

The Journal of Practical Metaphysics

DEVOTED TO

THE UNIFICATION OF SCIENTIFIC AND SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

AND THE

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.

HORATIO W. DRESSER, Editor.

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No. 2.

THE LITERARY BEAUTIES OF THE VEDAS AND UPANISHADS.

BY THE SWAMI SARADANANDA.

THE domain of poetry is vast and wide. In its widest sense it includes everything in this world, every expression in the sentient and insentient universe. The minutest atoms obeying the law of chemical affinity, the huge solar systems obeying the law of gravitation, and revolving round one another, the all-embracing minds of human beings obeying the law of love, — the highest manifestation of the same force which expresses itself in the laws of chemical affinity of gravitation, — all are expressing and trying to express what is within. And this manifestation of nature as the universe is poetry. What is nature? What is this universe? The breathing out of the Infinite Being; the expression of that ocean of absolute Love, as the Vedas say, the word or expression of God, as the Bible says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh." Wantest thou to find the root of poetry? Thou wilt find it in the absolute Love, which is the essence of the Deity; the expression of that unbounded love is poetry. You cannot separate the word from God, the

expression or manifestation from the Deity, the poetry from that infinite Love. The *rishis* (seers of thought) of the Vedas told the truth and showed their just appreciation of poetry when they addressed God as the first and foremost poet,—the oldest of all poets, yet who never grows old. He is the poet whose writing is this wonderful universe, the expression of whose unbounded love is the limited love and beauty of this world, in whose poem the rhythm is kept by the sun, the moon, and the stars, whose music is the music of the spheres. Hence the condensation of the nebulous matter into this formulated world of mountains touching the skies, and seas of unfathomable beds, the development of a tiny seed into a blade of grass or a stately tree, of a child into a man or woman, of the gross attraction of the flesh into sweet love for love's sake,—every expression is not only full of poetry, but *is* poetry in the widest sense; and blessed are they who can thus see poetry in everything and everywhere, for such alone is eternal peace and beatitude. Such alone attain to prophetic vision, seeing the ever-beautiful present at the heart of everything, the unbounded love behind every mask and form. Thus every real poet is a prophet, and *vice versa*. But all are not ready to look at poetry in such a light, or to give so wide a meaning to it.

Poetry in its limited sense “seeks to analyze that essential faculty of human nature, the sense of the beautiful.” It is the expression of the human emotions. Every sentiment felt by the human mind, every idea that touches the human heart and sends a thrill into it through devotion or love, through awe and reverence or fear, through heartrending separation or the great joy of desire fulfilled after struggle and difficulty,—the expression of every one of them in human language is what is known to us as poetry. A genuine revelation of the human heart is sure to appeal to minds of all ages, however much they may be separated by time or space, racial, national, or a thousand other prejudices. That is why the Vedas appeal to us as genuine poetry, though written thousands of years ago in a tongue which

is now almost forgotten. That is why a Kalidas' Sakuntala and a Shakespeare's Hamlet will be appreciated as long as language lasts. Because though widely separated, we are yet but human beings, and the same actions still give rise in us to the same emotions, though we express our feelings differently. The same terms of endearment which the lover whispered in the ears of the beloved on the banks of the Ganges or Jumua during the time of Kalidasa, hundreds of years ago, were used by the lover on the side of the Thames when Shakespeare wrote, and the same things are repeated even in our own time. The same fullness of reverence, and awe, and love which made the Vedic seer of old to thirst after God and righteousness, and helped him to rise to the untrammelled vision of the superconscious, we find also in reading the lives of the seers of other nations and other scriptures. In our hopes and joys, our fears and sorrows, our thirsts, and fulfillments, our thoughts and actions, we feel, and think, and act alike, and but illustrate the grand old truth that we are one with one another, one with the universe. Shake off all prejudices, therefore; let us all enjoy the genuine expression of the human heart, wherever we may find it, in whatever nation or clime; let us enter the heart of everything with due reverence, and see and feel the presence of the beautiful; let us pass a few moments in listening to that deep and sonorous voice of old by the side of the Ganges, whose songs are still reverberating along the snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas and the shady forests of the plains of India.

The poetry of the Vedas is wholly religious. Had the Aryans any other kind of poetry, it is lost entirely, never to be found again. Never was such an amount of religious poetry composed anywhere else in the history of the world. That the Aryans of India had evolved a high order of civilization when the Vedas were composed there is ample internal evidence in the Vedas themselves. They were a band of strong and sturdy people, full of faith in themselves and faith in God. The hard winter of the Asiatic plains, where they must have

spent hundreds of years in travels and settlements ; the mighty rivers rushing towards the sea, which they must have passed in their gradual passage to India ; the strong whirlwinds in the northern deserts and the passes of the mountains, and lastly, the grand Himalayas rising tier above tier as if to the very gates of heaven, — impressive, overwhelming, and sublime spectacles, all of which must have contributed their quota to those deep emotions depicted in the hymns of the Rig Vedas. With each fresh advance in the plains newer and newer experiences came to those deep minds and embodied themselves in the other Vedas and the Upanishads. Apart from their importance as a deep philosophical literature, the hymns of the Vedas and the Upanishads have a literary value of their own, unsurpassed by any literature of the kind. Coming from a vigorous people, they are full of life, and vigor, and purity, and simplicity. In later times, some hundreds of years before the birth of Buddha, the Vedas were classified into the four great divisions, the Rik, the Sâma, the Yagas, and the Athervan. Each of these divisions in its turn was divided into three subdivisions — the Samhitas, the Brahmanas, and the Upanishads. The Samhitas are the collection of hymns. The Samhita of the Rik-Veda alone contains 1017 hymns, consisting of 10,580 verses. The Brahmanas are written in prose, and consist of directions how and where in the order of the sacrifices the hymns should be recited to get the full effect. The last of these subdivisions is the Upanishads, the books which express the philosophy of the Vedas. They form the foundation on which rests the grandest of all religious philosophies, — the Vedanta Sutras and the commentaries on them by the great philosopher, sage, and religious reformer, Sankara Acharya. The characteristics of the Samhita poetry are its sincerity, vigor, and diligent search after truth. The poetry of the Upanishads, on the other hand, is full of power, yet full of peace ; concise, yet appealing to the interest and emotions to the highest degree. The former is like the language of some inexperienced youth, powerful in its rashness

and exuberance of life, while the latter is like that of the fully developed man, controlled and chaste, and conscious of his own power. In the former there is the inferior devotion through fear; in the latter there is that highest devotion which knows no fear, which loves its beloved for love's sake, seeks no reward, finding in love its own fruition. In the former God is worshipped, because he will reward or punish according to our acts; in the latter the worshipper has found him within himself, as "the soul of his soul, as the light of his eye," as the beauty of all that is beautiful. "He vibrates and he does not vibrate, he is far and he is near, he is within all and he is beyond all." "Through every hand he works, through every foot he moves, through every eye he sees, through every ear he hears, through every mouth he eats: he pervades every thing."

The Upanishads were called the "forest books, or books read in the forest." In all India the life of a man was divided into four stages,—the student life, the family life, the forest life, and the monk life. The sacrifices and rituals of the Vedas relate to the two former stages of a man's life, when he is struggling for name and fame, wealth, beauty, prosperity, power, and rulership over his fellow-beings, and feels these to be the be-all and end-all of existence. Then, when life's evening had set in, and made the same man more calm and controlled, when the bitter and sweet experiences of life had left him wiser and made him thirst for something higher and more peaceful, when after fulfilling his duties towards his family and country he was ready to give place in turn to others who were coming up, he used to retire in those beautiful forests on the slopes of the Himalayas, or by the side of the Ganges, to meditate upon the deep mysteries of life and death. There, amidst the singing of birds and murmuring of brooks, in the calm repose of the shades of night and dawn, he used to come face to face with nature and feel himself part and parcel of it. The forests were kept cleared of wild animals by the kings and princes, and the sages were given the opportunity of plain living and high thinking. There they dived

within themselves till they went to the very root of mind and consciousness, through meditation, and brought forth the answer to the vexed problems of life. There they realized their oneness with the Infinite Being, and found the cause both material and efficient of this universe in that Love Absolute. "From Love Absolute has all this universe come out, in Love Infinite does it live after it is born, towards that Love unlimited it flows, and into it it ultimately enters." Can we wonder any more why the Upanishads are full of living poetry? This highly poetic mode of living brought forth its manifestation in the beautiful language of the Aranyakas, or forest books. Yet these books but dimly express what they felt. Every expression is a degeneration, for the spirit can only be revealed in the letter, and "the letter killeth." Who can fathom the feeling of the bard of nature when, enraptured with his realization, he first gave vent in those shady forests to the deep thrill which was stirring his breast in such language as this :

"Thou Sun! Thou hast covered the face of truth by thy golden disc; do thou uncover it to the vision of one who thirsts after true religion."

"Progenitor and controller of all, thou Sun! withdraw thy rays awhile, that I may look at thy blissful form, the real cause of thy power. That form of thine is one with the Infinite Being, and I, too, am one with him."

Child of nature! thou hast sung a song which will live as long as the world lives. The burden of thy song is loftier than the highest peak of the Himalayas, and deeper than the bed of the dark blue ocean. There are very few who can soar so high into the bosom of the Infinite. Few have the ears to hear thy music, few the eyes which can behold thy vision. But comprehend it or not, all will acknowledge the beauty of thy music, all will wonder at the height of poetic insight thou hast attained.

The theme of the poetry of the Upanishads is to express the inexpressible, to know the unknowable, to bring within the bounds of speech and thought that which lies beyond, to clothe

the thought of the Infinite in our poor finite human language. No wonder that the song of the Rishis appears in many places to be paradoxical and incomprehensible. Yet the language used, the imageries employed, bring you to the very door of the Deity. Nature seems to stop and lift up her veil as you sit listening to the wondrous song ; and the Infinite, the Deity, appears to you in such real and tangible form that you seem to feel that you can touch It, grasp It, realize It, and make It your own. Again the song rises higher and higher in cadence, everything seems to melt before your transfixed gaze ; the earth disappears, the sun, the moon, the stars, all seem to grow dim and faint before the ocean of Light which is revealed before your eyes. You appear to grow larger and larger until you cover the universe, and the little personality vanishes entirely and you realize that you are one with the ocean of unbounded Love. Thus with the flow of the song you are carried to the very door of the Deity, and a deep calm and repose settle over your mind, like the spirit moving on the face of the waters, and you feel that nothing can disturb you in this day's existence, nothing can destroy you ; that your existence lies beyond death and the grave, beyond the changes of body and mind. This appears clear to you when the poet says :

"It, the known, neither is born nor does it die, nor was it born in some past time. It is birthless, eternal, ever-existent ; old and yet ever new ; it is not killed with the killing of the body.

"If the slayer thinks he can slay, or the slain that he can be slain, both of them know not the truth ; it neither slays nor is slain.

"It is finer than the finest (atom), greater than the greatest orb ; seated deep within the nature of every creature, seeing the greatness and the glory of the Self, through Its grace the controlled man goes beyond all sorrow.

"He sits still and yet moves far away. He is at perfect rest, and yet goes everywhere. Who can know that effulgent Being, who is greater than the greatest, except myself ?

"Void of form, yet existing in all that has form ; changeless, yet remaining in all that is changeable ; knowing that Self, the Lord, the great One, the enlightened man never grieves again.

"That Self cannot be gained by much learning, nor by a keen understanding, nor by the reading of many scriptures. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. To him the Self reveals his own essence."

We have said before that the theme of the Upanishads is the Absolute, the Infinite. We will quote a few examples here to show how the Vedic singer expresses his ideas :

"There (where the Self is) the eye cannot reach, nor the speech, nor the mind. We cannot say we know That, neither do we know how to teach That to others. That (Self) is beyond what is known and what is unknown. Thus we have heard of it from them of old.

"That which cannot be disclosed by speech, but which has given rise to speech, that is the Self, and not this which thou hast been worshipping ; know that.

"That which cannot be measured by the mind, but that by which the mind thinks, that is the Self ; know that.

"Those amongst us who think they know the Self perfectly, they know it not ; those who think they cannot know it, they know it."

The one peculiarity of the Upanishads, in which they differ from almost all the other poetry of the world, is that they never try to express the Infinite in the terms of matter, in the terms of bones and muscles. Almost all other poets, wherever they have attempted to bring before the reader's mind the vastness, the infinity of anything, have invariably used material pictures and imageries. The sages of the Upanishads have done just the opposite. Their attempt to convey the idea of infinity has been from another direction altogether. They have done it by denying to it everything that is material. All other poets have tried to describe the idea of infinity from the positive side, while the Vedic singers alone have made the unique attempt of negating

every positive idea from it. That which we see, feel, hear, that which comes under the senses, is limited; deny it, go beyond it to find the unlimited. That which we think, imagine, conceive, that which comes within the domain of our mind, is limited by the mind; cast it off, go beyond to find the infinite. That which comes within the realm of time and space, that is limited by them, stop not there to find the infinite, but go beyond,—this the way of the *neti, neti*, not this, not this, of not positing anything of the Infinite. We leave you to judge for yourself of the force, and beauty, and excellence of this method by quoting a few passages:

“That whence speech falls back, baffled with the mind, unable to attain, is that ocean of unbounded Bliss. Attaining that, the enlightened man goes beyond all fear.

“Neither the sun appears bright there, nor the moon, nor the stars; the flash of lightning is as darkness compared with the brightness of fire. That shining, all else shines; all else is bright by Its brightness.”

The similes used are so brilliant and striking that they never fail to carry the idea of the author to the reader's mind. One of the beautiful similes to show the oneness of this manifested universe with the Self, or the Deity, to show that it is established in him and forms a part and parcel of him, has been taken from the great Indian fig tree, the *Figus Religiosa*:

“This is that eternal fig tree (that ever changes its form). Its root is fixed high up (in the unmanifested, the Absolute); its branches are down here below. It is pure, it is the Deity; it alone is called the Immortal. All worlds are contained in it; none goes beyond it. It is that Self, the Deity.”

This simile was elaborated later in the fifteenth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita, and may possibly be one of the causes of the reverence paid by the ignorant towards this kind of fig tree. In speaking of the beginning of creation as the beginning of a cycle, the expression used is, “In the beginning when all vibration was asleep.” In describing the Deity as manifesting him-

self in different forms in the universe, the simile used is as follows: "As the one fire, entering the universe, manifests itself in this form and that form, and becomes like unto every form (of whatever it burns), thus the one Self within all things manifests itself in this form and that form, and appears like unto every form and yet exists outside of all forms."

"As the sun, the eye of the whole world, is not touched by the imperfections of the eyes, being outside of them, so the Self within all remains untouched by the evils and imperfections of the world, being outside of it."

The following passage shows the ultimate at-one-ment of the individual soul with the Deity: "As the rivers flowing into the ocean become one with it, leaving all separate names and forms behind, thus the enlightened, liberated from all name and form, approaches the supreme, effulgent Being."

The simile used in describing the human soul and the Deity is the following: "As from a blazing fire come out thousands of sparks of the same nature as the fire itself, thus, O Beloved! come out the different existences from that eternal and unchangeable Being, and enter him again." Here is a simile to show the difference between the controlled and uncontrolled mind: "Know this body to be the chariot, in which intelligence is the driver, the mind the reins, the organs the horses, and the soul the rider. The horses are running towards the objects of the senses. The mind and organs of the uncontrolled man are like wild, unbroken horses in the hand of the driver, while those of the controlled are like the trained horses of a skilled driver." One of the most beautiful similes to describe the progress of the human soul towards the Divine and the ultimate union of the two is the famous simile of the birds of the Mundaka Upanishad. It presents the whole philosophy of the progress of man in religion in one single picture. In a few concise words the whole story is told: "Two birds of beautiful plumage, inseparable companions of each other, are residing in the same tree (of life); the one is busy tasting the

fruits thereof, while the other, resplendent in its own glory, cares for none. In the same tree the Infinite Being sits, immersed in his own glory, while below the human soul laments its imperfections. As soon as the lower bird perceives the full glory of the upper one, it approaches it; it goes beyond all misery; it finally becomes one with him."

We will conclude this paper with a few words on the stories of the Upanishads. They are very simple in their character. Persons and events are mentioned as far as they are related to the main theme, the religious discourse. Many a time we come across the name of a person who is described as the son of another; but nothing more is given of his antecedents, or of his father's. Some events are related about this unknown being, some page of his life is opened before our wondering eyes, some few words from his mouth full of feeling and deep introspection strike a sympathetic chord in our breast; our curiosity roused into sympathy and love make us go forward and embrace him as a dear friend, when suddenly the vision vanishes and we awake with a start with those ennobling words resounding in our ears! Nothing more can be known of the unknown! His footprints you can see on the sands of time, but he himself has winged his course like an eagle, to the bosom of the Infinite forever and ever. Some of the stories of the Upanishads give us glimpses of the thought of the people of that time. We will add a single illustration. The story of the Talabakara Upanishad runs thus: Once upon a time the bright ones, Indra and the other gods, became very proud about their victory over the demons. They forgot that there was any other power higher than themselves. They felt themselves to be the lords of the universe, creators, when suddenly a very bright light appeared before their eyes. Dazzled by the radiance, they became unable to see even the form of the effulgent Being thus manifested to them. They held a hurried counsel and sent one of themselves, Fire, to learn what it was that had filled the region with this effulgence. On went the fire god and stood before the piled-

up mass of concentrated light, when a voice from within the brightness inquired who he was. The fire god answered, "I am Agni, the fire; I can burn this universe if I like." Then a few bits of straw were laid before him, and he was told to burn them. He tried his best, but failed, and returned to his friends shamefaced, and said he knew not who the effulgent Being was. The god of the wind was sent next. The voice asked him to blow off those bits of straw. He tried with all his might with equal lack of success and came back vanquished. Then the greatest of them all, Indra, went into the presence of this Being; but the effulgent One vanished before his eyes, and in his place a beautiful female figure was seen, who taught him that it is through the power of that effulgent Being alone that the gods have conquered. To him alone belongs all glory. He is the storehouse of all power, the ocean of all light and love.



A sure method of rising above sensation, or getting out of self-consciousness, when one is too subjective, is to turn the attention gradually, until one is at length entirely absorbed by objects in the outside world. Pick out one detail after another in the scene before you, until thought by thought you slowly emerge into the world about you and have no room left for the imprisoning consciousness of self. Best of all, choose one whom you may help, and become outgoing by some act of kindly service.



The wisdom of right living may be summed up in a few words. One need not attend lectures to hear it, nor read books to discover it. It is the message of God to every living soul. That is, each of us is in some way conscious of a better and a worse. We have common sense, we know the better way. But we are not true to it. To begin to live it, this is the essence of all wisdom.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE critic who reads the books he reviews — and now and then there is one of this order — is more and more conscious that a great spiritual change in point of view is indicated. It comes, too, from utterly unsuspected sources. Realism has held the floor. Pessimism has joined hands with it, and in the two has been the death of that "true Romance" to whose praise some of Kipling's noblest verse has sung :

"Thy face is far from this our own,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find thee quick and kind,
Nor know thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch thy garment's hem,—
Thy feet have trod so near to God,
I may not follow them."

Realist and pessimist, sometimes singly, more often as one, have made their picture exquisite often in finish as French art is today, and as soulless, technique having put far away the underlying spirit without which art is but a name. Yet, even as this tendency summed itself up as the modern method, and the modern critic waved aside anything not to be measured by this standard, facts were altering, and "Degeneration" and all its precursors and imitators sank suddenly out of sight. The spiritual current, flowing unperceived for long, once more is plain, a mighty river running to the sea. Poem and romance, science, art, philosophy, — all feel the impulse, and know that the "unit of force," the philosopher's stone, the "ultimate atom," all that

has been part of the long dream, the steady search of man, is the common possession of each and all. The man whose work as scientist began in "Dynamic Sociology" finds twenty years later that the book which grew from that must be called "The Psychic Factors of Civilization," and there are other illustrations hardly less striking and significant.

Maeterlinck has been called "the modern Shakespeare," but the critic who looked for something more than technique has not been inclined to allow the title. Insight, subtlety, all the unrest and morbidity of the outer life of today, with power to put it into words, each one alive with this power,—those were his gifts; but hope and strength, aspiration, courage, had small place in the scheme. It is, then, the most delightful of surprises to take up the volume of essays recently published, "The Treasure of the Humble," and find in its pages a spiritual quality, fragrant as a flower, delicate, sane, healthy. The essays vary, but the keynote struck in the most important one, "The Awakening of the Soul," is kept, with one exception, to the end. He believes that man's secret and heretofore only dimly apprehended powers of sympathy, comprehension, expansion, are about to bud. He is certain that we are nearing, that there is very close at hand, a wonderful spiritual awakening for all mankind. A characteristic passage gives the feeling of the whole argument :

"Those spiritual phenomena to which, in bygone days, even the greatest and wisest of our brothers scarcely gave a thought, are today being earnestly studied by the very smallest; and herein are we shown once again that the human soul is a plant of matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst into blossom together. The peasant to whom the power of expressing that which lies in his soul should suddenly be given, would at this moment pour forth ideas that were not yet in the soul of Racine. And thus it is that men of a genius much inferior to that of Shakespeare or Racine have yet had revealed to them glimpses of a secretly luminous life, whose outer crust alone had come within the ken of those masters. For, however great the soul, it avails not that it should wander in isolation through space or time. Unaided, it can do but little. It is the flower of the multitude. When the spiritual sea is storm-tossed, and its

whole surface restless and troubled, then is the moment ripe for the mighty soul to appear; but if it come at time of slumber, its utterance will be but of the dreams of sleep. Hamlet—to take the most illustrious of all examples—Hamlet, at Elsinore, at every moment does he advance to the very brink of awakening; and yet, though his haggard face be damp with icy sweat, there are words that he cannot utter, words that today would doubtless flow readily from his lips, because the soul of the passer-by, be he tramp or thief, would be there to help him. For, in truth, it would seem that already there are fewer veils that enwrap the soul; and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of his mother or of Claudius, there would be revealed to him the things that then he did not know."

There is another passage in which a condition that came and went is described,—one that we know touched not only Egypt, but all that East, the source of religion and philosophies, as well:

"Such knowledge as we possess of ancient Egypt induces us to believe that she has passed through one of these spiritual epochs. At a very remote period in the history of India the soul must have drawn very near to the surface of life, to a point, indeed, that it has never since touched; and unto this day strange phenomena owe their being to the recollection, or lingering remnants, of its almost immediate presence."

"The Deeper Life," "Silence" and "The Inner Beauty" are alive with the same quality, and touch the very core of things. And because of their source, these words will have a power denied to the many who see and feel, but have not learned how to clothe their vision in the dress its beauty claims. It is a fashion in one school of modern followers of what we call "the new thought" to sneer at literature, and regard its claims as very presumptuous and very unnecessary. But this one essay from which we quote holds an insight and a beauty beyond any expression that school has made. It may even be the battle-cry, for it rouses as few modern words have done; but the battle will be bloodless, the victory certain. Sentimentalism, gush, ignorance, may well go under, but the real word marches on, and under such banner strikes its blow for freedom. Noble thought, and a setting that obscures and belittles,—how often

one has ached as its pages passed under the eye! Now the shelf that held it may empty. The Master has spoken, and, learning of him, it is not likely to fill in haste.



LAW.

BY L. C. GRAHAM.

IN teaching the law of thought causation, in contradistinction to physical causation, the question is often asked, "But do you not recognize laws of hygiene?" Most certainly we do. But what is hygienic law? "Well, do you not think that exposure to wet and cold, or eating improper food, will make people suffer? People do get sick, even if they do think they can break the law and not suffer." The final solution of this difficult question must rest upon the true meaning of law, and it is well to know in the outset that law has never been broken or transcended in the most minute jot or tittle. Law is the orderly manifestation of God in his universe. Law being of the same nature as its Cause, must of necessity be without variable-ness or shadow made by turning.

Let us see if this quality is found in so-called hygienic law. It seems curious that these rules should be called hygienic, for they always carry a vivid suggestion of sickness rather than health. If we take the very commonplace experiences of getting wet or sitting in a draught, the hygienic law does not always prove to be a law. Many people meet all these exposures and go "scot-free" without giving any conscious thought to the matter. The law, then, is that some people do and some people do not escape the law. But we find again that the same people sometimes go free and sometimes suffer; whereas when no possible occasion of exposure can be searched out, we find suffering manifest in the hard cold. Again and again people

say, "I do not know how I exposed myself to bring this thing upon me."

Note also that the physical remedy used is by no means reliable, and so the doctor says, "If this does not help you, I will give you something else." In reading the history of pathology and materia medica one is impressed with the changeableness of cause and effect. That which is accounted positively deadly when used without professional authority becomes life-giving when the doctor prescribes it.

Diseases run their course, like other fashions, and new ones take their places. Fifty years ago the fragrance of roses made heavenly incense through the month of June, symbol of Love's breath and the ministry of angels. Now the malign aroma is a hideous offering to the demon god that rules over hay fever. If, perchance, the closely chased victim should manage to escape the month of June, let him beware the twenty-first day of August, when the baleful powers vested in ragweed make themselves manifest.

There is, however, just one hope left the race in the variable-ness and lack of sequence in hygienic law. Inasmuch as in 1700 the fragrance of roses was innocent in the month of June, we may reasonably hope that in the coming 1900 the evil power of the present century may cease to be active. It is possible to believe that the inspired vision of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Psalm may indeed become both prophecy and realization:

"Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons and all deeps;
Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars."

Even including roses, and ragweed, and new-mown hay.

In this condition of things people will not have to run away to White Mountains, or Adirondacks, or any other hills during June on account of roses, or in August on account of ragweed.

"All hills" will prove hygienic by reason of their praise and thanksgiving for the safe keeping of the *Law*, which is the orderly manifestation of God in his universe.

What, then, is hygienic law in its true significance, — the law of health? It must be orderly manifestation. This means regular action, rhythmic vibration of forces. When the doctor places his fingers on the wrist of the patient, if the operation is new and the patient nervous and apprehensive, the doctor will very likely say, "Now breathe easily and naturally. Don't make any effort." The doctor knows that nervous tension accelerates or disturbs the respiration and the heart's action interchangeably. But what is it that causes nervous tension? Thought, of course. There is nothing else in all the realm of causation that can produce nervous tension and a changing pulse. The fever itself is the result of extreme thought vibration along some line, accelerated into a friction that manifests the resultant fever. It is laid down in therapeutics from the physical standpoint that with digestion, circulation, and respiration undisturbed there can be no disease. We find here the recognition that rhythmic vibration of all the forces is the law of health.

These vibrations take their character in rate and quality from the thought vibrations. Too fast or too slow, or irregular in any way, will disturb the physical manifestation, and bring unhappy sensations, lack of ease, *dis-ease*. If the thought vibrations are maintained harmonic and rhythmic in a soul at peace, in the repose of knowledge that is wisdom, that soul can carry its external physical form, the human body, through exposures of heat or cold, of stormy wind or drenching rain, without any change of normal conditions. And this is the only logical explanation why some people do go in freedom and others suffer from "exposure."

In this unalterable quality of *Law* is our only safe keeping. But law as understood in the hygiene of physical causation is indeed a misnomer, as much as the legal enactments made in

one session of legislative wisdom to be annulled the next. There is a definition in text-books on jurisprudence that most truly expresses the man-conceived ideal of law: "A rule of action made by the superior which the inferior is bound to obey."

If I yield to the claim made by the elements or by food that I am inferior to their superior power to harm me, of course I shall obey that law. But when I find this claim of superiority is based on a vagary born of ignorance and fear, I become enfranchised in the mighty superiority of *I am*. "Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

Only the conscious thought of the security guaranteed by "thy law" can create this love without fear, which brings defence against every seeming cause of offence or injury. By right thinking alone is the soul educated to this knowledge that *Law* is the orderly manifestation of God in his universe, and all hygienic laws must consent to co-operate with this divine ideal.



PERENNIAL YOUTH.

BY HELEN L. MANNING.

THE fabled fountain vainly sought for by Ponce de Leon has been discovered these latter days, and lo! its virtuous waters may be quaffed by whosoever will. It is the divine art of living in the conscious recognition that we are spirit, not body, and made in the image and likeness of God; inheritors, not of corruption and disease, but of wholeness, holiness, spiritual dominion and sovereignty. This rightful dominion is exercised by the power of thought, through mind; and the body is the infallible registry of the thought which moulds it into beauty and symmetry, or distorts it into ugliness and deformity. In the past we have been ignorant of our high calling; we have lived like slaves and vassals in our domain, when we should have

ruled like kings and princes. We have looked upon disease as an entity which might clutch us with its hideous grasp in any unwary moment ; but now we are learning that it is an empty shadow, with only the power with which we endow it by false belief. We have looked upon weakness and decrepitude as the necessary companions of advancing years, and our erroneous thought has been externalized accordingly.

But all this is changing, and beautiful upon the mountains of truth are the feet of the heralds who deliver the glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all peoples : Health is natural, youth is perennial, life is immortal, for there is no death. The metaphysicians have, of course, been foremost in proclaiming this evangel ; but it is refreshing to find here and there among regular physicians those who are broad and clear-sighted enough to discern and proclaim the same truth. Here is a paragraph from an address by the dean of the Vermont Medical College : "The trout in the brook, the bird in the air, or the tiger in his native haunts, never become infirm with age. Why should man ? Is the added gift of reason the curse that follows him, and makes him an invalid or a cripple ? To think this is to impute folly or even malevolence to the Creator. Man was made to be well and youthful always. The work of the Infinite is perfect. It is the hand of man alone that mars. . . . The true cause of disease is not micro-organisms, nor any germs of animal or vegetable life, nor yet any purely physical cause ; but in error of thought and feeling, or a failure to understand and apply the beneficent principles of our being. The nature of disease, or disease itself, is not any sign, symptom or appearance upon the body, but is pain or distress of mind ; and this again is only the promptings of the spirit within to have us change our course. And lastly, disease can be permanently cured or effectually prevented, not by any drug or compound of drugs, nor yet again by any inoculation or contamination of the blood with any virus, but by removing all cause of disease and correcting the conditions of life. And this can only be done by a universal health edu-

cation." He predicts that the doctor of the future will be a teacher, as of old, and adds: "A healthy emotion is a remedy far better than digitalis, since disease is always the result of the misconception of truth."

So eminent an authority as the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., takes into account the serenity of spirit which comes from a well-ordered life as being the true secret of longevity. He thinks that the normal period of human life is about one hundred and ten years, and that seven out of ten average people could live that long if they lived in the right way. He says "they should cultivate a spirit of serene cheerfulness under all circumstances, and should learn to like physical exercise in a scientific way." No man, he thinks, need be particularly abstemious in regard to any article of food, for the secret of long life does not lie there. A happy disposition, plenty of sleep, a temperate gratification of all the natural appetites, and the right kind of physical exercise,—these will insure longevity in the majority of cases.

Now let us look at some well-known instances of individuals who have succeeded in attaining a vigorous old age, and see if their course of action and attitude of mind corroborate the above theories. There is Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man," who is still a marvel of mental and physical endurance, considering his advanced age. W. T. Stead, in a recent magazine article, states unqualifiedly that the secret of Gladstone's long life is his serenity, and the secret of his serenity is his firm trust in God. Over the fireplace in his sleeping room is emblazoned his favorite text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Gladstone has always been devoted to wholesome, vigorous, out-of-door exercise, and his conduct of life in general has been simple and natural, the trend being continually toward the highest and noblest in service.

Charles D. Lanier speaks of Thomas Hughes thus: "He had the eternal youth of a young heart. He had never grown old in all his seventy-three years, and it required an effort to

associate the thought of inertness with such a strong, breezy worker."

Dr. Newman Hall, the well-known London divine, is another instance of youthful age. His habits of life have been simple, his spirit sweet and optimistic, and he has been an indefatigable worker. On the completion of his eightieth year his sight and hearing were perfect, and he could walk ten miles without fatigue. He never used tobacco, and he has been a total abstainer for the past sixty years.

The peace and joyousness of a well-ordered, equable life has transfigured the face of the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran pulpit orator, into rare beauty. In a sermon on "How to be Young when Old" he gives some hints of the secret of his own prolonged youth. He speaks of those with towering ambitions who with hurry and strife crowd the work of two days into one, and those who waste their vital powers in various kinds of dissipation, so that at forty they are old indeed instead of being and feeling young at seventy or eighty. Then he adds: "They are overdrawing their account, and some day nature and the grace of God will shut down upon them. Those who do differently keep a good digestion, stay young and buoyant, love good, sweet company, and are not ashamed to look their mothers and sisters in the eye, or to kiss them. Another secret that must be known to be young at eighty is, that you must keep faith in the common manhood and womanhood, and in the ever advancing progress of the day. Never say that the past is better than today is; read the new and best books, understand all the new ideas, and keep faith in God and in man, and in the victory of good over evil."

The advice in the last few lines is invaluable in promoting longevity. It might be summed up more briefly in the words, "Form no fixed opinions, never cease to grow." Then one can say at all times with Horace Mann, "I belong to the rising generation." A former student under this famed educator writes thus of him: "It was his quick sympathy with the

young, begetting a feeling of comradeship, which inspired our admiration and won our love. The impression made upon me then, and confirmed by maturer years, was that of all his brilliant gifts, his unique accomplishments,—and he had many,—none contributed more largely to his eminent success as an educator than his signal ability to feel young."

Boston has for years been peculiarly blest by having many sons and daughters rich in the wisdom and experience which can only be found in a young heart mature in years. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of those happy souls, and there are still with us Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, and Mary A. Livermore, who belong pre-eminently to the "rising generation." Their loving interest in men and things is world-wide, and their receptivity, together with their alert, progressive thought atmosphere, have served to keep their bodies lithe and active, fit tools for the continued use of the spirit. They feel young; they are young. Edward Everett Hale, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, wrote a letter to his "twin," Henry M. Field, so-called from being born on the same day of the same month and year as himself, and addressed him as "My dear young friend."

To belong continuously to the "rising generation," it should not be forgotten that one must continuously take an active, energetic part in the world's work. Chauncey M. Depew says that somehow hard work and longevity are indissolubly united; and observation of the lives of those who reach a green old age will attest this. The man who at fifty years retires from business, concluding that he has worked enough, is unhappy and miserable in the idleness and aimlessness of his few remaining years, just as he deserves to be. But one needs to love his work, that it may not descend to drudgery, and to work calmly, being neither hurried nor laggard. "Too great for haste; too high for rivalry," is a good motto to help secure the blessings of perennial youth.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

METAPHYSICS AT GREENACRE.

As actual experience is always of greater value than mere philosophizing, our readers may be interested in an account of the first season's work in the new School of Applied Metaphysics, at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine, the preliminary announcement of which was published in our July issue. In order to make this account clear, it will be necessary to take a brief glance over the Greenacre work as a whole, and as a part of the wonderful spiritual awakening in these closing years of the century.

In a sense the Greenacre lectures are the natural sequence of the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago. Probably at no time since the Chicago fair has such a gathering taken place as on the closing Sunday of this summer's session, when representatives of a dozen faiths were assembled on the platform in the large tent. It was a meeting long to be remembered, on account of the marked expressions of sympathy and fellowship,—an earnest of the brotherhood of religions which may some time become universal among us.

But in a stricter sense these lectures are the fruition of Miss Farmer's long-cherished ideal, namely, to establish an environment where there shall not only be lectures on an entirely free platform, but where people shall live the higher life, where every detail of the work shall be guided not by personal or financial interests, but by the ideal of the fullest spiritual life. Accordingly, the object has been to draw people together who were ready to realize this ideal, to contribute their best thought, serve and be served. In this endeavor many obstacles have, of course,

been encountered; for no ideal is ever realized suddenly, nor until the opposition of conservatism has been met and mastered. Plenty of advisers have come forward with theories which they thought would solve the problem of adjustment between spiritual and financial methods. But through it all the spirit of the ideal has persisted, and it is stronger today than ever. The two months spent there in camp, at the Inn, or at some farmhouse near by, have been the turning-point in life for many people, and many return year after year because of the great help they receive in daily living. It seems like home to them. It is easy to be good while there, for the atmosphere is wonderfully inspiring. Human nature is the same the world over, and one finds Greenacre no exception. But the majority are sympathetically looking for the good. They cling fast to the ideal; they call out the best that is in one, and the opportunity is an excellent one to become grounded in this helpful way of living, then go out into the world with the same spirit of charity and fellowship. It is indeed a strong centre of idealism, and of the appreciation of the beautiful in nature and man. The situation of the Inn, on the banks of the Piscataqua, is not one which would naturally arouse the stranger's enthusiasm, unless perchance he happened there at sunset, for its beauty is that of New England at large; it is several miles from the sea, and out of sight of the White Mountains. Yet the mind is put into the best attitude to enjoy it. Early and late there is some lover of nature ready to call you up to see the sunrise, to study insect or plant life, or sit in silence with you while the sun sets across the river. It is indeed a unique experience to be one of a throng of people gathered on the hill at sunset, while the Parsee chants a native hymn, or some one reads from one of our own poets. And after one has heard Emerson expounded underneath the pines, or listened to the Swami setting forth in his quiet way the venerable doctrines of the Vedanta, one is ready to exclaim that there are no such woods anywhere outside of Greenacre. The imaginative mind very readily peoples these woods

with beings of a higher order, until, if one yields to the fancy, one almost expects to see gods and satyrs peering from behind trees and rocks, as in the fabled days of Greece. All that seems to be lacking is a white marble temple rising from the summit of Mon Salvat, the prospective home of the School of Comparative Religions.

Since, therefore, the change in daily life is the most marked result of a summer at Greenacre, the work of the School of Applied Metaphysics was to make practical the fundamental principles expounded in the general lectures. The summer's work consisted of two systematic courses of ten lectures each, and a conversational course during the three last weeks of the lecture season. The school opened July 10 with a brief outline of metaphysics in general. A few quotations from the opening paper may serve to suggest the point of view of the school work as a whole :

Perhaps the easiest approach to the general standpoint of philosophy is through the statement that a metaphysic or theory of first principles is involved in every word we utter, in every action, in every thought; for all our acts imply certain assumptions or beliefs in regard to the world. We proceed on the hypothesis that an external world exists, that it is real or that it is good. We believe that other beings besides ourselves exist, and we believe ourselves capable of effecting changes in that world; for experience has taught us to respect the universe as superior to our wills, yet responsive to them. All science is based upon such assumptions as these; that is, science begins by talking about forces and substances, beings and things; it asserts that we have but to open our eyes in order to behold a world of living organisms, evolution, dissolution, order, law, system. Every art, every branch of human activity, must have its tools to work with, and most people are content to take things as they are found without tracing out these implications and assumptions to their ultimate foundation. Philosophy begins where human thought in general leaves off, and is primarily concerned with that which lies beyond, with the ultimate origin, nature, and destiny of the universe. It asks questions which seem absurd at first sight, but which prove to be the profoundest of all problems, namely, Are these postulates rightfully assumed? Is it true that an external world exists? Is there really a self or soul capable of exerting free will? Are there other selves? Is there in truth a God, a world-system, goodness, law, beauty? And if so, what is the meaning of it all? How came it to be, and whither is it

all tending? In short, the philosopher questions and examines *everything*, asking not only if it is a fact, if we really know it, but *how* we know it, and *why* we know it, and if it may be rationally doubted. The great philosophers seem somehow to possess an instinct for the perception of life's goodness and meaning, as though there were some door left open to them which is closed to other men. They seem to be in immediate touch with the very essence of life, in divine communion, as though in their inmost hearts they knew life's entire secret. It is true they all fail in the statement of what they perceived. There is not one philosophical system, from the earliest attempts in India to the Spencerian philosophy of evolution to-day, which satisfies the human mind; nor do all of these together, nor all the bibles of the world in addition, meet our full demand. Yet imperfect as their statements may be, one feels that many have really had the holy vision. Nature speaks to us in just such language as this, and it would be profane if one could translate it literally. The greatest philosopher is he who can quicken this instinct for the wholeness, the fullness of things, and at the same time be accurate in statement. Many may *feel* life's spirit, many can state bare facts, but it is only the few who are equally true both to feeling and to thought. The philosopher, therefore, in order to reduce all beliefs, assumptions, and visions to their ultimate theories of life, must of necessity be the fairest, the broadest, and most fundamental thinker. He cannot, like other people, belong to sects, organizations, and schools, so far as these place restrictions on a person, but must be impartial, impersonal, and free. Everything interests him, everything is concerned in his great task of learning life's meaning. He must not rest content with the *surfaces* of things, but must ever ask, What is *real*, what is *enduring*, what does it all *mean*?

And this, in a word, is the very essence of philosophy, namely, the belief that there is something besides appearances; that beneath, above, beyond all this that passes above us, behind, yet revealed in these things we see, these pains we suffer, and these joys that lift us to a higher plane, there is a reality that abides, an intelligence which directs, a Being which animates.

In one sense it is true all men are philosophers, for we have all learned to avoid illusion; most of us believe there is a power behind phenomena, and we have all treasured up bits of philosophic wisdom gleaned from experience. Yet we find it difficult to give *reasons* for the faith that is in us. The philosopher gives up his whole life to the search for these reasons. And if a philosopher finally becomes an idealist, it is not because he *wants* to believe that ideas are more enduring than things, but because reason itself has convinced him of it.

Necessarily, then, the philosopher arrives at last at some definite conclusions which he can support by proof and by appeal to facts. And his

knowledge, if worth anything, has some significance for daily life. All that is needed for the reformation of the world is the *application* in daily life of the sublime moral systems which in all ages have been advocated by these holy men.

There are abundant opportunities for the study of ethics. But the world is calling for a yet greater development in these days. Philosophy must also be *spiritual*. It must be as lofty and contemplative as the best insight of India, and as definite as our western science. In its application to daily life it must not be content with a theory of morals alone, but must apply even to mental and physical health. One is to ask not merely, How ought I to act in relation to my fellow-men, but how ought I to *think* about them, and about myself; how far may I modify my character, my health, and even the health of others by the silent power of thought? Indeed it is now proposed as the real test of belief in a philosophy or theory of the universe that one shall apply it in every detail of life, and be able to heal one's self and another. Is it not for lack of just such metaphysical principles that doctors and patients have so long been concerned with effects, physical appearances and the like? And has not the time come to shake off this subservience to physics and try what thought may do? At any rate, this is the inquiry which we propose to carry on here, namely, to look back of the surfaces of things and inquire into the hidden causes alike of health and of disease. Yet as important as the work of healing may be, it must ever remain secondary to the general question on which the inquiry will be based throughout, namely, What is man, what is the real self, and how by understanding one's self may one live a fuller, richer, nobler life?

For just as truly as the philosopher must be a good and virtuous man in order to produce sound metaphysics, so must the *life* be better before one may hope to be really healthy. One of the first discoveries along these lines is that it makes far less difference what the disease is than what is the nature of the person who has it, what his beliefs are, whether he be pliable or obstinate, whether reasonable or opinionated, whether rich or poor, benevolent or selfish. It is useless to trifle with effects, to patch up and give medicine, where the entire disposition is at stake, and where habits of nervousness, fear, morbid thought, etc., are continuously creating the disease. It is our manner of living and thinking that is responsible for our diseases. If we are diseased, all that we do and think will inevitably be colored by ill-health. The only lasting remedy, then, is to go to the depths of things, into the heart of metaphysics, to make a serious study of all that we are, mentally, morally, and spiritually.

Right thought, then, along the broadest lines is the result aimed at in our inquiry. That is, the cultivation of an habitual state of mind, based on genuine self-understanding, which shall lift one above fear, worry, anxiety, and make one trustful, poised, charitable, hopeful, happy, and at

peace. Moreover, one is to be a law unto one's self, self-reliant, individual, thoughtful,—in a word, philosophical; but not in the old sense, namely, that of stoical endurance, but because one sees the wisdom of the situation. It is the *life* that tells in the external world. It is the *thought* that shapes the life from within. Behind the thought is the *thinker*. Beyond yet within the thinker is the God whom the thinker's life reveals. Here we have the completed series; and that which shall in the end elevate and purify, make whole and healthy, must come from the fountain head itself, the glorious Giver of all goodness and all truth.

All this, you say, presupposes much on one's own part, and implies that one is deeply in earnest, willing to work long and patiently, and that one already possesses a general knowledge of philosophic thought. Yet the whole matter is surprisingly simple. In each of us we meet here today is the clue to life's profoundest mystery. That which we seek to know is not something outside of us. No power can come to us from without and declare the truth. It must be perceived in one's own mind. Each of us has had *experience*, and that is enough. It matters not what it is. It matters little what shall come in the future. *The essential is to see it in the right relations.* This each mind must necessarily do for itself; for it is not another's mind which you wish to comprehend, but your *own*. The utmost another mind may do for you is to narrate its experiences in the same search. And the reason why some have advanced so much beyond others is that instead of attending many lectures and reading many books, they have selected a few fundamental principles and thought upon them day and night to some individual conclusion. Such minds will give you in a few words the very essence of their system of practical metaphysics. For example, Jesus' saying, "*Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" If you understand this, nothing more is needed but to *live* it.

One cannot, it is true, in a few discussions say much on such great themes. One is constantly overwhelmed by the magnitude of one's task in the endeavor to grasp life's meaning. Yet, after all, it is the one task which calls out all that is in us. To know the goodness which dwells within and to live it in daily life, this is the sum and substance of it all. A thousand theories of the universe may be formulated by as many minds; a thousand poets may sing of life as it appeals to them, and innumerable species, forms, forces, and substances may reveal the creative power. But there is only one object of it all, one source of it all, one spirit imbuing it all. To know this *One* in all the variety of life's changing experiences, this is the simplicity of thought. To carry this consciousness into every hour of daily toil, this is the essence of righteous conduct. And to appeal directly to this one source in moments of doubt and pain, this is the one panacea for all trouble.

METAPHYSICAL CLUB.

201 Clarendon St., Opposite Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.

ORGANIZED to promote interest in, and the practice of, a true spiritual philosophy of life and health;—to develop the highest self-culture through right-thinking, as a means of bringing one's loftiest ideals into present realization;—to stimulate faith in, and study of, the higher nature of man in its relation to health and happiness;—to advance the intelligent and systematic treatment of disease by the mental method.

HEADQUARTERS for the Club, at the above address, are freely open to members, and to others interested in the movement, from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., daily (except Sunday).

LECTURES will be given from November to May. Announcement later. Admission to non-members twenty-five cents.

MEMBERSHIP in the Club may be secured by the payment in advance of Three Dollars, which is the annual fee. All who sympathize with the purposes of the Club are cordially invited to join.

THE LIBRARY DEPARTMENT contains a constantly increasing list of books on Metaphysical and allied subjects, which will be loaned, subject to the library regulations. Contributions to the library will be gratefully received, and will aid in its efficiency and interest. Equitable arrangements will be made for sending books by mail, in which case the receiver will be required to assume risks and pay all charges for transportation. Rates, 2 cents per day; 10 cents per week.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT.—A large line of books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., on Metaphysical subjects is kept constantly on hand. Any books not kept in stock will be procured and forwarded on receipt of retail price. The proceeds of these departments are used to further the work of the Club.

INQUIRIES and communications should be sent to the Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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106 Huntington Avenue.

Beginning Tuesday evening, Nov. 2, meetings will be held in the Chapel of the Second Church on Copley Square, at 7.45 o'clock, and continue on alternate Tuesday evenings until April. Members of the Club will be admitted free to these meetings, and non-members by the payment of twenty-five cents. On other Tuesday evenings at 7.45 o'clock, and every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, informal meetings for members only will be held at the Club Rooms. These meetings are expected to be of great value and interest, as vital topics will be selected and freely discussed. A member of the Club will have charge. Members are requested to submit questions or topics for consideration, preferably those that bear directly on daily living and its experiences.

NOVEMBER PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Nov. 2. Rev. Henry Blanchard, D.D., of Portland, Me. Subject: "The Contemplation of the Eternity of God."

Nov. 16. Subject: "Mental Health." Speakers—Dr. J. W. Winkley, Prof. E. M. Chesley.

Nov. 30. Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York. Subject: "Spiritual Therapeutics."

Among the speakers already engaged, in addition to the above, are Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. George L. Perin, Rev. Helen Van Anderson, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Mrs. A. G. Dresser, Miss Helen Potter, Mr. Henry Wood, Mr. H. W. Dresser, Mr. Aaron M. Crane, Mr. E. A. Pennock, Mr. F. H. Sprague.

The usual monthly notices of speakers and subjects will be duly issued.

Special attention is called to the circulating library and book department. The current magazines along metaphysical lines are kept on file for free use, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to use the headquarters, which will be kept open every evening except Sundays, after Nov. 1, from 7 to 9.30 o'clock, for the convenience of those who cannot come during the day.

The following committees have been arranged. A full list of members will be given later:

Extension of work—Finance, Mr. W. A. Randall, chairman; membership, Mr. F. H. Sprague, chairman; music, Mr. George J. Parker, chairman; reception, Mr. F. R. Tibbitts, chairman. Relations with the clergy—Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, chairman. Relations with the medical fraternity—Dr. La Forest Potter. Research and inquiry, Mr. H. W. Dresser, chairman.

BOOK NOTES.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY; or, Soul in Plants and Animals. By THOMAS G. GENTRY, Sc.D. 8vo. 489 pp. 76 illustrations. \$2.50. Philadelphia: Burk & McFetridge Co., 1897.

This able treatise is of particular value to all who are interested in the signs of intelligence in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Beginning with the simplest forms of life, slime-animals, and other minute organisms, the author traces the dawning intelligence from plant life up to untutored man, and gives many instances of skill in adaptation to environment. He comes to the conclusion "that no plant can exist or fulfill its allotted part in the drama of life without the possession of some form or degree of consciousness." Consciousness is in fact treated as the prime mover in the development of all organisms. The lower animals are regarded as in possession of all the characters of mind that are either the inherited or acquired properties of man. Man maintains his supremacy only by the superiority of these powers. For example, all animals possess the ability to communicate with one another, and many understand in part the language of man. Memory is found even in the moner, the lowest and simplest form of animal life. The author believes memory to be spiritual,—that is, it survives all changes in the brain cells. A little act of kindness done to an animal will often be recollected after years of separation. Generosity, self-denial, humor, pride, jealousy, anger, revenge, tyranny, cheating, conscience, love, friendship, and selfishness are also found in greater or less degree; and the author thinks that many so-called evidences of instinct are really indications of reason, which he believes many species of animals to possess. Life is everywhere progressive, mounting higher and higher. We cannot exclude the lower animals nor even plants from immortal existence. "There is soul, in some sort of development, in everything." "Heaven would not be heaven without the plants that we have cultured, and tended, and admired." The author claims for the animals "a future life where they will receive a just compensation for the sufferings which so many of them have to undergo in this world. Most of the cruelties which are perpetrated upon animals are due to the habit which man has, in his exalted opinion of self, of considering them as automata, without susceptibilities, without reason, and without the capacity of a future." The Bible is quoted in substantiation of the author's views, and the book is imbued with a reverent and kindly spirit, as well as the vigor of firm conviction. The argument for the fundamental character of consciousness is most convincing.