his lesson, the spirit may fail to gain control over the matter, in one short life-time. Let it try again; a million times if need be, and after a while it will succeed. This mortal must put on immortality and this corruptible must put on incorruption.

Something like this is taking place in the great universe; Man is trying the experiment of seeing how far away from himself he can get, and finding that he cannot get away at all. All over the world there is a tradition of the Fall of Man. When we look at it clearly, the Fall of Man and the Descent of the Holy Ghost are exactly the same thing. We must have fallen once, we must have been the immaculate, unlimited God; now we are not; we are very poor expressions of God. Jesus knew that



"he came from God and was going to God." That is true of all men and also of the universe; only it really never left God; it is God. Every human soul passes through that experience, and the whole universe is a larger manifestation of the same process.

Something like this is probably true, and it appears now that the human race is ascending at the present period of its experience. However low it may have been in past ages it is now rising. I do not know how many cycles were occupied in our departure from the pure spirit, but every present experience indicates that we have passed the limit of our descent and we are conscious that we are now ascending toward the God-realization.

Physical science in our time has learned something of the lesson of evolution, which the great spiritual teachers of the East knew ages ago. But before evolution there must have been involution, for the seed cannot be developed and grow through the experiences of vegetable and animal life and at last be a man unless there has been something of the eternal force and wisdom and power residing in it to produce this marvelous result; it was involved before it was evolved. I do not care whether you call yourself a materialist, or look at things from the spiritual standpoint. The materialist says the energy was in the matter, and that it evolved; the believer in spirit says that the spirit was first and matter the result, and that matter is to become spiritual again.

And so we are really conscious now that the human race is developing in intelligence and morality, and the idea that identifies God with the spirit of progress is an accurate one. It is true of the individual as well as of the race. It is a true instinct of the race which says that God is one with progress. Our whole practical problem now is how to know our potentiality, and how to accelerate the process of its development.

Emerson says that "All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us." This explains



the "regeneration" of a man, or the seemingly sudden onward movement of a nation.

"God is a force to give way to!  
God is a thing you have to do!  
God can never be caught by prayer,  
Hid in your heart and fastened there,—  
Let God through!"

I have a fourth idea of God, as THE HIGHEST KNOWN MANIFESTATION OF HUMANITY.

Men have made Gods out of idols when idols suggested the best thing they could think of. The idol is good or bad, just as Jesus is good or bad, or any God is good or bad, according to whether it is the best thing any man can think at the time. Man's first idea of God was of something external and he made Gods out of trees, mountains, the sun and other objects. Then he gained the idea that men were superior to nature, God must be human—he could not quite grasp the thought that God must be in himself—but God must be like a man, so he made a human God outside of himself, and apotheosized some man of rare attainment.

I can tell you of fifty "Christs," living in different parts of the world of whom men have said "That was God." And there is a very real sense in which it was true. Just so far as they were expressions of the best thought of their time, they were God for that time.

What do you mean when you say that Jesus is divine? What do you mean when you say you are as divine as Jesus? Jesus is divine and you are as divine as Jesus. Your life is as divine as any Christ's, in potentiality, and certainly that you have the same kind of thing at the root of you as He had at the root of Him, it is just as certain that you will reach your goal, as that He reached His goal. You are as divine as Jesus in this way.

You may not be as divine as Jesus, in the sense that you are not as far developed as He was. He may have been myriads



of ages ahead of you in his upward progress. The seed is the flower, and yet it is not the flower; it has to be first a root, then a plant, and then a bud, and last a flower.

There is something higher still than the idea of the deification of a good man, and that is the deification of abstract virtue. There are those who tell us that we ought to worship the abstract, "The Good, the True, the Beautiful." This is higher worship, if you are capable of it.

The terms good and evil are wholly relative; there is no such thing as absolute good or evil that we know. Because we are steadily growing, "evil is good in the making." What you call good was not comprehended by your ancestors; what you call evil was their good. The good is working to accomplish the eternal purposes. The dog may be looking at you as a God, and the snake may be looking at the dog as a God, and yet they are the same thing. We are all in the same circle;—some are nearer the center than others; but it is the same circle.

The nearer we come to our ideal, the more truly do we know God. And I think it is good practice, until we can have a larger thought, to say "God is truth"; "God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all"; "God is Love, and every one that loveth is born of God," and "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

But all this would not mean so much to me without one other thing. I am glad to share God with everything, but I have learned that God is THE HIGHEST QUALITY OF A MAN'S OWN SOUL.

Man is the greatest present expression of God. All men are conscious that the best is within them. Find your true self and you will discover God.

In San Francisco, a man once said to me, "I want to ask you about prayer; do you pray as you used to?" I said: "No, thank God, a great deal better!"

He said: "Do you kneel down and pray to some God outside of you somewhere?"



I said: "No, no! I try to tear off the wrappings about my own soul; I try to pierce down through the covering; I try to realize that at the heart of me there is the divinest something in the universe, and I no longer look at that which is without or above me to find God, and I no more worship nature or bow before my fellow men, although I might do either. But I look within."

This is what you really are, you are THE IDEAL. *Call yourself by no lower name.*

An awakened and an unawakened soul went to see a great sage to ask him the way to eternal life. And he said to both, "You have it all yourselves." He said: "You are it!" And they went their way, and being conscious that they had bodies, they said: "Our bodies are it!" and they began to feed and pamper their bodies. The unawakened soul did not progress farther than this, but remained in a sensuous state all his days. After a time the awakened soul became dissatisfied with his sensuous condition and became assured that he was not identical with his body. So he went back to the sage and told him he was sure that the secret of eternal life was not in his body, and asked him where it was. And the sage said: "Find out for yourself. Thou art That!" So he went away and concluded that he was identical with his mind. But as he noticed that his mind was variable and filled with thoughts both good and bad, he returned to the sage and told him he had concluded that eternal life could not be in the mind. And the sage said: "Find it out. Thou art That!" So he thought that the vital forces must be meant. But, after a time, he discovered that these forces depended on food and other conditions and that he could not command them. So he returned to the sage, telling him that he did not think the vital forces were the Self. And the sage said: "Thou art That! Discover yourself!" He went back and at last found out that he was "the Self, beyond all thought; one without birth or death; one whom the sword cannot pierce or



the fire burn; whom the air cannot dry or the water dissolve, and that it was neither the body nor the mind, but beyond them all."

O God! Indeed Thou art the Infinite One. Thou art the light and beyond "all light;" light rare, untellable, lighting the very lights. I see Thee best when I realize that Thou art beyond the power of my vision. I think of Thee most accurately when I know Thee as beyond the resources of my thought. I hear Thee most distinctly when Thou dost speak with the "voice of the silence." I feel Thee most when my human heart ceases to beat, in the ecstasy of that divine consciousness which is more than earthly.

Thou art revealed in all holy men and words. We have worshiped Thee as Brahma and Buddha and Zeus and Jove and Jehovah and the Christ, and tried thus to express our highest thought of Thee. Still do these names remain holy unto some of us, and we rejoice in every good aspiration that has quickened the souls of men through these revelations of Thyself. But Thou art more than these. Thou art Life and Light and Love and the perfection of every good thought and imagining of man. But Thou art even beyond these. Thou art the Universal Soul, but Thou art also my soul. The Infinite is Here. "The Kingdom of God is within You." We need not search the heavens to bring Thee down, nor voyage the sea to bring Thee near. The Word is nigh us, in the heart;—that we may do it.

I call Thee, "Friend!" but the title is too distant. I call Thee "Father!" but even though I came from Thee, then must Thou be without and beyond me and I will not even call Thee Father. I need not even cry out the holy name of "Mother!" to appeal to Thee. I called Thee "Brother Christ!" but Thou "stickest closer than a brother." All symbols fail.

Of my life, Thou art the breath; of my mind, Thou art the thought; of my confidence, Thou art the faith; of my aspiration, Thou art the hope; of my fellowship, Thou art the



love; of my comfort, Thou art the peace; of my content, Thou art the joy; of my soul, Thou art the soul; and I pledge Thee by this effort of my life, of which Thou art the germ, the energy and the completion;—nay, Thou dost pledge Thyself to me by the promise of this thought and utterance, that I shall never be content until scale after scale shall fall from my now blinded eyes; until robe after robe shall be removed from my now disfigured form; until dream shall succeed dream and vision banish vision; until the waking shall surpass the sleeping and the conscious reality be infinitely beyond the seeming dream, and “I shall be satisfied when I awake, with Thy likeness!”

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.



## THE GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

Only a very few persons, if indeed any, can be considered as wholly unsusceptible to the influence of music. But because of its intangible and indefinable properties, the value of this influence, when considered in its aspect of moral-guide and character-molder, is usually underrated. Music as an instructor is *sui generis*, and employs a method all its own, differing fundamentally from any other method through which intelligence can be imparted to the human understanding. Thus, it is not through reflection or ratiocination that the element of music enters our consciousness, but, on the contrary, music depends for its true appreciation upon the *suspension* of these very functions. Evidently there are centers in the human constitution that do not require the slow and cumbersome machinery of thinking and reasoning to transmit impressions into consciousness. If we read a poem or study a painting, our profit from the mental and moral wealth contained in these art presentations is directly proportionate to the extent to which our intellectual faculties—our perceptive, reflective and reasoning faculties—have been employed in the process. A poem or a painting, however exalted its character, must be *intellectually understood* in order to be thoroughly appreciable, while in listening to music every effort to analyze its technical make-up unfits us at once to partake of its inner moral sense.

The account which Mozart gives of the mode and method of his musical conceptions may serve as a case in point to support the view here taken. The wonderful conceptions of his master-genius which he embodied in musical compositions, entered his consciousness without—as he himself tells us—any assistance of the intellectual faculty. The several elements of the



composition appeared to him before his inner vision as the flitting scenes in a moving panorama, presenting detail after detail, the one passing out of his consciousness as the other entered, until the whole totality, full-orbed and rounded out in all its details emerged from the unknown and invisible, to pass in dramatic order before his mind. This final review, when the entire composition in its minutest details and in all its glory appeared upon the scene, he describes as resembling the pictorial representations of a strong, fine dream, and as carrying with it a feeling of the most absorbing rapture.

Thus music seems to draw its elements from a source far beyond the reach of intellection, and carries on a direct communication between the human soul and the universal soul. The intelligence thus received might be called "direct knowing," attained without the agency of the lower, intellectual mind. The painter and poet, notwithstanding their own intuitions, can reach the consciousness of their fellowmen only through reason and reflection, inasmuch as their genius, in order to be intelligible, must be clothed in form or symbol. Descriptive arts, such as poetry, painting, and sculpture, refer to the estimates of a weighing and balancing reason, and, though the forms and figures assumed by these arts may strike us as new and original, in their details they are, nevertheless, copies obtained from the phenomenal world. Hence, we may hold that the truths revealed by the pencil, chisel, or word, can reach our consciousness only through individual thought-processes. Thus the *word* in which the poet finds a vehicle for his ideas, depends for its more or less true appreciation upon the discerning and judging capacities of the reader's mind. The musical composer depends upon no forms or verbal limitations when paving his way to the consciousness of his fellowmen; his creations have no patterns in the world of form, but are limitless expressions of original spiritual vision, delivering the intuitional messages without the distorting medium of ratiocination.



The value of music as a moral guide is, therefore, easily conceived. The moral idea when reaching us through the instrumentality of intellection becomes more or less colored by its intermediary channels. But through the agency of music we are ushered directly into the sanctuary of divinity, and receive the moral idea in undefiled purity, serene and holy as its source. Language fails utterly to describe or even to hint at the thrills of silent bliss that pierce our being when we listen to the magic of harmonic sounds. An indefinable feeling of oneness or identity with every unit of existence creeps over the soul; we experience a sense of boundlessness, and merge into the universal. Lifted up by the mighty, soul-stirring waves of rhythm, we feel as if carried through spheres of love and beauty toward the altar of eternal truth. There, with the stormy bursts of passions and desires silenced, with the whole sensorium of the mind in a temporary suspension, spiritual verities become exposed to the gaze of the soul, as we drink from the ever-flowing fountain of holy truth exhilarating draughts of moral and spiritual regeneration. Through the medium of music our souls are made to vibrate in unison with the world-soul, and its mighty reservoir of purity and love pours out on us its riches. We become suddenly filled with a sense of exalted morality and sympathy for the forces and powers that make for good; feelings of self and personality, ever attendant on our ordinary life, dissolve in such moments into compassion and a limitless largeness of heart—as the flitting shadows of night melt away to a rosy dawn when the sun pours an ocean of light over an awakening world. The moral impulses received during such “journeyings with Deity” are of the highest order, and furnish an ideal guide for human conduct. It is true that these exalted notions do not always obtain a permanent seat in our ordinary consciousness, but give way to other influences when the music has ceased to rule us with its melodies; but it is also true that every repetition of subjecting one’s self to such elevating influ-



ences traces deeper and more defined channels in the mind until finally a direction of thought has been established, and the tide of our moral nature has been turned permanently toward the good and the ideal.

The influence which music exerts upon the animal creation is another evidence of its *super-intellectual* source. For were music an appeal to the intellectual processes, it would have remained largely lost to the animal consciousness, especially to those of the less developed orders, as in the latter there can hardly be suspected any elements of thought and reason. Therefore, it must be through the instinct, which is identical in *essence* though not in *degree*, with the human intuition, that the harmonies of music can find a response in the animal consciousness. And it is further to be noted that the lower the grade the animal occupies in the natural evolution, and the less it can be suspected of possessing reflective powers, the more susceptible is it to the influence of music. Rats and mice are extremely fond of music, and may under its influence expose themselves unconcernedly to impending dangers. The skylark and the nightingale, whose musical presentations are not without technical precision, must, in lack of any other instructor, be supposed to obtain the notes for their musical performances directly from the great conservatory of "*the harmonies of the spheres.*"

But not only animals are susceptible to music. The movements of the molecules that constitute what is termed material substances are regulated by the rhythm of sound. I once heard an old German professor affirm that in the grand organ in one of the European cathedrals—I think, that of Strasburg—is to be found a note, which if sounded alone would shatter the temple to dust. This stupendous power of sound has already entered the region of more or less recognized facts. Already have ordinances been issued by a number of cities both in the United States and in Europe by which music bands are prohibited from



performing on iron bridges. This universal power of music to introduce changes in the constitution of things and objects exposed to its influence indicates irresistibly the inter-relation in which all nature's products stand to one another. From the atoms of a piece of metal up to the highest archangel, all are united through the universal medium of rhythm.

To the ancient, this mighty instrumentality for the play of universal energy was by no means unknown. Orpheus, we are told, moved the birds in the air and the fishes in the deep by the melodies from his god-strung lyre. Even trees and rocks yielded to the magic of his divine overtures, and moved in accord with his melodious strains; yea, even the grim visage of the ferryman on the river Styx relaxed its deadly sternness when Orpheus, upon his journey to Tartarus, let his instrument vibrate in the dismal regions of the underworld. In the fabled theater of Orpheus, where all kinds of beasts of prey assembled to form his grotesque audience, is likewise indicated the power music exercises over the brute creation. As long as the performance proceeded, the various instincts and appetites of the animals were held in check, and species at other times the most irreconcilable enemies fraternized in a spirit of touching brotherhood; but no sooner had the last strain died away than their native promptings asserted their power, and a warfare of everyone against everyone set in with all the fury of unrestrained murderous instincts.

Amphion, another interpreter of Apollo, is credited with having built the walls around Thebes by causing rocks to move in accord with the tones from his flute, and to assume the shape of symmetrical structures. These and a multitude of kindred traditions seem to indicate that mankind once were in the possession of an insight into potencies of sound and of power to manipulate them, but lost these attainments by their heedless pursuit of the sensuous and purely material and by their neglect of the intuitional and divine, as it is only through the



activity of the latter that we can succeed in bringing into play the dormant powers which lie as germs in the mysterious depths of human nature.

Thus music would seem to serve as a link connecting the visible with the invisible, being a vehicle, or the means, by which man may obtain knowledge concerning his divine ancestry, and may be guided when entering upon self-conscious relations with spiritual forces. What, then, is the character of this marvelous element—all-pervading and so all-controlling—what is the genesis of music?

The manifestation of life and consciousness, of form and substance, proceeds through the endless flow of impulse welling out from an unknown and indefinable source. This undifferentiated, ever-moving energy, lying back of and engendering all motion, is comprehended in the term *monad*. The latter can, therefore, not be thought of as a monad, but as *the* monad, as the contemplation of its essence and mode of action conveys to one's mind the idea of a wave of vital force moving from shore to shore of universal life—if the expression be permitted,—and casting up infinite varieties of form and substance. Each of these manifestations—be it a pebble, a worm, a man, or angel—expresses in terms of form and substance the degree of development attained by the *monad* in its course through universal evolution. Though in itself invisible and unknown, the *monad* reveals to us the course and character of its movement by bringing about conscious relations between its essence and the available senses of our nature. Thus the *monad* addresses the physical being through his fivefold sense-perception, as sound, light, touch, taste, odor, each of these functions expressing but the different aspects of one and the same original energy.

In sound, however, we find a substratum to all the other elements of sensation. For as the key to growth and development lies in motion, so the character of motion is contained in the mystery of sound. Thus in sound we find a register of



motion—an index, so to speak—in which the whole sweep of universal motion has an appropriate correspondence. As, for instance, to use a rough explanation, the sound following a bullet whizzing through the air describes the course and movement of the bullet, so the monad, moving through universal evolution must give rise to what we might conceive of as ideal or undifferentiated sound. That a force-current, however, may be manifested, its course must be disturbed, just as a smoothly flowing body of water reveals its course and strength only when ripples are produced by an obstacle placed in it. Likewise electricity, magnetism, heat, gravity and a number of other forces become known to us only through disturbances caused by terrene conditions in the current of some cosmic energy. The sound, or rather its abstract conception, moves in mighty waves through the various planes of cosmos, ever registering the course and character of the monadic movements. To our physical ear this “sound,” however, is ideal silence, as its currents sweep through our auditory nerve-centers without conscious appreciation by the latter. Through disturbance of its homogeneous essence set up by mechanical changes in the medium through which it flows, this “sound” first becomes audible to our hearing apparatus, and from *subjectivity* passes into *objectivity*.

From the definite relations always existing between a cause and its effect, it follows that a given disturbance of the subjective sound-wave must elicit a corresponding objective sound; and a sympathetic arrangement of these disturbing causes would naturally give rise to facilities, through which an intelligible interpretation of this inaudible sound might be brought about. Such a systematic arrangement is found in our tone-scale, and by striking a series of notes on an appropriate instrument we succeed in setting up such disturbances in the sound-substratum that its responses address our ears as music.

If this be so, the influence of music cannot possibly be overestimated. For if we admit that sound holds in its bosom the



method of monadic unfoldment, it must be through and by music that we possess an instrumentality by means of which we are able to elicit from old Mother Nature an answer to the questions of life and death. Thus by setting up a vibration that could disturb the movement of the life-energy at work in fashioning—let us say—a flower, the consciousness ensouling that flower would be an element of our knowledge. Similarly with other objects of natural and spiritual evolution. The soul would be capable under the magic guidance of music of entering into self-conscious relations with the numberless lives and essences that surround her.

This is the grand mission of the musical genius: to succeed in arranging such a system of mechanical agents that the vibrations set up by them may elicit just such revelations of the World-soul as correspond to and express his ideal conceptions. He must possess the entirely intuitional power of discerning the relations existing between the symbol and the idea: between divine thought and material form. Through his intuition, the composer obtains an idea from the Universal Mind—i. e., he permits a ray of the eternal true to reflect itself in his soul. Next he feels a want of imparting this divine message to his fellow-men. But to refer them to his own source and method of information would be of little use, since only a mind endowed with the same purity and responsive readiness as his own could enter into a direct relation with the ideal. So the genius proceeds to define his idea and to trace its silent current in the monadic stream. His art he now applies, and by skillfully producing a series of mechanical sounds, corresponding to the character of his spiritual vision, he creates a disturbance in the mystic "silence," and interrupts the current in which his idea floats. Thus interrupted, the idea manifests in terms of tones and melodies, and reveals its meaning to listening mortals.

To the extent the composer has succeeded in evoking vibrations that correspond to his intuitions, to that extent is his



composition true; and to the extent his mind has been pure and holy, to that extent is his composition ethically exalted, as only the morally developed mind is capable of reflecting the moral idea. And this at once leads us to the conclusion that as there is music pure and elevating, so there must likewise be music impure and degrading. Yet as music in itself—in its own eternal essence—must ever be considered as perfect, ever divine—it follows that all discords and impurities which we meet in a great number of modern compositions must be attributed to the defective nature of the composer. If he has a morally exalted nature; if the principles which constitute his moral, mental and physical make-up are harmoniously developed and capable of giving an adequate response to the elements or principles potentially inherent in music, his compositions will be divine, and he a teacher of highest order.

Such is the music of a Wagner and of others, whose creations, be they elaborate symphonies, religious hymnals, or popular melodies re-echo in the human heart the infinite harmonies of pure, untainted Being. Again if the moral nature of the composer is only partially developed, enabling him to catch only disconnected and disproportioned aspects of the fullness he attempts to interpret, his productions will reveal to his listeners only distorted ideals, and in place of being morally elevating, his music becomes morally corrupt. For evil is but miscon-structed or misrepresented good, and an unequal stimulation of the seven centers or principles in the human constitution disturbs the balance of soul-growth by causing an overplus of potency in one principle and a corresponding atrophy in others.

Music, therefore, like all manifestations of the "perfect through the imperfect," has its two poles of expression, has its pair of opposites, its good and evil sides—guiding and directing the individual either to heaven or to hell as the case may be. And being thus exposed to an energy which by its very nature eludes the deliberations of reason and reflection, the individual



finds himself to a large extent at the mercy of his composer. For through the mighty agency of rhythm the latter can sway the minds of his listeners as completely as a hypnotizer can control his subject. According to the character of the music, so will the person subjected to its influence find the different shades of his moral nature affected.

If the composer's inspirations are of a wholly passional order, the evoked vibrations will affect solely the passional elements of the listener and will arouse their activity in an abnormal degree. And as no stimulus is given to the moral elements, the balance of the inner man is disturbed and the mind plunged into a state of moral chaos. Dormant appetites will awaken and clamor for gratification, and finally some favorite passion obtaining control of the victim will hurl him headlong into the commission of deeds which his nature, left in its ordinary balance, would never have sanctioned.

As such moral convulsions of the individual mind may seriously retard, and even inhibit the evolution of the soul, it becomes of eternal importance to mankind to avoid all kinds of impure music. The music furnished by our saloons, variety theaters and even at times by military bands, because of their one-sided pandering to the nurture and growth of some one or other passion and appetite, at the expense and starvation of nobler promptings, adds in a baleful measure to the sum total of human wretchedness. When society as a whole shall have learned to realize the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world will have become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the powers of darkness.

AXEL E. GIBSON.



## MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

This is the way I see it:

Magnetism is condensed electricity. When a cloud or any body attracts electricity, it is magnetic. When it is charged with electricity, it is magnetized. When it gives out electricity, it is electric.

Life is one, but its forms are many, and its *degrees* of life many. Truth is one; all is truth, but its forms and degrees are many. The grandest work is to seek to harmonize truths; for all have a use, and are parts of the grand One. One mind sees that there is "one Power, which is the principal healing force, and that it must have an intermediary vehicle to convey its vibrations to either mind or body of a mortal." Another sees that "auras around an individual are quite as often electric as magnetic in quality; that there is one healing force in the universe whose two opposite poles on the plane of manifestation are electricity and magnetism." Each calls this life, Spirit; one calls it "Absolute Spirit." Infinite Life, then, is plainly what is meant by these terms. The different planes of existence in which Infinite Life manifests receive different names; that of our first consciousness we call physical; that of our second consciousness we call emotional or affectional; of our third, mental or intellectual. This is the universal conscious existence of every individual.

As soon as the consciousness develops above the ordinary, we find ourselves in a more finely organized plane of existence, where the same development of the several forms of consciousness is continued. First the physical; that is consciousness of a body, with all its senses, and an environment, or world, which we call the soul world, and soul body. Next the emotional, which



we call the soul affections. Then the mental or psychic, the mind development in that plane. Next above this plane is the spiritual, with a still further extension of the consciousness in its several forms. And next above this is the celestial.

I have named the several forms of development in each plane in the order in which they appear to us in each plane until we arrive at the celestial; there Love is seen to be the Alpha and Omega of life; life itself; the first and the last motion; the propelling and expanding power; the selecting and forming, the gathering and diffusing power; the intelligence and the reason. And Truth is its manifestation or visible form; a One made up of many as is the human body or any body.

It is Life that is the healing power, because Life is the creative power; and healing is creating, building up new in place of the old. Life manifests in each plane by means of the material of each plane; in the physical plane it manifests by clothing itself with physical substance; in the soul plane, by soul substance; and so with each plane. Material is a better word to use in this relation than substance. Each lower plane furnishes the material for the body and earth of the higher. In his orderly condition of development, man dwells in two planes at once; the lower and the higher; in a disordered condition he dwells too much in either one or the other; almost universally in the lower. So it is that man at the present day dwells almost wholly in the material plane; some dwell so entirely in this plane that they have no consciousness of any higher, and disbelieve in the existence of any but the material.

The "intermediary vehicle" which conveys life to either mind or body in the physical plane is atmosphere in its varied forms, condensed and vivified by the sunshine; the sun being the highest recipient of life in the physical plane. The various condensations of atmosphere are air, water, and vegetation. Rest for receiving, and exercise for using, belong to this and to each plane, as means by which life is conveyed to us.



The intermediary vehicle or means by which life is conveyed to us from the next higher plane is Thought and Feeling. Feeling creates thought, but we are more sensible of the thought. Feeling is the sun, or source of receptivity, and thought is the atmosphere of the higher plane in forms as varied as the physical plane. A man cannot live by bread alone, nor by air alone; neither can he live by one thought alone, nor by two; he must continue to grow.

Thus we see that man is like a tree with its roots in one world or plane of life, its trunk in another. When the tree sickens or dies, it is from lack of life—something has impeded the circulation of life through it; that has caused congestion, and that clogs the avenues of life. The tree can be healed either by way of its roots or its trunk; by the lower world or the higher. It is the same with a man. In the right relations of a tree or a man with the two planes in which each lives, everything ministers to them. As soon as relations are disordered, everything appears to be an enemy.

Neither a man nor a tree can flourish except they be nourished in both planes of their being. The tree may find more life for its roots in the substance of the soil, or for its trunk in the substances of the atmosphere, but it is the life in the trunk that enables the roots to gather more of the earthy substances to it. So a man who seeks to restore the body, may seek materials of the physical earth if he chooses, but the power to do it, and the life in the material, are from the higher plane, for the higher develops the lower, or forms it for a covering for itself, but the lower cannot develop the higher nor itself; it is the life in it that does the creating.

It is plain now that a man may be healed by receiving life indirectly by way of material means, or mentally by way of the thought, or spiritually by way of the soul. The reason that the mere physical and mental healing does not keep a man in health, is that he himself is not changed. In spiritual healing,



the man, the soul, is changed. Also the soul may be changed only in certain particulars and the man may be diseased in other ways.

The confusion of terms comes about by not holding the several planes clearly in mind, by attempting to make one term apply to all of them. Magnetism and electricity are opposite qualities of Life, and manifest in each plane in the materials of the planes as it descends, until it reaches the lowest. Physical magnetism and electricity are not so potent as mental, because each higher plane is superior to the lower, is capable of containing more life, and commands a more subtle way of giving it. The more directly you receive the sun's rays, the more potent they are; the more directly you receive healing power, the greater the power.

Magnetism applied from the mind, needs mental means, which are thoughts; and absent treatments are no different from present treatments, for thought is not limited by time nor space. Certain psychologists have been considering whether anything of magnetism is lost on its way to distant places. This question would apply only to physical magnetism. Clairvoyants and all who have developed consciousness in the higher planes, know that there is no time or space, except the distance from one state of mind to another, and the time it takes to lead the mind from one state of mind to another. It would be more correct to say that mind and soul know no *physical* distance.

Personal magnetism is life qualified by personality, and can be seen emanating from and flowing to people, by those who have developed the higher vibrations of sight, and sensed by those who have developed the higher perception. If we make a good use of life, this aura is good magnetism; if we make a bad use of it, pervert it, we surround ourselves with bad magnetism.

A wise person may make of this aura a perfect insulator, a non-conductor of everything harmful. Magnetism is the attract-



ing or concentrating quality of life, and electricity, the radiating or diffusing power. The man who heals by using his body for a conductor, attracts and heals by his physical presence. If a minister or lecturer, he attracts and impresses by means of his physical presence; if he influences by means of his mind, he heals or impresses by the power of his mind; his thought affects us, either in his presence or at a distance; he changes our thought; sets us to thinking; if he attracts and diffuses life by means of his soul, he heals and impresses the soul power; he affects our feelings and changes our life. The first we call personal magnetism; or, more correctly, physical magnetism; the physical personality is more prominent. The second we call electric, for the mental personality is more prominent; we are attracted by his beliefs, his thoughts, his ideals. The third we call soul magnetism; he makes us feel his love; he attracts by his love, and diffuses and impresses by the power of his love. Each higher plane has greater power than the lower, but individuals may be affected more powerfully by one or the other, according to their stage of development.

So the wonderful order of Infinite Life provides for the needs of every soul, and such help as he is able to profit by comes to each one; the effort that appears to fail on the physical plane brings a help for the higher life that is of vital importance to our growth, and every effort is a success.

If we keep our bodies pure, we emanate health; if we keep our minds pure, we emanate truth; if we keep our souls pure, we emanate love, for thus we open the channels of being for the Infinite Life to flow through. We are magnetic and electric and spiritual, if by our thoughts and feelings we attract life from these planes, and give it to others; and the more purely, that is, without adulteration by our own personality, we give it, the greater power we can manifest.

MABEL GIFFORD.



## LIFE IN DEATH.

BY ETHELBERT JOHNSON.

"Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;  
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
A world around which seems."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The beautiful Greek legend of Narcissus shows in allegory the divine man enraptured with his own image reflected in matter. The fairest goddesses could not win his love, for within the well of matter he discerned a phantom being who answered his dream of attainment; and, though he knew it not, it was himself. Musefully, day after day, he watched the lovely elusive vision until, Pausanias tells us, he pined away from sheer desire, and, melting, became a part of the water in the well.

This is the danger to the spiritual soul, that, when it beholds itself reflected in the great mirror of matter, it forgets its love for heavenly things; and, in futile desire, yearns for the phantasmal, until it loses its identity in the sea-of-bitterness and becomes one with its great swirling waters.

Much of humanity at present is so submerged. It is only here and there that we find a man with his head above the waves, and few indeed are those who, fully freed, walk upon the waters. Some have sunk so deep that they are unconscious of the serene glory of the sky, and if exposed to the spiritual sun would perish from complete dismay.

But, upon the first call of the struggling soul for help, the compassionate Elder Brothers of the race, those who walk upon the waters, bid the angry waves be still, and answer with tranquil assurance, "Be not afraid we are near." None comprehend more fully than they the fierce overwhelming attraction of this ocean of matter, and the inability of the inexperienced soul to overcome its allurements. Even those who do not know



of these Saviors are helped in a thousand untold ways, and indeed none need their service so grievously as those so deeply enmeshed in materiality as to be entirely oblivious to the inner and upper planes of consciousness. Those who deny the Christ through ignorance and blindness are not exiled from the realm of compassion even though they are insensible of its existence, for this incomprehension is due wholly to the density consequent upon the ultimate material experience of the evolving soul. And it is safer, truer and wiser to deny what does not exist for us, than to attempt to deceive ourselves or hypocritically to affirm what we do not believe.

As long as the soul is dissatisfied with its condition, it is expanding and following the divine compulsion, because, to the soul, contentment with any state short of perfection means stagnation. It is when the soul rests satisfied on any plane of experience that it is in peril, for such satisfaction is invariably the forerunner of pride, which proverbially goeth before a fall. Thus we see that those who are satisfied with riches and power are proud and self-complacent; the intellectual Pharisees, those who are perfectly content with the learning of their day, are arrogant and self-assertive; the pseudo-virtuous are lofty with moral pride. This satisfaction and pride are the results of unasimilated experience, and will vanish before the first rays of spiritual illumination. As long as this enlightenment is absent, there is no excessive evil or pain in material existence, and the individuals are swept along automatically with the evolutionary tide. It is with the dawning of soul-consciousness and its resultant aspiration for a higher life that the inner conflict and suffering begin.

The poet Coleridge in his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," pictures with terrible vividness the anguish and remorse of the man who awakens to a consciousness of his violation of the higher self. In a thoughtless moment the Mariner killed the albatross, the bird of good omen. Almost immediately the retrib-



utive effect followed. The dead thing was hung about his neck a constant reminder of his sin, and soon, from out the invisible, came two fearful shapes who gambled for his life. They were "Death" and "Life-in-Death," and it was the latter, the more ghastly of the two, that won. From that time on, he endured agony unspeakable, and with burning heart wandered forth upon the earth until shriven by the good Hermit of the wood.

No more weird or powerful parable of a supreme spiritual tragedy could be given, for the bird has ever been the symbol of the soul, and the man who kills or blinds his soul, will find himself henceforth the slave of "Life-in-Death."

Life in Death, for though a soulless man live and move and gain the whole world what doth it profit him? Ever and always the thing that he has slain—the highest part of himself—hangs lifeless about him, and the time must come when the memory of it will torment him every hour. For it is Love that he has killed, and without Love we are dead; without Love we cannot be redeemed, for Love is the soul's inseparable incarnate attribute, that which imparts to it its divine potentiality.

How many such corpses we pass upon the street!—men keenly alive in the lower world, but dead in the higher. They are usually well satisfied with themselves, plentifully endowed with this world's goods, proudly conscious of their virtue, and important with the fact that they are not as other men.

To such the Savors and Elder Brothers of humanity can bring no message, for the inner ear is deaf and the inner eye atrophied; hence they must remain lifeless, until the spiritual man accomplishes his supreme miracle and brings the dead to life.

It is only humility, the result of well assimilated experience which gives the receptivity of soul with which the Christ can contact, and awakens the compassionate heart that unfolds the pathway of redemption, first of itself, and then of those it touches. Thus are the Savors compelled to go among "publicans and sinners," among those who have drained the dregs of ma-



terial existence, and learned they do not contain the bread of life, but only stones on which the soul will starve.

All the evil and degradation, the suffering and heart-hunger, resulting from the deep descent of the soul into matter, are sublime necessities when viewed as part of the divine plan. Perhaps John Calvin caught a glimpse of this when he said that sin was the necessary cause of the greatest good; and the gentle Channing perceived the same truth when he wrote, "That even in evil, the dark cloud which hangs over creation, we discern rays of light and hope, and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love."

These material experiences are not useless trials, for aside from the knowledge which can be acquired only by sensation and contact, they have a deeper intent, which is to mature, strengthen, and individualize the Will.

"Willing, knowing and acting," says a German mystic, "are ultimately identical; for we can only will what we know, and only know what we have experienced." This corroborates the assertion of the French philosopher, Amiel, that instinct precedes feeling, and feeling precedes the Will.

With the birth of the Will, new and glorious possibilities open to man; it is the precursor of godhood, the herald of ultimate divinity.

When the Will is educated and freed by knowledge from the entanglements of materiality and animality, new and noble virtues are formed,—self-restraint, self-reliance, self-control, self-direction. Then does the individual become a strong, self-conscious center of evolutionary force; and when united with divine Love all with whom he comes in contact are uplifted, for it is through the purified Will that regeneration and redemption are consummated.

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## DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

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### CHRISTMAS VIBRATIONS.

As the year passes, so one by one come and go the festivals, and neither the years nor the successive events seem to come to a last end. There is something everlasting in them or back of their phenomenal appearance which gives them their *raison d'être*. And what is this something? It is the movement of human thought alone that gives reality to them. There is no "thing-in-itself" in them. They are the product of *cogitation*, viz., they are a psychic product. The verb "I think," *cogito*, is a contraction of *co-agito*, "I bring together." "I bring together" in this sense means that perceptions marry conceptions, or a mental process by which the inner and the outer ego come into union. I perceive, for instance, a gradual transformation in nature's realm where season follows upon season and when such perception assumes a mental form, I say, that I conceive an idea, "I think," or that a *cogitation* exists. A cogitation, a conception, the "I think," is thus pure psychism, or a mental phenomenon, a marriage of perception and conception. If such nuptials do not take place, there is no real thought, but only emotion. Said Kant: "Conceptions without perceptions are empty; and perceptions without conceptions are blind."



Christmas is a thought—a cogitation. And Christmas as a thought has often been explained, but rarely has it been shown what that power is, which is behind the thought or which is the spring of it. And what is that power? It is *vâch*, Sound, the Word, and the whole world is said to be *vâcha râmbhana*, or a result of sound-vibration.

In scientific phraseology the order of forces is: Energy, Heat, Light, and Sound,\* but in philosophical thought, the order is reversed and is Sound, Light, Heat, and Energy, because it starts with Thought as the fundamental and underlying entity of things, and because Thought manifests itself as the Sound or the Word which says "let there be light" and with light follows heat and that energy which brings forth "the living things." Sound is thus both the First and the Last, or in other words the nature of sound is double. It may be considered as a Cause, and that is the view of philosophy, or it may be an Effect, and that is the view of science.

In speaking of Sound as a cause, we mean philosophically that the Word, Logos, *Vâch*, or the living entity is the primary cause, the "thing-in-itself." Yet, while that is the doctrine, no philosophic or religious system has, in proving its theory, come any further into the mystery than to what Philo said: "Intellect is the fountain of words, and speech is its mouthpiece." Accordingly the Word is not the "first cause," but only "the second," or as Philo puts it, "Logos is the instrument by which the world is made." The Egyptian mystics called the Word "the soul of the world" or "the eternal pattern, the ideal world." To Plato the Word was "the son, kosmos, the ensouled world." Macrobius says that "physicians" have called the Word "Bacchus or the mind of Zeus." Such are a few of the ancient terms for the Word, the Logos, the Christ. They can easily be multiplied by hundreds of other quotations.

\*Energy—sound—heat—light—electricity is the true scientific order, when rapidity of vibration is considered.—Ed.



The same Philo, just quoted, said also "The Word is as it were the Charioteer of the Powers, and he who utters it is the rider who directs the Charioteer." If we apply that teaching to the use of the word upon the human tongue, viz., to speech, we come upon one of the great mysteries of our existence: our power to create. We can speak so that we can call the unknown into existence, yea, we can also send it back from existence to its abyssal quarters.

In speech are involved three elements: (1) a physical sound, (2) a psychic vibration, and (3) spirit activity. By the first element, physical sound, is understood, according to science, (a) the physiological sensation perceived by means of the ear; (b) the complex harmonic motion of vibrating bodies; (c) disturbances of the air, which affect the ear; ("Sounds," said Newton, "since they arise in tremulous bodies, are no other than waves propagated in the air"); (d) the energy of a sounding body. These four forms of sound are scientific definitions and must be accepted, but they may also be condensed, and for our present purpose science will allow me to say that "a sounding body is a vibrating body," and that is my point. By the second element, a psychic vibration, must be understood a life-motion of the spiritual organ, a trembling and a passionate "wave-ing" of that side of human nature which is in contact with the Infinite. By the third element, spirit activity, is to be understood all impulses of the great ideals of mankind, and their impulsion can only be thought of as a vibratory one. Thus the three elements are all vibratory; in other words, speech is a vibration and the Word sounds through the three worlds, the physical, the psychical, and the spiritual. Hence the miraculous power of speech and the creative energy of the Word.

To talk of Christmas and the Yule-tide Christ is to speak symbolically of a mystery. The Christ is born in Winter-time, viz., at the change of season in those countries where the mystery was originally celebrated. But Winter really does not mean



death and desolation, it means "originality," "being," "foundation," "new beginnings," a sleep from which comes a new life. The profoundest of all mythologies, the Norse, has formulated that idea. Its year began at the Winter solstice, "the mother-night." Heimdall, the preserver of the planetary world, reigns in November; Freysa, the goddess of love, dominates December; Forseti, the peace-maker, takes possession of January; Njord, the great Vanagot, who checks the fury of the sea and is that mildness in nature which is the beginning of the new Spring season, appears in February, and Vidar, the Silent, the imperishable, and incorruptible nature, closes the cycle of the year.

We misunderstand Winter if we do not realize that the cessation of life-activities is only apparent, and, if we do not perceive that we are, as it were, at a grand ball, where for the moment the music has paused and the musicians are privately tuning their strings. The growth of the year has analogies with the development of the intellect and affections. Winter out of doors is the retirement of Thought within itself before it comes forth in new evolutions. The coming forth is the Christmas, the Yuletide, the feast of the Mind, when it reappears in New-Age glory, in purer manhood, in stronger humanity, and more able to lift the despairing ones and heal the sick. As the mind rings its bells of joy and triumphs within and before the hosts of the inner and mystical worlds, so the outer world is merry and shows "good will among men." The Word sounds through both spheres; everything vibrates, and in vibration is life. It is a period of nuptials of inner and outer, the physical is also metaphysical, and the mystic sits apart in *cogitation*. He is

"—beyond the things of sense,  
Beyond occasions and events,"

but only as regards "the Christmas lights, the refectory feasts, and the joy-bells, but not as regards the Christmas in nature, because he

"feels in his heart the Lord Christ born,"

and communes with the Highest.



It will readily be seen that the three elements of speech, mentioned above, are the same which constitute a personality. Speech is a personality, a psychic existence. Hence it is so very easy for the common consciousness to incarnate such a personality and make a god of it. The common consciousness is not aware of the myth-making, and unconsciously worships its own creation. It sees resemblance to itself, and it is carried away with the loftiness of the conception. Thus arises the vision of a Man-God, a God-Man, and Christmas becomes the symbol of his incarnation, because the season of Christmas is also a Nature-mystery of the same order.

The truth of the Christ mystery and Christmas mysticism is the fact taught by idealism and all true metaphysics that the I is the union of Heaven and Earth, the Man-God, the God-Man.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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#### SOCIAL IDEALS AND THE MYSTERY OF MAN.

There is much more in Browning's words "Man is not Man as yet" than most people realize.

We have developed many ideals, but they are all, singularly enough, not so human as we should expect. Man has not been the center, nor the beginning and end of our ideal movements. We have in the past aimed at something which served the human element indirectly, but never directly. We have had no civilization which simply bore the title, the human. The mystery of Man (*homo*) and largely also the mystery of man (*vir*) are only beginning to dawn in our own day.

Our own sphere is the Midgaard of the Scandinavians, the middle-region bordered by the great sea, the Uthaf, or the etheric and astral currents, outside of which live the giants and spirit legions. In the middle of Midgaard is the Asgaard, or the abode of the gods, the vital forces of our sphere. Our philosophy and



our ethical estimation of this our region take in the main their color from the direction of our vision. Our vision is either towards the outside or it is introspective. In the past mankind has for some unknown reason looked abroad rather than within. We have been influenced in such ways that we have formed civilizations, in the main, such as the following. Lately, however, under the present-day cosmopolitan and democratic culture, they blend, or are found unconsciously side by side. And that is a good sign. In the fusion of opposites and the general leveling tendencies of to-day, they will disappear as sharply distinguished forms, and give way to that element in them, the Human, which is their real strength, but which hitherto has not been uppermost or in actual possession of the kingdom.

The commonest and most popular forms of culture and civilization rests upon the idea of Life as a principle, viz., its bearers are naturalistic and consider matter the real cause of existence; consequently they devote themselves to physical sciences and pursuits, and they develop industries and everything which tends to increase prosperity and pleasure. Such ideas represent their ontology and ethics. In psychology, they profess "common sense," advocate the collection of phenomenal facts and methods of observation. They do not cultivate art except for amusement, and religion is only ceremony. Degrading as this definition seems, it must not be forgotten that this culture and civilization is a necessity in existence. The bearers of it may be compared to India's lowest caste, the toilers and laborers. They may be said to represent the mechanism of society, the machinery that keeps life moving. They are like Thor in Norse mythology, who does not stay at home either in Midgaard or Asgaard, but hunts the wild nature for adventure, and who glories in fame, position, and wealth. They are external, and scarcely know what the Internal is, though the universal economy compels them to work for it. They have a vague notion of man (*vir*), but they know nothing of Man (*homo*) or a universal brotherhood.



Another form, and one quite as extensive as the first, is the one which rests upon a modification of the life-principle, upon love; not love in its highest aspects, but rather love as desire. It denies, as the former, all personality; and counts individuals only as specimens of nature. It deifies nature and humanity, and recognizes only the natural conscience as judge and guide in all acts of an ethical nature. It professes with Spinoza that "the worship of God consists in the love of our neighbor." It recognizes no universal subject, but only a universal substance; hence it knows no God, no Revelation, and no Positive Law, but only charity and justice. It glories in Romanticism as its own particular form of art, and develops it in all its elements, both as a destructive and as a constructive principle. In politics it preaches liberalism and radicalism, and when the latter takes its character from romanticism it manifests itself as self-assertion and acts as a disintegrating force.

About this form, too, it must be said that it serves a good and great purpose in life. It is typical of all the soul-life of its bearers. It is thoroughly intuitional and psychic, and in that quality is to be sought its fascination for many and the germs of the brilliant art it creates. To some extent, it may be compared to India's third caste, farmers and merchants, and the general middle class, but the comparison must not be carried too far or pressed too closely. The Norsemen symbolized the multiple character of this form by their pictures of such gods as *Skadi*, harm; *Baldur*, good; *Freya*, love, &c.

A third form of civilization is theistic, theocratic, and supernatural. It is dualistic, and its bearers are priests and inspired men. It postulates a superhuman sphere and supernatural capacities, and for that reason it lays great stress upon the so-called lower, evil, and unholy states, which are to be overcome. It degrades reason to a secondary order of light and spiritual help, and demands often a blind faith in its leading men. The criticism upon this form of civilization is that it has misunderstood its



professed mission as bearer of the light-principle. In its eagerness to serve it has become autocratic and destructive of freedom. This form is represented by the Brahmins and Kshatrias, priests and statesmen, and warriors. Necessary as they may be on certain stages of development, there is no room for their supremacy and absolute dominion in an ideal state. Every reformation, every revolution has risen against these two, and every Ragnarok or downfall of the gods has drawn them into deserved destruction.

The new form of civilization, or the regeneration of the world that has followed upon the Twilights of the gods and the deluge that has swept away its tyrants, has constructed itself around Vidar and Vale, representatives of incorruptible nature and eternal light, or, in present-day language, Mind and Knowledge.

In the modern *Götterdämmerung* comes forth a fourth form of civilization; one that really partakes of the Human; one that is neither material, sensual, or priestly, but of the character of *Manna-heim*, "man's home." At present it is not much more than a protest, an attack, a negative. The powers-that-be are so mighty that the small voice of conscience that cries for justice and life is drowned in their reactionary noise and false accusations of nihilism. But, while the New manifests itself as a negative, and it can do nothing else, it is conscious of being at heart a positive, and that very nihilistic accusation raised against it is the best proof of its rights, and of the wrongs of the other side. The new civilization says, with Whitman, The supernatural of no account—myself waiting my time to be one of the Supremes;

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things to be.  
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,  
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.  
Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from.

Professors of the New may hesitate to speak as boldly, yet the words of Whitman are the gospel they believe in. It is



also the creed which the world's potentates stamp as supreme egotism, atheism, and destructive nihilism. In truth, it is the rising morning star with "healing on his wings." It is Ormuzd, the god of light, that rises to annihilate Ahriman, the devil of oppression. It is the "demos," or the spirit of the people, which reasserts the ancient *vox populi*, *vox dei*. It is Nature that "Keeps the reverent frame with which her years began." The realization of this gospel will make man Man.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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#### THE WORK OF IMMANUEL KANT.

The present-day movement of mental freedom begins with Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." and to the same work must be referred the change of base in philosophy from cosmological starting points to psychological ones. From the same author came also the new movement which places the object of philosophical study in knowledge rather than in dogmatic belief. In short, Kant and his work represent a philosophical revolution. It should, therefore, be self-evident to all moderns who profess to live and move in the new life that they ought to be familiar with the purpose and arguments of the Critique of Pure Reason, and also with the Critique of Practical Reason, which is its complement, as well as with the thoughts which resulted in Kant's mind from these two works, and which he, no doubt, would have published in a third equally phenomenal work had he lived long enough to write out his thoughts. In his Critique of Judgment we may perhaps see the outlines of such a work. In it he bridges the chasm he has shown us to exist between pure and practical reason.

The Critique of Pure Reason shows that we do not know anything of the essence of things or of our own knowing. We know only something about the relations which exist between objects, or, better, we know them phenomenally. What we call



the world is not the world, but only a world which we have modelled according to our reason and feeling; it is a sort of synthesis of intellectual judgments and sensibilities. But while it is a "dream in a dream," we would be wrong if we thought as do the Brahmin and Buddhist, that the world is an illusion, a chimera, or a fraud. It is a symbol or a means by which we live and come in contact with the Real. We are lost in an illusion if we take our own notions of it for the Real. The same reasoning applies to our notions of God, cause, time, and space. They are only notions, not realities; they are our psychic forms for something "we know not what," and which we may never know. An analysis of our reasoning leads us therefore to an honest scepticism as regards these notions and the orthodoxy built upon them. But while we can know nothing beyond our own knowing or formulations, we are nevertheless anchored mentally on a safe coast. We lie tied up in that indomitable and unconquerable Will which is our true source of knowledge. This is the subject of the Critique of Practical Reason.

The Critique of Practical Reason shows that will, or what Kant calls "conscience," and not reason, forms the basis of our mind and all its so-called faculties. While the former work declared that we could know nothing of "things-in-themselves," it did not deny that they existed. The latter work goes further and builds upon them, though it does not undertake to prove their existence.

The two works, Critique of Pure Reason and Critique of Practical Reason, are the basis of all idealistic theories of the Nineteenth Century, and both works contain the germs of the present day Monism, which identifies the mysterious Unknown behind the phenomena of sense with the equally mysterious Unknown in ourselves. It was Fichte, however, who elaborated that thought.

The distinction between the two Critiques is more apparent than real. If we, for argument's sake, admit a dualism, we are



soon compelled to give it up, because Kant himself unites the two by the faculty of judgment, by which "we can feel what we can neither know nor will;" it is to him the mediating principle in such a way that the two disappear as distinct forms. The Critique of Judgment opens a new world, that world beyond phenomena to which we can not penetrate by the exercise of reason and over which our will can not rule. That world we may "feel;" we may become conscious of it through a "feeling" that there is a certain harmony within us and without us, and a harmony between these two harmonies. Such a feeling or immediate consciousness of harmony leads us to the *terra firma* of objective and subjective reality. In the Critique of Judgment we are taught the realization of the Sublime; we see an immanent order or purpose in all things, and we discover that we have an intuitive ability for the Sublime and a universal teleology. In other words, Kant sees in Nature something which resembles human reason and intelligence, and he substitutes evolution for creation.

It is not only curious to see the similarity between the intellectual development of a man like Kant and that of the mystic, but it is very instructive, because the two minds mutually prove the truth of each other's development and definitions.

The movement of the mystic mind is like this. Take for example the Katha Upanishad, the Wisdom of Solomon, or some of the writings of the Medieval Mystics, and we hear the most emphatic declarations about the vanity of things, the impossibility of knowing Reality and the assertion that there is only *one* Reality, and that Nature, at best, is only a shadow of it. All this answers to the critical attitude of the "Critique of Pure Reason." Then, again, we come upon numerous works on "the inner light," on "God in the soul," on "divine illumination," etc., all of which assert that in "the Ground of the soul" dwells or is a power of activity, of practical intelligence, a will that reaches far beyond all appearances. Such works make



Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason" an exact duplicate of the thoughts and purposes of the Mystics.

The mystic movement reaches its apex in the "Unitive Way" which is represented by works or expressions of every mystic on how to attain "Union with God," the Nirvana of the Oriental. All of these works or expressions aim at presenting a similar synthesis to that of "The Critique of Judgment." They teach that in us is a power, an image, in which blend both intelligence and will, and that these disappear as individual forces, being reborn in a higher unity.

Why should not all go to school with Kant and the Mystics, who say of Being, we can not know it, "words turn back from it, with the Mind not reaching it?" Yet, as we know of

"God's most intimate presence in the soul;  
And His most perfect image in the world,"

we reach out for a union with the Beloved, to whom we say:

"Thou art my soul, and all my soul is Thine."

Kant is the teacher for those who go the mediate way; the mystics are the best guides who follow immediately.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

#### A PSYCHIC ROMANCE.\*

Professor Flournoy and his fellow scientific investigators came to the conclusion that the mysteries of the case of Mlle. Smith, the heroine of the book before us, must be explained on either of these two hypotheses: (1) That the phenomena are the product of, and originate in, the subliminal consciousness of the medium; or (2) that the phenomena are really of supernormal origin, and emanate from the disincarnate spirits

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\*FROM INDIA TO THE PLANET MARS. A study of a case of somnambulism. By Th. Flournoy, Professor of Psychology at the University of Geneva. Translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York and London, 1900.



of the dead, who return to earth and take temporary possession of the organism of the medium, talking through her mouth, writing with her hand, etc., while she is in a somnambulistic state. None of the investigators commit themselves to any final theory. They admit "that all things are possible" at the same time as they postulate the "principle of La Place," that "the weight of the evidence ought to be proportioned to the strangeness of the facts." They are even ready to drop the theories advanced if new facts can be brought forth. As true scholars, they never forget the saying of Bacon: "Truth is the daughter of time, not of authority." Nevertheless, Flournoy rejects emphatically the spiritistic explanation. He would rather explain the whole case by telepathy, telekinesis and clairvoyance.

The book has been dealt with by most reviewers in courteous terms. They will not commit themselves to its teachings, but private conversations with reviewers and men and women of judgment, whose criticism is worth listening to, and who express themselves more freely, reveal the fact that the book has created a profound sensation everywhere, and that outside of spiritualistic circles its phenomena are studied and explained as telepathy, etc., some mental phenomena. I find a singular concurrence of opinions, among those with whom I have talked, with those of Professor Hyslop, as expressed in the November number of *The North American Review*. I shall, therefore, quote his criticism on a few of the vital points of this romance. Says he: "The alleged inhabitant of Mars shows few, if any, resources in Mlle. Smith's memory except the most general outlines, but the impersonation is exceedingly rich in the material of spontaneous fabrication. In fact, this particular case is nothing but "the baseless fabric of a dream." The language, alphabet, representation of houses, animals, and plants, are shown to be unquestionably nothing but the production of Mlle. Smith's imagination in the unconscious state, worked out with marvelous originality and consistency. The products find their exact analogy in ordinary dreams. The language betrays its spurious character in its constructive resemblance to the French, which



is Mlle. Smith's native tongue." Professor Hyslop continues by showing how such creations spring from the subliminal imagination, a form of consciousness which we cannot hold responsible in the same way as we can hold the normal consciousness. He is unstinted in his praise of Flournoy's "scientific appreciation of the psychological problem before him," and the thorough way in which he has dealt with it, reducing incidents, which the ordinary mind considers mysterious, or even miraculous, to simple and well-known phenomena of mind, and sums up Flournoy's and his own case by saying that, as far as evidence is concerned, the spiritist is left without any support for his theory. Incidentally, he rejoices in the lesson taught "the scientific Philistine," who, of course, is the man who has laughed at Hyslop's belief in Mrs. Piper and her manifestations. He also crosses swords with Flournoy on the subject of "telepathy, or thought-transference, telekinesis, or the movement of physical objects without contact, and lucidity or clairvoyance," but that does not belong to my present subject and the romance before us.

Hyslop sums up in the following words:

"In other words, examination showed that there was not the slightest evidence that spirits had anything to do with the production of the phenomena, but that they were the unconscious production of Mlle. Smith's own mind in the trance-condition, playing on the obscure recollections of her own experience and receiving its impulse to do this from her normal conviction that her case was spiritistic."

C. H. A. B.



## 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.

### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

The sweetest gifts, both spiritual and material, be the portion of our dear "Home Circlers" one and all!

May the kindest of all kind thoughts travel from heart to heart, and, in their passing, fill the wide world with gladness. May stores of pure affection come along with the parcels from Santa Claus' sleigh, and good wishes with gifts galore! May our Christmas chimes ring in no minor key, but joy-bells be attuned to life's every harmony!

Upon this happy Christmas day let us be grateful for our most precious gifts, the many sweet friendships, which like vines a-flower, stretch their beautiful tendrils out to the sunny places



of our lives, and, from our willing support of them, grow heavenward and expand into beauteous perfection.

Let us be merry and glad, and endeavor to share the merriment and gladness with those who live in life's shadier places. Let us open our hearts and give them of our fullness—each of us has more than some more unfortunate, be our store never so small.

So give, give, give—give with an open hand, royally and freely, without reserve and without stint; and with your gifts send *a part of yourselves*—send *affection*, for

“O my sisters, friends and brothers,  
We are each and all another's,  
And the soul who gives most freely from his  
treasures hath the more;  
Lose your life, if you would find it,  
And by giving love you bind it  
Like an amulet of safety to your heart for-  
evermore!”

There must be something radically wrong about folks who don't enjoy Christmas; who see no sense in the giving of pretty things, one to another, and who are only too ready to call the beautiful habit foolish, pernicious, silly, objectionable, irrational, absurd, injudicious and altogether ridiculous; who would rather not be made the recipient of a gift, since it suggests to their pitiful minds that the accepting of any such thing may put them under what they choose to consider an embarrassing obligation; who would, were it left to them, quell the joyous hilarity and noisy merrymaking, and turn the jollity into a pious and less expensive holiday; who do not believe in holly and mistletoe, and who do not care to garnish their homes upon this joyous birthday of our Lord, our Brother, the gentle Nazarene.

These people have few thoughts to give to their needy neighbors and their hungry little broods; they cannot even say



"Merry Christmas" and *mean* it, and they go to their unearned rest at night with life no whit the sweeter for the passing of the glorious day, but rather with a sigh of relief that the trying ordeal is once more over, and that "Christmas comes but once a year."

One cannot give with a generous heart and not be happy. The simple wish to share with others brings a sweet sense of one's kinship with the world—one's relations to the Father's children. This feeling, to be sure, holds throughout the year—as truth is always truth—but at Christmas time it seems to have a holier significance, and (haven't we all noticed it?) a Christmas gift is like no other gift in all the world. It seems to take upon itself a glamour that never surrounded it under any other circumstance. A handkerchief, a bottle of fragrant odor, a book—yesterday prosy articles of commonplace merchandise, to-day received from the hands of Santa Claus take upon themselves an enhanced preciousness never caught from counter or shelf.

Give—give—give! If you have a big home family, then lucky are you; if you haven't, then lucky should be some deserving one of your little world who sees none too much of the bright side of life, and to whom a stray beam of your own great gladness will seem as the sun of joy itself.

It will take so little to please this one who lives in the world's great shadow; some books you have read and can do without—a blooming pot-plant—a little picture. If there be little ones, gather up the old toys of your own or your neighbors' children—toys that will be in the way when Santa Claus has emptied his fresh sleighful of newer, smarter ones; mend the toys, re-dress the dolls, add a little store of nuts and apples and candies and oranges, and what of your own Christmas dinner you can spare, take them to these humble friends *yourself*, and I think—I *know*—the angels will go with you!

And then the *rejuvenescence* of it all! Its heart-frolic and laughter sweep us into a state of perennial youthfulness as



surely as does the fragrance of peppermint when it greets us in the leafy June woods; as surely as the flavor of some wild fruit loved and sought in childhood, or the sound of an old-time song!

No one need to be affluent to give. It is the inexpensive little articles made by one's own hands, and so becoming a real giving of one's *self*, that are the real Christmas gifts. It is much the same idea that makes real home out of—no newly bought furniture of modern luxury and elegance, but—the dear old worn things polished by care, and permeated through and through by long years of association into things almost as sensate as are we ourselves—articles that have been touched by the loved ones who have taken the mysterious journey before us, who await at a little distance on, with (who can say?) how many glad Christmases between!

A thousand tender memories awaken at Yule Tide. Again, in the midst of our home circle walk those who have "put on immortality." As thoughts fly back borne on the invisible wings of Memory, once again our dear ones stand in spiritual radiance among us. With our mental vision we see them; with our spiritual ears we hear them, and in the clusters of dewy roses we name for them and place about their pictured faces, they must recognize our love—these angels we have entertained so unaware.

Draw closer to the fire—this is Christmas Eve. Hold merry council till the "sand man" comes, and bright eyes of the little ones droop under his touch; and now that the wee ones are safely afloat upon the sea of a delicious drowsiness that rocks them across its waves to the shores of Slumberland, let us give the signal to waiting Santa Claus, and aid him in his quiet, beautiful, magical task.

And while our hands are busy let us lift up our hearts and voices and sing with the morning stars:

*"Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth—peace and good will—good will to man!"*

E. B.



### THE OLD YEAR SPEAKS.

"The Old year dies to-night!" the whisper goes  
About the earth; the sunny tropics' breath  
Blows it across the sea to land of snows,  
And all the world awaits the Old Year's death.

I die—I? Fools, all of ye, that think  
That I am mortal; that when ye have tolled  
My death-knell far and wide, and by the brink  
Of that great ghastly grave so dark and cold  
You've dug for me, do watch me out of sight  
With tears and laughter as the hard clods fall  
Upon me in the silence of the night—  
Fools, all of ye, that think that endeth all!

Know ye, that all the past I claim as mine—  
The little space allowed me in your day—  
Fraught with the soul of motives all divine;  
The evil impulse; selfish prayers ye pray;  
The tears of anguish and the thrill of bliss;  
The joy, the sorrow, agony and woe;  
The fell temptation overcome; the kiss  
Upon the pallid brow of one laid low;  
The pain of parting; and the tender peace  
That cometh after separation past—  
All life may taste of life's own bitter lees  
Each cup of nectar must disclose at last;  
The lessons learned; the smarting of the rod  
Upon the back bent double with its load;  
The cries of breaking hearts to heaven and God;  
The hurt of sharp stones hidden in the road;  
Each hideous happening; each dire deed done—  
The little acts of love and words of cheer  
Live on—eternal atoms, every one—  
And make me what I am—a deathless year!



Ring out my knell, then, from a thousand towers!  
Drink to my death, O fools, and turn away  
To greet the New Year, crowned with fragrant flowers  
Who comes with new-born hopes to you to-day!

O eager eyes that greet the smiling boy!  
O parted lips that sing him songs of praise!  
O hopeful heart that dreameth of new joy!  
O weary feet that long for level ways!  
O empty arms that clasp his childish form!  
O tired hands that smoothe his sunny hair!  
O ye who give him greetings, glad and warm,  
O credulous and fond that think him fair,  
He is as old as all eternity—  
This babe whose eyes again doth greet the light!  
He is as old as all eternity—  
This new-born babe that comes to you to-night!

And with him come the harvests ye have sown—  
In other ages—harvests ye must reap—  
Each soul must garner that which is his own  
In fields whose dewes are tears that ye must weep!

O waking soul, be strong and brave and true;  
O hopeful heart, live not in earthly hopes;  
O tired hands, rest is not yet for you;  
O weary feet, still climb the steeper slopes!  
Undying entities are you and I;  
And you and I shall sometime meet again,  
And in my fields, beneath a bluer sky,  
You'll come apace to reap your ripened grain!

Therefore, I charge ye sow a goodly seed  
For every garnered ill; a golden grain  
For every noisome and unholy weed;  
A gentle thought for every suffered pain.



I long to have ye juster and more wise—  
More tolerant, and patient, and more kind—  
More quickly heedful of your brother's cries,  
More charitable towards him in your mind  
Than when I came to you; to show— But hark!  
It is the tolling of the passing bell—  
The light dies out—the world grows dim and dark—  
Until we meet again—farewell! farewell!

EVA BEST.

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HER SAVIOR.

As snowflakes fell on Christmas night,  
And Christmas bells rang wide and wild,  
Within the arms of an erring soul  
Was placed the form of a little child.

Poor arms so wasted, worn and weak;  
Poor soul so empty of the good  
That is not reached, though it lies so near  
The hands of her fallen sisterhood!

Poor empty arms and empty heart—  
Poor soul so crushed by its dark despair—  
To her the world lay shadowed deep  
By the sin and the sorrow everywhere!

Until that night the angels came  
To her desolate garret, poor and mean,  
Nor jealously shut from her longing eyes  
The beautiful gates that stood between.

And there, as she lay on her bed of straw,  
And Christmas bells rang wide and wild,  
Within the arms of this erring soul  
Was placed the form of a little child.



And with it came a love divine,  
A love that softens a heart of stone;  
The form of a baby filled her arms—  
A beautiful child that was all her own!

Then did the place grow full of peace,  
And the stars of the dawning morning sang;  
Throughout the wide, wide world the bells  
Of a glad and a glorious Christmas rang!

While over the woman in tenderness  
The hovering angels bent and smiled;  
For they knew the Savior was born again  
To her in the form of her little child.

—EVA BEST.

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#### GIVING.

Give as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give as the air and the sunshine are given;  
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give,  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth's evening glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June's roses blowing—  
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live!

R. T. C.

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Except for the natural hope and expectation of a life to come, man could not properly work out his destiny upon this physical plane. Faith is a perpetual inspiration, while skepticism clouds the best efforts. A creed of annihilation saps the spring of human energy. It thwarts the finest possibilities.

—Florence Huntley.



## THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

### (IX.)

A great square of white muslin had been hung up, smoothly stretched, to one side of the roomy cave, when, two days after the evening spent at the light-house, the Urchins invaded the Wise Man's domains.

More than anything they enjoyed the displays their friend and teacher afforded them by means of a fine stereopticon, and there was a shout of delight that "made the welkin ring" when their bright eyes discovered that there was a favorite treat of some sort in store for them.

It was a kingly summer day. A soft breeze blew in from the sunlit ocean, and the water sparkled goldenly.

"Take this, Violet," began the Wise Man, after cordial greetings had been exchanged, putting a fine field-glass into the girl's hands. "Take this, and when I have gone to yonder neck of sand look at me, you, dear, and the others in turn, through the wrong or big end of the glass. Here are pencils and paper; when you have looked, sketch roughly upon this paper the size I appear to you to be when seen through the wrong end of the glass."

Wonderingly the other urchins gathered about the interested girl, who took the field-glass from the Wise Man's hands, and together the seven watched their beloved teacher as he walked to a distant stretch of yellow-white sand, left bare and glistening at ebb-tide. Here he stopped, turned about face, and sent a "halloo!" back to them.

Violet lifted the glass, and, for the space of half a minute, looked steadily through it; then handing it to Ruddy she went to the paper lying on the big, round "study table," in the



center of the cave, and with bold, quick, practical strokes deftly limned the form of the master she loved so well.

She was a natural artist, and the while the others looked, with much indulgence in laughter, through the glass, the girl used the pencil with such precision, swiftness and skill that by the time they had all had a peep at the Wise Man she had finished a really speaking likeness of the master.

Feeling confident that each Urchin in turn had had a view of his diminished proportions, the Wise Man rejoined the little group at the door of the cave. Violet shyly offered him her hasty sketch.

"Well done, lassie! Here I surely am! And this 'small dimension'—is this the size I appeared to be to you?"

"To me, sir, yes."

"It's bigger than you looked to *me*," vouchsafed Ruddy.

"It's smaller than to *me*—"

"It's exactly right, and—"

"I rather expected you all to see differently, and so I'll take the 'general average' view sure to be seen by our sensible artist, Violet. Now, here am I, as I have just said, and you must look at me once again, Violet, lass, and sketch the next view as before, But I'll not go quite so far this time. Look all of you in turn after Violet, and see how small this lifelike sketch of me appears."

With these words the Wise Man walked about half the distance toward the neck of sand, and with a tiny stick propped the drawing Violet had made so that it stood upright against a boulder.

Again the girl looked, again made her sketch; this time it was upon paper no larger than the oblong of a postage stamp, and seemed nothing but a tiny blurred mass of lines.

"Again," commanded the Wise Man, putting the second sketch in place of the first. And then the third sketch was the smallest dot imaginable.



"Once more—," and this time Violet declared she could see nothing of even the speck of a paper it was on.

"And yet I am the subject of that sketch, and ought to be all there, oughtn't I? Nothing has been taken away, for we are going to suppose that Violet's lovely little sketches are photographs made smaller and smaller until they can no longer be duplicated. Yet the photograph must still contain every light and shade that was seen upon the subject's full figure when he stood before the glass.

"I am trying by means of this diminishing process to illustrate to you how small—how microscopic—anything may be, yet contain *all* that belonged to the large object. To me the unseen world of little things is as marvelous as and really more difficult to grasp than the thought of the immensity of the Universe.

"We can, in a way, realize the worlds in space—comprehend how planets after planets fill their appointed places; world after world—on and on and on—I am going to interrupt myself here so that I may read to you something that will put all this before you in finer language than is at my command.

"Let us find seats on these chairs and benches, and, Ruddy, will you kindly reach me that little book there at your elbow? Thank you. Now, hear the words of Jean Paul Richter. Who among you has heard of him?"

"I have heard the name, sir, and think he is a German author; but that is all I know of him," ventured Violet, when none of the others responded.

"You are right. He was a German author, who, in his youth, was often in an almost starving condition. He tried every way to make a living by his writings, but in despair turned his attention to teaching. But, the while he taught, his published works were being noticed and admired by the finest scholars in the land, and after a time, because of this deserved recognition, he was in comfortable circumstances, receiving an



annual income of one thousand florins a year. What is a florin, Brownie?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It's a piece of money stamped with a flower; hence the word '*florin*,' and worth where Richter lived about thirty-six cents in our money. So, you see, although not fabulously wealthy, he did not have to starve. Now hear something beautiful he has written."

Seven pairs of interested eyes were fixed upon the teacher's face; seven pairs of parted lips seemed waiting to drink in what seven pairs of young ears, in a moment more, heard in well modulated tones, as the Wise Man read as follows:

"An angel once took a man and stripped him of his flesh, and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. When the flesh was taken away the man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity. And so man and angel passed on viewing the universe, until our solar system appeared as a speck of light against the blue empyrean, and there was only darkness. . . . And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and suddenly they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and system after system, and infinity after infinity, until the human heart sank and the man cried out: "End is there none of the universe of God?"

"The angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again, until the worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light as they advanced were transformed into rushing systems! They moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, unspeakable in dimension and duration, and the human heart sank again, and called out: "End is there none to the universe of God?"

"And all the stars echoed the question with amazement—



"End is there none of the universe of God?" And this echo found no answer. They moved on again past immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies the human heart sank for the last time, and called out: "End is there none of the universe of God?" And all the stars repeated the question. And the angel answered: "End is there none of the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.""

A deep sigh came in chorus from the Sea Urchins.

"Oh, that was *beautiful*," breathed Violet.

"But 'no beginning!' There *has* to be a beginning, surely, somewhere, somehow," declared Blackie, stoutly; "just *has* to."

"We never begin nor end, Blackie."

"Who, sir, doesn't?"

"None of us—you, Violet, Snowdrop, Ruddy, Blooy, Goldie, Pinkie, John O'Connell, or I."

"Never begin?"

"Nor end. You have come to understand that what the world calls 'death' doesn't end anything much—no more than a mere manifestation of a person's material existence for this one time and the other times to follow."

"Please, what is a manifestation?"

"Man-i-fest-a-tion—five syllables, Pinkie; no wonder you ask. It is a word that means a 'making clear to the senses or to the understanding; revealing or discovering the truth of anything.' We may say that we are thoughts of God in manifestation—that is, He has allowed us physical forms in which to dwell on this physical globe—'physical' meaning that which is opposite to the unseen or imagined man or globe, to the spirit of them both. We can all understand the meaning of a manifestation of hate—and this idea is an unusually *forcible* one in this instance, as the word is made up of two words—'*mani*,' hand, and '*fendere*,'—hence the word really means 'struck by the hand'—made *manifest*."



"But not *begin*," repeats the puzzled Blackie. "Not ever *begin*!"

"Nothing begins or ends—it only changes, my boy. All there is now always was—always will be. Not a grain of dust can be put out of existence, nor can the universe rid itself of one drop of water. Nothing was ever destroyed; nothing was ever created. We speak of the Creator; but we who are creatures governed by time and conditions do not comprehend what is meant when we say that even He—the mysterious Origin of what we mistakenly call the 'Beginning' of things—*created* them—out of nothingness."

"It says in the Bible, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'"

"Yes, Violet, the Word was God—Himself—the is always and forever. There is nothing new; nothing is ever created, nothing destroyed. Change is going on about us every second of our time, as I told you when I said the great lighthouse was slowly crumbling to decay. And as one thing dies another is born, or takes on fresh form, as does man, whose first tiny start into manifestation in this world is less a thousand thousand times than is the smallest speck you saw diminished by the aid of Violet's sketches of a man in the field glass."

The children exclaimed in wonder.

"It is wonderful! If the last sketch Violet made, and which could not be seen at all through the reversed glass were diminished over and over and over again, it would not yet be as small as the mysterious God-informed germ which as surely as the grandest orb that shines in the highest heavens holds God in the little living heart of its being.

"As I have said, it, to me, is as truly marvelous in its *littleness* as its opposite is in its grandeur greatness. Our mortal minds cannot grasp and make intelligible to ourselves the pure and simple *point* of such a beginning. (to use a word necessary to us if we would make ourselves understood) of man's physical form. For within the tiny germ is that which science



calls a nucleus; within the nucleus the nucleolus; within the nucleolus the nucleoleolus, and so on without end so far as mortal mind can comprehend anything without end, and far as it goes—farther and farther and farther back there is always farther on the heart of its heart, the Divine Something that furnishes, or rather that is, the life of all that lives.

"See this little Japanese nest of boxes. Here is a sphere as big as an ordinary glass crystal. Let Violet open it for us, and illustrate to us that which I have been trying to make plain by verbal explanation."

Sixteen times did the astonished little lady lift the lid of an ever-decreasing-in-size wooden box, finding ever within the outer shell another sphere that fitted the last snugly. It seemed as if the end must come when a box no bigger than a pea opened in her fair fingers. But not until those pretty hands held so tiny a globe that it resembled a fine bead from a strand did the "nests" end; and then there was a putting together again as fascinating as the taking apart.

"The light and life which quicken the ungraspable unit (compared to which Violet's 'bead' is as an elephant to a flea or worse, for infinity stretches both ways, dear children) is as truly a Ray from the great Eternal Source of Light—a Life as is the seething flame of our gigantic sun—so surely a spark of the divine FIRE which is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and which is in all things that exist (for all things are *alive*), and is the Source of Life in everything in *or out of manifestation*, since it is life—immortal life itself."

"Then the 'Fire Worshipers' I read about the other day were not so far wrong, sir, were they—the Parsees?"

"Why, Brownie, boy, I am one of them myself! When I think of the magnificent grandeur of the orb at which the untrained eye may not gaze without danger to itself as representing a symbol only, a symbol of that uncomprehended FIRE which informs it with its Power, which is its heat, its



light, its life, I bow reverently before this stupendous and convincing proof of the living, loving, *caring* God-Father as does the most devoted Parsee.

"On the other hand, as I have repeated, I am as awed by the (to me) unmanifested Presence in things too small for mortal eye to see as I am by the manifested glory; for that great Power is there in the heart of the tiniest atom, active, deathless, all-mighty to bring unmanifested life into manifestation, and as beyond the power of our small minds as what we can grasp is beyond the intelligence of the oyster in its shell.

"Our world, the little world we have been following in its different states of progress, is all made up of old materials, the tiny cells that form it are old 'world stuff' brought into new manifestation; that is all. And as it came again into form so will it again disintegrate, decompose, and go back into that former state of unmanifestation it occupied before our world was needed for our especial habitation. For nothing exists save for *use*; always remember that, my dear Urchins.

"Thus the Universe is always supplied with material out of which to build homes for its children. And, like our earthly bodies, when these are needed no more they go back to their natural elements."

"Then, where'll we be if we haven't any earth or any body to live on or in?"

"The man I once told you about, Brownie—the man you couldn't see, needs neither of these material conditions when he leaves them; and they will last him that long, for LAW governs that. But as he does need a terrestrial or earthly dwelling and a physical body just at present, I am going to ask you to help me (in thought) to build that body for him, beginning with that tiniest unit conceivable for the first foundation stone in his mortal edifice. Who wants to help?"

"I, sir!" And the cave rang with the sevenfold cry.

—EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)



## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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### BIBLE READING NOW AND AFORETIME.

The discussions respecting the inerrancy and historic accuracy of the books of the Bible have divided the Christian world into two camps. One feature of the matter however, has often impressed the writer. Many of the zealous sticklers for the abstract authority of the scriptures are unfamiliar with their contents. A quotation from one of the writers falls upon their ears unrecognized. I once went to St. Paul's Church when the Episcopal Convention had begun its sessions. The Bishop, the late Dr. Horatio Potter, had delivered the opening discourse and the members were leaving for intermission. On asking one of the clergymen for the text, he took a Bible, opened it at the Table of Contents to find the book of Nehemiah, and gave me the chapter and verse. This need of such aid to ascertain it on the part of an expounder was not calculated to influence one favorably in regard to the importance of knowing what is contained in the volume. Yet I have known many persons who were not classed as "evangelical" who would cite chapter and verse at a moment's notice. The conclusion is unavoidable that the reading of the scriptures has gone out of fashion. The "Family Bible" formerly so familiar with its records of births, marriages and deaths, is a thing of the past. The book is relegated to other places than the center table. Significantly, likewise, the Bible Society itself has decided to close its business in New York as not paying expenses. Along with it the Methodist General Conference, for like reasons, has sus-



pended the majority of its weekly periodicals. The words of Chillingworth that "the Bible is the religion of Protestants" is steadily becoming less true. There may be more accord among them, but the trend is evidently toward a return to the lap of the "Mother Church." Whether this be so or otherwise, the change forestalls the adopting of new criterions in social life and neighborly relations. Let us hope that veneration and fraternal charity between individuals will continue and increase.

A.W.

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#### TWO KINDS OF ANCIENT MYSTIC RELIGION.

The Orphean Mystics of ancient Greece were of two kinds, like religionists of other worships. One class professed to have been invested by the gods with the power of making good by offering and conjurations all sins which the individual had committed, or which had come from ancestors by descent, and to ward off their punishment without any great discomfort and trouble, and even with pleasure and festivities. But among the better sort of the Initiates, persons were admitted after certain prescribed purifications and their mutual practices of religion, by which the Orphic doctrines found their expression, partly in forms of prayer, partly too in expositions of the Holy Traditions called MYSTERIES, not only because only the initiated could take part in them, but also because both the ritual and the theologic expositions which then took place had a hidden, mystic meaning.

*Schæmann.*

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The alphabet as we now have it, so far as modern research has traced it, was begun by the Egyptians, continued by the Semitic nations, and perfected by the Greeks, to whom, through the Roman world, we trace back our familiar A, B, C.

—A. J. Evans.



## TWO SOULS.

Through a million cycles of endless time  
To the dizzying verge of space,  
Where worlds keep step to the rhythmic chime,  
Nor pause, nor hasten their pace.

Past rushing comet and burnt-out sun,  
Through the dust of dying stars,  
Together two Souls are hurrying on—  
Together while Time endures.

A lingering touch on the planet Earth,  
In the region of Night and Day;  
The angels smile,—and they call it Birth,—  
And then a moment of play.

And Sorrow darkens their childhood's dream,  
And they think that the angels weep;  
But it's only a moment in endless time—  
A moment for work and sleep.

They meet in the life under Earth's dull skies—  
These Souls from the realms above,—  
They pause and smile in each other's eyes,  
And the poets call it Love.

Only a moment—while angels sing—  
A moment in endless time;  
And then they are ready to go, and swing  
Into step with the Infinite Rhyme.

GEORGE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.



## TRANCE VISIONS.

Recent newspapers have given much space to a number of cases of trance visions, cases of partial or entire separation of mind from body during life. Yet there is about such cases nothing new—in fact, nothing strangely unusual. From the time when the Revelation of St. John the Divine was published and to the present day there have been comparatively frequent recurrences of the phenomena.

Until within late years, few of these cases were reported beyond a circle of intimate acquaintances of the individual dreamers. There was not sufficient general interest in psychical matters to warrant a study of them in the newspapers, nor was there such wide reading of the facts, even when they were published. People have been slow to take up the study of the soul-life. Religion has been, to a great extent, superstition, and the soul a sacred mystery not to be studied, as was the body.

The pendulum now swings strongly the other way. We eagerly seize and study every incident that may have in it an element of teaching on the mystery of soul-life, and, in our eagerness, we frequently gather the chaff with the wheat.

After all, the old collection of literature, long held sacred and called the Holy Bible, is to-day, as when unwritten it passed from lip to lip, authority for those who can understand the depths of a style practically entirely figurative. In that work, among many examples, the Book of Revelation is the clearest account of trance vision. Controversy as to its authorship is useless. If it be true that such a vision came, it matters not whether it were to St. John the Apostle, or to some early monk. The descriptions and prophecies are there, and in them there lies food for much study.

The most remarkable of recent trance-cases is that of Miss Olive A. Mills. Like many trance-seers of modern times, Miss Mills believes herself to have been dead and then brought back to life. She tells of passing through a long, dark space, like a great tunnel (the Valley of the Shadow of Death?), and approaching a



glorious light. She did not enter into the light, for a voice (that of Rev. Dr. Frank Sandford) called her back, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

It is a noticeable peculiarity that most of these trance visions include scenes of heaven. Noticeable, too, that while the heavenly scenes may differ one from the other, the vision always is a scene perfectly orthodox to the dreamer; if he be an Episcopalian, so is the heaven; if a Presbyterian, heaven agrees with that creed.

These apparent discrepancies may, undoubtedly, be of the seers and not of the sights. Many have said that what they saw was "unutterable"; and it would seem probable that mental visions might transcend the descriptive power of words.

One of the earliest of modern cases recorded is that of Ann Atherton, given in Turner's "Remarkable Providences." The events occurred in 1669. Ann was then fourteen years of age, and lived two years after the trance, which lasted seven days. She said she passed through three gates and came out to the gate of heaven, where she "saw things very glorious and unutterable," but here her guide restrained her, and she went no further.

Elias Boudinot, LL.D., gave the world a "Life of William Ten-  
nent, late pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Freehold, N. J.," which was published in the *Evangelical Intelligencer*, 1806, and afterward reappeared a number of times in book form. Mr. Tennen-  
tent was born in Ireland, June 3, 1705, and his vision came to him while a theological student. He was talking with his brother one morning and fell apparently dead. His trance lasted three days and left him ignorant as a child. After being taught for a season, his former knowledge came back to him, and then it was that he gave to a few friends the account of his vision. This account comes down to us with full and reliable authentication.

One of the most remarkable cases—recorded as a dream—un-  
fortunately seems lacking in authentication at every point. The little eighteen-page 16mo pamphlet that contains it reads on the title page: "A Dream of Heaven, being an authentic narrative of a remarkable dream; with prefatory remarks. Fifth thousand. Philadelphia. F. Smith, 1848."



The four pages of prefatory remarks form but a sermonette—no proofs there. The opening paragraph of the narrative is: "In the year 1814, the late Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were lost in the Rothsay Castle steamer in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters residing in London, two of whom were very serious, retiring women, and the third just as gay and volatile. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offence at any remarks made upon it; she hated the piety of her sisters; and opposed it in many petty, spiteful ways, though they endeavoured sedulously to accommodate themselves to her wishes, and to render the difference of their opinions as little disagreeable as possible." Reading on, we learn that Anne, the impious sister, attended a dance one night, and the next morning was so quiet, and ate so little, that her sisters thought her ill, and questioned her. She replied that she was well, and did not wish to trouble or to be troubled. This continued for three days, and then she was coaxed to tell her dream of heaven.

She was in a glorious street in a kingly city, watching a happy multitude. After some time she followed them till she came to a temple of light. Here she paused. One after another invited her in, but their beauty and the beauty of the temple were uncongenial to her, and she stayed outside for some time. Finally one coaxed her in, and as they entered their garments changed to a glorious white. Inside was music and dancing. All seemed perfect harmony. She was importuned to join in the dance, but to everyone she replied: "I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain; I will not unite in your dance, for I know not the measure."

Then the Lord came to her. This is her description: "I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh upon me tremble; and my heart grew hardened, my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to issue from his lips: 'Why sittest thou so still, when all around thee are glad? Come, join in the dance, for I have triumphed! Come, join in the song, for now my people reign.' Love ineffable, un-



utterable, beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant and then said: 'I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the measure.' Creation would have fled at the change of his countenance. His glance was lightning; and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said: 'Then what dost thou here?' The floor beneath me opened—the earth quaked—and the whirlwind encompassed me; and I 'sank into tormenting flame.' With the fright I awoke."

The last paragraph tells us: "She continued in this melancholy state until the end of the week, and was found in her own room a corpse; no one knows the cause of her death; she died without disease, and without apparent change."

"The Entranced Female" is the title of a pamphlet which appeared in London in 1841 and in Brooklyn in 1843. The truth of this account is vouched for by its author, Rev. Robert Young, and by Rev. Richard Traffry, both of whom claim personal knowledge of the facts stated.

Miss D—, a native of a British colony, was said to be dying and apparently did die soon after her minister, the author of this pamphlet, left her one day. Hers was another trance-case and in it she was led to see heaven, hell, and the earth. She recognized people in the various places, including some that died during her trance. The hell of her vision was a "Mikado" sort of a place, where the 'punishment was made to fit the crime.' For instance, Miss W—, condemned for love of money, was robed in a garment of gold, all on fire, and to Mr. O—, an intemperate drinker, boiling liquid was administered by devils.

From the Place of Symbols she beheld many of her earthly acquaintances allegorically represented, showing their virtues and vices.

The author describes this young woman thus: "There was a strange unearthliness about this young woman after this remarkable event. Previously her disposition was rather sullen, and there was an expression of sourness on her countenance; but the change produced by this occurrence was manifest to all



that knew her. Her temper became the most amiable, and her countenance was lighted up with more than ordinary joy. But, strange to say, in a few months she allowed herself to be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation, and consequently lost much of her glory; but the rod of affliction led her to recover her forfeited enjoyment, and in about three years after this trance she died happy in the Lord."

It is worthy of comment that, right or wrong, true or false, these trance-visions all place the regions of future life as adjacent to or in opposition to those of this life.

One trance-vision, heretofore unpublished, was told to the present writer by the man to whom it came. The dreamer (no better word presents itself—seer assuming too much), who is now a clergyman, was at the time of the trance a student. He was at his desk studying and, his brain being tired, rested his face in his hands. How long he remained in that posture he never knew, but this is what he saw, as he describes it:

"As I sat I felt a sensation of vastness, as if I had been placed in some far-off position in space, come over me. Then it seemed that I left my desk; that some way, not by walking nor by flying but by a motion that was neither, I went far away, to a city I had often wished to visit. I knew my change of place was merely mental, or spiritual. I knew my body was still with my books and papers, but I knew, too, that I was in the city I had desired to see.

"It was late in the afternoon and the banks and some of the large business-houses were beginning to close. I could see the clerks come out, nod to each other and start off, either singly or in groups. I concluded that, as I was there in mind only, it would be well for me to follow one of them and see what their homes were like. Just as I thought of this some men (possibly the directors) came out of the bank in front of which I was standing. They walked on together to the next corner where one turned off, the rest going straight ahead. Here, thought I, is my chance. I started to follow the one who turned. He had walked rapidly, for when I reached the corner



he was nearly to the next. As I turned on the block with him he looked back. There was an expression of dread upon his face hard to describe. He probably saw, or thought he saw, some one chasing him, for he started off so rapidly that I found it impossible to keep track of him. This struck me as being very peculiar for I thought that the mind, freed from the body, ought to be able to travel at any rate of speed that it chose. Nevertheless, he escaped me and I was forced to give up the chase.

"Afterward I went back and stationed myself before the bank once more. Here I stood for about an hour, as nearly as I could guess. Then a young man who seemed to be deep in troublesome thoughts passed me. I again started to follow. Evidently this man had a lighter conscience than the one I followed before, although his heart was certainly heavy, for he went on slowly with downcast eyes and never once looked behind—or ahead. He walked careless of everything and everybody and I followed easily until he reached his home.

"Here I met another surprise. I thought to pass through the door after he had closed it, supposing that matter would prove no obstacle to mind; but it was. As I ascended the stairs to the porch I heard distinctly my own footsteps. When I reached the top I stopped, partly to give the man a chance to get inside and to his room and partly to try to reason this out. Finally I started to enter but could not. Mind could not or would not pass through matter. The door must be opened to admit me. I could not open it and so was forced to give up.

"Time flew over the town. Whether it passed or stayed with me I never could ascertain. It was again afternoon. For some time I walked about aimlessly, then I was surprised by a familiar voice from behind me calling my name. Looking back I saw Charles Ferris, a commercial traveler whom I had often met at home. In a moment he came up and clapped me on the back with the expression, 'Hello, I didn't expect ever to meet you here! How long have you been around?'

"I told him that I was there on a visit, had been around but



a short time and expected to return that evening; at the same time, although I said nothing about it, I was puzzled to find that any one there could see and recognize me. The whole mystery of mind and matter seemed to be hurled upon me consolidated, so to speak, and I became thoroughly mixed trying to connect theory and facts.

"From these thoughts I was awakened by Ferris's exclamation, 'Only here on a visit! Lucky man! I'm here to stay 'while the endless years roll by.' When you go back just stop in and tell Jordan & True that I have given up traveling and am a salesman now at Williams & Hallett's, won't you?"

"Somehow this remark of Ferris's sounded sarcastic in some way and I did not like it. Still I went to the hotel with him and enjoyed a comparatively pleasant afternoon.

"When I left Ferris the idea struck me that I was wasting a great deal of valuable time. My mind and body were apart; one running about prying into foreign affairs, the other languidly resting somewhere. They ought to be together working at—*what?* That question came upon me like a grim phantom. *What ought I to have been doing? Where did I belong?*

"I doubt if ever another man went through such a terrible experience as was then mine. My mind, separated by unknown distance from my body, had lost its way. In vain I tried to recall my former occupation, home, method of life,—all were gone. Memory was dead. I could not even think where I was nor with whom I had last been. Crazy by this terrible mental homesickness I wept aloud, I cried, I shrieked. All in vain. The city slept and I was fearfully alone.

"How long this terrible agony was on me will always be a mystery. At last I became unconscious. That was all till I awoke."

Between the time of this trance and the time of his telling of it, the narrator had discovered that Ferris, Williams and Hallett were dead men when the vision occurred.

For obvious reasons fictitious names are used in this account.

KARL M. SHERMAN.



### GREAT TRUTHS.

Great thoughts are still as stars,  
Great truths are high;  
They grasp the soul, they break its prison bars,  
And all its fears defy.

Like emeralds they shine,  
Inlaid with gold,  
And in the realms of harmony divine  
Their magic hues unfold.

From Nature's soul they spring  
To joy and light,  
And in a rhythmic flow of beauty sing  
Their paeans of delight.

They lead the Heirs of Sight,  
They speed them on  
To Life's supernal summits that are bright  
With victories bravely won.

They are the prophet's dower,  
The poet's crown—  
They storm the gates of glory with a power  
That brings the kingdom down.

Great Truths! They come from God;  
In Love have birth;  
They spring to life from each prophetic word  
Whose beauty thrills the earth!

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.



## THEORY OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

The Bible is the utterance of a period of law and wide-spread civilization in the East. It is founded on politics and religion, and requires but a correct knowledge of the ancient language, philosophy and Semite history to enable us to comprehend the purpose for which it was written, the theology it inculcates, the theocracy it supports, the philosophy on which it depends, and particularly the form of causation that it teaches.

—S. F. Dunlap.

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Swedenborg's following increases rather than decreases. Mesmerism, once derided, is now introduced as "hypnotism," and practiced by the "regular" schools of medicine. The almost simultaneous birth, rise, and development of Theosophy, Christian Science, and Mental Healing among intelligent people are phenomena which physical science has not explained.

—Florence Huntley.

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When the Pentateuch was written—that is, probably as late as the second century, B.C., the Bible was the New Constitution of the Priesthood that was to rule the Hebrew nation in the time of the Maccabees.—S. F. Dunlap.

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## NEWS STAND ACCOMODATION.

THE IDEAL REVIEW is for sale on news stands everywhere. It can be procured by dealers through the News Companies, or any of their branches, or agencies, or from the publishers direct. If your dealer does not have it, or you fail to procure it at any news stand, you will do the publishers a favor by sending them the name and address of the dealer that he may be supplied direct.



### BOOK REVIEWS.

FRAGMENTS OF A FAITH FORGOTTEN. By G. R. S. Mead.  
Cloth, 630 pp., 10s 6d net. Theosophical Publishing Society,  
London and Benares.

In this handsome volume, Mr. Mead has given to the world the results of his vast researches in early Gnosticism and Oriental literature in general. Portions of the present work have been previously issued in magazine articles, but are here revised and annotated, making a volume most rare and important in modern literature.

The synopsis of contents covers twenty-one pages, closely set with an almost bewildering array of subjects impossible adequately to describe in a limited review, but fascinating in the extreme to the lover of the Occult. The book must be read to be appreciated, and we predict that it will prove one of the most important books of the century, in helping to shape the thought of the Western mind on Eastern religion and philosophy.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD. By Henrietta Payne-Westbrook, M.D.  
Cloth, 236 pp., \$1.00. Peter Eckler, New York.

"The Actor's Child," by Mrs. Henrietta Payne-Westbrook, may be described as a story from life, combining what the author has thought, observed, and desired to see realized. It purports, however, to illustrate the ineradicableness of heredity, while striving to show it guided into a career of usefulness. It is piquant in description, and abounds with mirthful episodes which entertain, while the purpose of the tale is never lost sight of. There is little, however, of the prosy didactic style, to repel the reader. One is diverted by many of the descriptions, they are so real, and really funny. It is the story of Frederick Fraser Travis, the son of a gifted mother and a less worthy father, who, having been orphaned at birth is given up to the Rev. Mr. Travis, a former friend at school, and reared supposing himself the child of his foster-parents. Though religiously trained, the hereditary endowment is not eradicated, and he is detected in numerous pranks which exhibit the histrionic proclivity.

In course of time he is "converted," and sent to college to be educated for the ministry. Here he falls in with gay students, and "runs wild" with them. Naughty as much of his conduct is, one is often moved to laugh heartily over the forms which his ill-doing generally takes. The "old Adam" is revealed without disguise; the rare genius of the mother crops out, as well as the inexcusable recklessness of the father. Only the



strong faith and purpose of the foster-parents enable them to endure patiently his foibles, his often infirmity of purpose. In the last chapters of the story some of the unreality appears by which the current literature is characterized; but, as a whole, the little volume is a tale from real life. It has plenty of humorous incidents to add to its spiciness. The efforts of Mrs. Travis at matchmaking, the awkward attempts of the two ministers at wooing, each choosing the maiden who was intended for the other, and the other little incidents interspersed through the book are highly entertaining. In short, the story is unlike the current literature of the time, and this fact adds much to its attractiveness.

A. W.

DISCOVERY OF A LOST TRAIL. By Charles B. Newcomb. Cloth, 202 pp., \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Mr. Newcomb, in this, his latest work, gives to the reading public a valuable addition to the "New-Thought" literature. He does not claim that there is anything new in it, but he has clothed the philosophy, which is its groundwork, in terse language, and the book is full of pithy sentences which strike to the heart of the subject. No reader can be misled as to what he intends to say.

The suggestive title awakens an interest which is amply satisfied by a perusal of the pages.

"We may surround ourselves in our thought-life with fruits and flowers of rare loveliness. We may find the springs of gladness bubbling up within the soul."

"When we have recovered the lost trail of a spiritual purpose, it leads us out of the shadows of the passing day and into the shine of the eternal years."

"In every sea of trouble there is some enchanted isle."

"The disciple who seeks peace and power must climb above the plane of personality beyond the surf of sensational life that breaks like turbulent billows on the shore laden with wreckage and debris."

The above quotations will give the reader a hint of the nature of the work, and we cannot do better in closing than to quote the author's words in his preface: "If these pages should aid any troubled soul to discover the inner light that shines upon the path of life, if they should open the spiritual vision to discern the mighty hosts encamped about us to deliver us, the lost trail will indeed be found, and as fellow-pilgrims we will go on our way rejoicing."



LIVING PICTURES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. By Dr. L. Heck. Cloth, 196 pp., \$3.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.

This volume of nearly two hundred pictures and instructive reading will give pleasure to both young and older readers, while at the same time it offers a new field of study of the animal kingdom. It is issued in a very attractive form, captivating the eye as well as the mind of the child, and cannot fail to find a place among the educational books for young people.

BABY'S RECORD. Compiled and arranged by Harriet R. McPherson. Cloth, 50 cents. Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"An illustrated diary for the baby," which every fond mother will delight in. Provision is made here for every event of moment "from the first smile to the first day at school." On each left-hand page is a poem and illustration, the opposite page being left blank for the record to be written in, and the inside cover is prepared in dainty fashion to receive the little one's photograph. The book is attractively bound in pale blue and gold, and we predict success for it, especially as the price brings it within reach of all.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. Paper, 160 pp., 50 cents. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco.

"I come to you with great ideas, ideas big with revolution—but they are common. You will recognize them as your own, only it is necessary to put words to them. Words are wings of ideas; without words they brood, but cannot fly. And these ideas of ours must fly from land to land and kindle the whole earth."

With words like these does the author of the book before us sound a trumpet call to his generation. With the boldness of honesty and sincerity, he discusses the vital subjects of religion, meeting the inquiring spirit of man with the hand of a brother strong to guide toward the light, where one is shown, as it were, a new universe, and a new democracy that will revolutionize the world and its religions.

All through the book is an atmosphere of freedom that is most refreshing, and there is a broad, fearless grasp of great truths, which should make the work more than welcome to all thinking people.



LIVING BY THE SPIRIT. By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 102 pp., 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York & London.

In this latest work of Mr. Dresser we discern the same pure, uplifting spirit which pervades his other writings, and while it is of small bulk the pages are replete with ideas of lofty purpose couched in the language of simplicity. We quote from the preface: "The purpose of this little book is to simplify the problem of life. Its aim is also to increase the reader's knowledge of self, to add to his powers of helpfulness, that through this added understanding of life and this greater power of service he may be the more ready to manifest the fullness and beauty of the Spirit."

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FATE MASTERED, DESTINY FULFILLED. By W. J. Colville. Ornamental white binding, 52 pp., 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

THE MYSTIC SELF. By Rayon. Paper, 70 pp., 35 cents. Published by M. Rayon, Box 927, Chicago.

THAT PECULIAR WISDOM IN THE BIBLE, ASTROLOGY. By C. H. Van Dorn. Paper. Published by the Author, Newark, N. J.

EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY. By Rosecruciae. Cloth, 145 pp., \$1.00. Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass.

KRISHNA AND KRISHNAISM. By Bulloram Mullick, B.A. Paper, 179 pp., price, 2s 6d. Published by S. K. Lahiri & Co., 54 College Street and Nokur Chunder Dutt, 6 Chorbagan Lane, Calcutta, India.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By Rev. Geo. Chainey. Cloth, 130 pp., 60 cents. Stockham Publishing Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WOMANLY BEAUTY OF FORM AND FEATURE. By Albert Turner. Cloth and gold and silver, 256 pp. The Health Culture Co., 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ELECTRICITY AND THE RESURRECTION. By William Hemstreet. Paper, 282 pp., 50 cents. Universal Truth Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE OCCULT LITERARY NEWS AND REVIEW. Published quarterly by E. Marsh-Stiles, 12 St. Stephen's Mansions, Westminster, S. W., 2s. 2d. per annum; single copy, 6½d. Foreign subscription, 50 cents.



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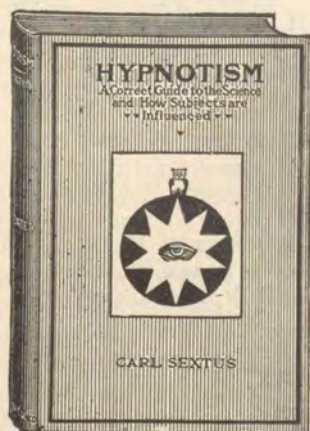
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