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## THE METAPHYSICS OF BUSINESS.

BY CHAS. E. CUMMING.

Business and metaphysics. Business and religion. The opinion that seems to be generally held on these subjects is that business is wholly unrelated to and has no connection with either of the others. Yet, with the exception of the home life, there is nothing upon which the happiness, prosperity and safety of mankind depend so largely as upon the methods in which business is done and the spirit manifested by those transacting it. In social intercourse, political affiliation or religious belief it is possible to limit one's associates and interests to a tolerably defined circle and judge what degree of influence his or her words or acts may have within these limits; but so inextricable are the inter-relations of man with man in the performance of the business of the world that they embrace all sorts and conditions of people, and an apparently trifling act of a person in one place may seriously affect some one in a different part of the world. The decision of a business magnate upon some matter of small importance to him may cause the loss of employment and consequent suffering to many people whom he would not willingly injure; or it may be the cause of relieving the wants, brightening the homes and renewing the hopes of people of whose existence he is ignorant. The humble mechanic or laborer may, by neglect or carelessness in the work which is his business, cause death, maiming or loss of property to the highest in the land or to people who consider that "business" of any kind is a thing with which they have no concern. The nations of the earth have different forms of government, of religion, varying laws and customs, and the influence of these is but coëxtensive with the national boundaries; but business, the productive industries of man and the distribution of the results, is world-wide and its influence universal—a mighty power for good or evil.

The spiritual motive for any act or course of conduct is the cause of its resultant being beneficent or hurtful to mankind, and the transaction of business is no exception to this rule. When carried on honestly, unselfishly and with a due regard to the rights and welfare of others it promotes friendly relations between the nations, tends to general prosperity of all and is a powerful preventive of war with its attendant horrors and waste of life and treasure. Among men there is no stronger or more enduring tie than a business friendship that is based upon the confidence begotten of experience of the honor and integrity of the several parties. Such friendship is constantly manifested in mutual aid and acts of kindness; nor does its influence end with these, for the person who has acquired an affection for and confidence in even a few of his fellow-beings has opened his nature to influences that will lead to an increase of brotherly feeling and charity toward all men. Brotherly feeling and charity among men and nations is what is needed to change for the better the condition of mankind.

Selfishness and dishonesty are convertible terms, because every dishonest act arises from the desire that some benefit shall thereby accrue to self without regard to its effects on others. Selfish and therefore dishonestly transacted business, on the part of either nations or individuals is the cause of unnumbered woes, wide-spread misery and a tremendous obstacle in the path of evolution of the race to happier and safer conditions. When practiced by nations the sure results of dishonest business are the horrors of war, the oppression and spoliation of weaker nations by stronger ones and the degradation of the stronger through loss of the consciousness of honesty.

It was selfish and dishonest "business" that fitted out fleets of buccaneers to slaughter and rob the innocent natives of South America and Mexico. The business of the East India Company led to the conquest and spoliation of India and the slaughter of thousands of the vanquished and the victors. Business "requirements" forced China at the cannon's mouth to open her ports to the admission of opium, to the degradation of a vast number of her people. There are gold and gems in what was the Transvaal, and the "business" of getting possession of these caused the conquest of two republics, occupied by innocent and inoffensive people, and the



degradation of free governments to the condition of provinces occupied by "subjects." "Business" said that "trade would follow the flag," and the United States violated the very basic principles of its own government at the behest. The wretched natives of the Congo country suffer tortures at which humanity shudders—and supinely allows to proceed—because King Leopold's rubber "business" thrives upon the blood and agony. Every man and woman in this nation who eats, drinks, wears or uses anything is each day mulcted of a portion of his or her property to "protect" certain "business interests." But a volume could be filled with the records of the hideous crimes that have been committed by nations in the practice of this selfish and dishonest "business."

When practiced by individuals or corporations this selfishly conducted business leads to wide-spread and constantly increasing disastrous results. It destroys the mutual confidence that should exist between man and man, without which any marked evolution of the race to happier social conditions is impossible; for few men will endeavor to protect the rights and interests of others, unless they feel confident that the others will protect them in the same manner. Loss of confidence in his fellow-beings isolates the individual—causes him to feel that he is fighting the battle of life against a host of foes, instead of realizing that he is one of a vast army all of whom are moving toward one common purpose, and that only by means of mutual aid and protection can the *whole* army hope to overcome the obstacles to evolution, to happier and more stable social conditions inuring not only to their own great benefit but to that of future generations. This isolation of the individual man leads to hatred and malice and all uncharitableness.

I believe that a great majority of mankind would *prefer* to deal honestly and unselfishly with their fellow-men. Many enter upon their life-business with the full intention of so doing and would take pleasure and feel pride in continuing in the same course; but if deceived and defrauded a few times by those in whom they have placed confidence, they too begin to think that "business is a fight," and that as "in war all stratagems are legitimate" they adopt the methods of their "enemies," considering that it is mere "self-defense." The man who has been defrauded by another generally feels anger and hate toward those who have wronged him. Anger,

hate and distrust are spreading poisons in the human soul. If admitted and fostered as against but one or a few persons, who have perhaps deserved reprobation, many others who have given no real cause for distrust will be included in the feeling, and the man, imagining himself surrounded by enemies, resorts to all methods to protect himself and to injure them. No matter how reprehensible his own conscience may regard these acts, he justifies them to himself by arguing that they are the "regular business methods," and that self-preservation compels him to use them.

The fraudulent "bankrupt" banker, living at ease on the misappropriated earnings of hundreds of people who, confiding in his honesty, trusted their means to his hands, has done more real injury to humanity by the feelings of distrust in their fellow-men, anger and hate, that his acts have engendered in the hearts of men, than a hundred burglars or thieves that are expiating their crimes in the penitentiary. These robbed people of small amounts of property only. They betrayed no confidence because none was placed in them and all possible means were taken to guard against their depredations. The banker not only robbed people of their property, but of what was of inestimably greater value—their confidence in their brother-men.

Each man's business (busy-ness) is or should be that employment of his physical or mental powers by which he makes return to his fellow-men for the labor and skill by which they contribute to the support and protection of himself and those dependent upon him. If that which he gives is in adequate ratio to what he receives, then he is an honestly self-supporting person. If that which he gives, or has given, is not equivalent to what he has received, he is a debtor to society by the amount of the deficit; while if in the present he is rendering no *useful* service and has no overplus of service performed in the past standing to his credit, then whether he be prince, prelate, politician or professional man, he is a pauper—one who subsists on the results of the labor and skill of others and makes no adequate return. It may not be his fault that it is so; his condition may be the result of sickness or natural disability; but in the case of ninety-nine per cent of the vast army of non-earning paupers the cause may easily be traced to "existing business methods."

Do not imagine that this is an argument in favor of the doctrines of "wild-eyed socialism," a diatribe against capitalists, or a plea for "the down-trodden workingman." The enterprising capitalist, the honest banker, the inventor, the organizer, the able professional man or educator, the author and the artist are each and all absolutely necessary and useful social factors and their fellow-men should be willing to contribute a liberal, but not an enormously extravagant share of their earnings in return for the services performed.

The value of the products of the world's industries each year is the equivalent of a certain amount of necessities and comforts for the use of the inhabitants. If some receive a greater share of the value of these products than their efforts toward the production amounted to, then of necessity others must receive less than their just proportion. The newspapers stated, in relation to a recent criminal trial, that one of the lawyers employed for the defence received a fee of \$100,000 for his services. The compositor who "sets up" the type for this page, if he is a thoroughly skilled workman, probably expended as many years of time and more labor in acquiring that skill than did this lawyer in studying the "quilllets of the law," yet his remuneration for his labor and skill during the same period of time was probably less than \$100. During that month the compositor was *producing*—adding an appreciable amount to the completed labor of the world. The world was poorer by the amount necessary for the lawyer's support during the month occupied in the trial—he added nothing, nor caused anything to be added to its production. If the compositor's recompense was just and sufficient then the lawyer was vastly overpaid. If the lawyer's fee was a just recompense then the compositor was frightfully underpaid. It may be urged that the money with which the lawyer's fee was paid was inherited by the prisoner whom he defended, from his father who left him a sum of some millions. This does not change the status at all; because the services of no one man during one life are worth to the world millions of dollars more than his living expenses or the amount that others contribute for his support; therefore many men must have been mulcted of their just share under "the rules of business" in order that this amount could be accumulated by one individual.

A working woman is earning a dollar a day (above the average).

She falls sick and a passing doctor is called in who gives fifteen minutes of his time to diagnose and write a prescription for which his charge is two dollars. She works ten hours for a dollar—his charge is at the rate of eighty dollars for the same time. Although his education has been more costly and he is probably not profitably employed every hour, yet her labor is harder and more exhausting; and though the result of his skill may be to restore her laboring capacity, the difference in recompense or division of products seems altogether too great. It is but justice to the doctors to say that many of them perform a great amount of honest work for which they expect no recompense; but I am speaking of those who are governed by "business principles."

Suppose that A, B and C are joint owners of thirty acres of land and they decide that each shall cultivate ten acres of it in wheat. If A by superior strength, skill or opportunity is enabled to produce a hundred bushels while B and C have harvested but fifty, and if wheat is worth a dollar a bushel, A has a perfect and honest right to the enjoyment of such comforts and necessities as that hundred dollars will procure. But if the necessities of B and C demand that they must purchase some of his wheat for sustenance or for seed and he compels them to pay two dollars a bushel for it, he is doing business by modern methods; but the dictum of his own spiritual essence or conscience, *if he appeals to it*, will be that the transaction was selfish and dishonest.

The cause of the insufficient means of livelihood, comfort and education endured by far too many of the race and the unnecessary and often degrading wealth of others may be found in the fact that so many desire to *become paupers*—wish to enjoy a share of the products of the world's industry while rendering no adequate return. The able-bodied man who abandons the field of industry and becomes a "tramp" or a "bummer" is a dishonest pauper—he is each day robbing the community of the amount that his labor should have produced. The man who, seeing a large number of skilled mechanics engaged in the manufacture of some machine which will add to the comforts and increase the producing power of mankind and who lays his plans thus: "This machine is necessary to a large class of people. It can be produced, with a reasonable profit to the manufacturer, for twenty dollars. Now I will contract with the manu-

facturer for the whole product of the factory and charge those who will be compelled to have the machine fifty or seventy-five dollars for each." If he succeed in doing this (and it is done every day) it is "strictly business"; but he becomes a pauper who is not only robbing the community of what should be his own share of production but also mulcting them dishonestly of a portion of their share. The result of his act is far-reaching. The added producing power or value of each machine to the purchaser would probably be such as to make him willingly pay perhaps thirty dollars for it to the manufacturer, direct. Then an honest manufacturer would be enabled to pay a higher price to the real producers—the mechanics and the producers of his raw material; or, in other words, enable those who were benefited by the use of the new machine to contribute a larger share of the result of their mutual labors to the men who produced it.

Are these exaggerated views? Let us see. Some years ago the proprietors of a concern which sold sewing-machines for seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars each, were, in the course of some legal proceedings, compelled to show its books in court. From these, and the oral testimony introduced, it was proved that the firm who actually manufactured these machines received from eleven to fifteen dollars each for the complete machine. Every poor, half-starved sewing-woman who purchased one of these machines was robbed of the results of many months of her weary and productive toil to enable the paupers who had not expended one cent's worth of labor in its manufacture to accumulate vast wealth from the difference between the cost of manufacture and the selling price. I said that such wealth was often degrading to the possessors, and this is a case in point. On the death of the wealthiest of the men engaged in the above business it was discovered that this ill-gotten wealth had enabled him not only to indulge in grossly immoral conduct but to induce others to participate in it.

These business paupers are more determined in their robbery of the industrious, producing class than is the highwayman who cries "stand and deliver"—he takes some chances, they take none. Shylock has been considered a pretty strict "business man" but his bond called for his pound of flesh only. The bond or mortgage for a machine sold on the installment plan calls not only for the

"pound of flesh" but for all the "Christian blood," nerves, cuticle, cells, etc., "thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining." It is "so nominated in the bond" that if the buyer shall fail in the payment of *any* of the installments, the seller shall, without "process of law" take possession of the machine, and the "money already paid shall be considered as liquidated damages." A poor woman may by incessant toil and bitter self-denial have paid sums aggregating many times the actual value of the machine, and by sickness, accident or enforced idleness have been unable to pay one more installment. Enters the modern Shylock with his bond and takes the machine and all she has paid on it. It's "business"; but the business of the burglar is a lesser crime against humanity.

The writer lately visited a factory which manufactures the raw material used in his business and desired to purchase a car-load of it for cash. He was courteously refused on the ground that "if they sold direct to the consumers the dealers or middlemen would not purchase their goods." It was "business," but it meant that the buyer must contribute a portion of the results of his industry to men who had nothing whatever to do with the production of the article he needed.

It is absolutely necessary that a certain number of people should be employed in the distribution of the product of the world's industry, and others in carrying on such of the world's work as cannot be accomplished by individuals. When such work is honestly and faithfully performed, such persons are rendering a full return for the amount contributed by the public for their support, and that amount should be a liberal one, commensurate with the results attained by the exercise of their skill, labor and education; but in making the "distribution" they should not be allowed to "distribute" the greatest percentage to themselves, or in carrying on the business of the agency to become masters of and dominate the community which has appointed them to or allowed them to assume the office.

It is true that the patent laws and the protective tariff are sometimes causes of undue accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few; but they are both dishonest in principle and tend to the creation of public paupers. The invention of any useful article is or should be a public benefit and the inventor a public benefactor. In order that the public and the inventor should both receive justice in

the matter an agency of the people should examine carefully into the merit of the invention and award the inventor, from the public funds, a sum liberally equivalent to the producing value of his invention, and this without fee or charge. The invention should then become public property. In case the thing would be useful to but a limited class he could then be awarded the privilege of being its sole manufacturer and seller at a stipulated fair and honest price. Under the present method seven out of ten of the real inventors make little or nothing out of the product of their brains. Some "smart" man buys his patent for a small sum, or steals it, gets the article manufactured at the lowest price that the necessities of men enable him to compel them to accept, and then sells it for the highest price that he can force the public to pay. He is a pauper.

The intention of protective tariff is, in the language of the political demagogue, to "protect the working man" by enabling him to obtain a higher price for his labor. If it protected all alike it would be simply self-defeating, because the value of wages is its purchasing power and if the tailor and the shoemaker are both protected in high wages then the tailor pays more to the shoemaker for his shoes and the shoemaker more to the tailor for his coat. They are simply "swapping dollars." But the wages paid to their workmen are by no means commensurate with the vast sums of which protected manufacturers rob the whole people by the extortionate prices which the shutting out of competition enables them to charge for their products, and the wealth that enables them to still further "protect" themselves by crushing out smaller industries. They are absorbing a most undue proportion of the world's earnings without making any adequate return—they are paupers.

If the evil results of our present methods of business were confined to the physical plane of being they would be bad enough; but the result upon the spiritual nature and evolution of the race is far more widespread and detrimental and of vastly more importance.

The sole hope of man to arrive at happier conditions of being, lies in united effort to that end. The physical condition of a race or nation is but the result of causes set up by the degree or quality of spiritual evolution and perception of truth attained by the units composing it. If a large number of the soldiers composing an army go forth animated by the selfish intention to avoid danger to their

individual selves and to put forth as little effort as possible, the result of the battle must be defeat of the whole, and terrible slaughter among those who bravely endeavor to do their whole duty; while those who ignobly shirked their duty and left their comrades to bear the burden and heat of the day cannot hope to escape the woes of the vanquished. When each is animated by the same unselfish purpose then these several purposes or wills become confluent and that body of men becomes one physical giant inspired by one spirit and well-nigh irresistible.

A gang of sailors are hauling on a rope to raise a great yard to its place, but they are working "pulley-hauley-wise," without unison, and the weight does not move. One looks to the others and cries "yo—heave—ho." The "yo" is an appeal for united effort, the "heave" indicates the purpose to be formed in the mind of each and the "ho" is the signal for a united manifestation of that purpose, and the yard goes up "with a run."

Each succeeding race of human beings is the army going forth to endeavor to overcome adverse physical conditions, or rather physical conditions which their own errors have made adverse—it is the group of sailors endeavoring to raise the yard that will bear the sail which will waft them to safety. Upon the unanimity of their *purpose* depends their success and the fate of all. Nations and races must abide karmic law—the sure sequence of events upon causes—as surely as must individuals. These effects include all the units. The soldier who did his duty bravely and the selfish coward may both be slain in the retreat which the cowards brought about; the sailor who lay aloft in the darkness and worked manfully to reef the topsail ere the squall struck must go down in the wreck with the shirker who hid in the dark and lent no aid.

The conditions of life upon this earth can be made as happy and secure as the members of the race desire. United soul-purpose is all that is necessary to the attainment of that end. The purpose being formed in the minds of many, every thought and act is bent to its accomplishment. No human soul is wholly isolated. A nerve of sympathy connects it with every other soul and an intense purpose formed in many souls communicates itself to unnumbered others. This is evidenced in all great popular movements.

"Mankind is one in spirit and an instinct bears along



Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right and wrong."

The sure tendency of present business methods is to break this circle—to deaden the nerve of sympathy—to isolate the soul and leave it to fight for its own petty aims against a host of opponents instead of uniting with all other souls in the purpose of general welfare and happiness.

The world is a farm which we are working "on shares." The greater the number of workers the larger will be the product and the more liberal should be the share of each worker, proportioned to the effective result of his labor. The work that each should have to do is his "business." Some must till the soil, some build the houses and barns, some make the machinery; others must be employed as educators, distributors, entertainers and beautifiers. If each faithfully perform his share with earnest endeavor to carry out the united purpose and will of the whole, the result would be ample subsistence for all, general diffusion of the comforts of life, leisure for recreation and education, health and safety.

Utopia? Nothing of the kind. It is a purpose as easily accomplished by the race if once formed as the ascent of a hill by the man who purposes and wills to do it.

Legislation will not accomplish this except in so far as laws are the expression of the real will of the people. An awakened conscience and purpose in the souls of men that "business"—the daily occupation of each person, involving all his relations to his fellow-men, *shall* be honestly conducted is the prime necessity. Then would buyer and seller, producer and consumer, come together on the ground of a common interest. The cost to the citizen of a railroad ticket or a machine or a bushel of wheat would be no more than a fair equivalent to his proportion of the cost and management of the railroad, the cost of the raw material and workmanship on the machine, and the labor expended in producing the wheat.

The tramp-pauper and the speculator-pauper would both be eliminated; the former by refusing him hurtful charity and the latter by declining to pay him tribute for value which he had no hand in creating. Both would have to join in aiding to accomplish the race-purpose or perish as unfit.

We all know how combined effort on the part of a number of people toward one purpose in the ordinary affairs of life increases the fraternal feeling among them. So combined purpose on the part of the race would lead it to a recognition of the true "brotherhood of man" and of the vast, almost illimitable power inherent in the united soul of the race. Beyond all this, unthinkably more potent and wise, is the universal spirit—THE IS—the Law which is Love. Purpose of brotherhood and love and "fulfilling of the law" unite the soul of man with this, its Source. Man shares in and becomes the manifesting agent of the Law of Love and "to him all things are possible."

Poverty, crime, disease, are *not* the law; they are but goads to drive us back into the paths that lead to peace. If mankind will but earnestly purpose to make it their *business* to remove the causes of these evils, they will disappear, and the redeemed race will wonder at its folly in so long enduring evils that could be so easily cured.

CHAS. E. CUMMING.

## THE ELECTRICAL AGE.

BY REV. J. F. RICHMOND.

The term electricity was derived from the Greek word *Electron*, or amber, the substance in which the property of attracting light substances by friction was first discovered by Thales, a Grecian philosopher, some 500 years B. C.

Electricity is an imponderable, invisible agent, and all writers prefer to tell what it has done, or can do, rather than attempt to tell what it really is. It is probably material, of remarkable fineness, and has been described by a late writer, as a stream of invisible, infinitesimal particles of matter. The Cathode Ray one has described as "an electric dance of atoms along the line of force."

Possibly electricity is the essence of all material substances, out of which all other material substances were formed, as it seems to pervade all material substances, and possibly may lie at the base of matter.

Doctor J. B. Dodds, a medical gentleman, in 1850, at the invitation of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and others, delivered before the United States Congress a series of lectures on Electrical Psychology. In these he set forth the idea that electricity was an eternal substance, out of which God formed the worlds, and made every tangible thing. He even declared that electricity was the body of God and that by it, in its extended ramifications, God was able to be everywhere present, and by it to instantly and perpetually touch and control all things in His infinite dominion. He said electricity was the connecting link between matter and mind. Dodds was a very reverent man, treating his theme with great solemnity. He was a bold and vigorous thinker, and had a following.

Dodds' views are not entirely accepted at this time, but it is doubtful whether any man knows any more about the essence of electricity today than Dodds did in 1850.

It is remarkable that so many things of such vital importance to man have remained so long outside of his range of vision. We would all now shrink from crossing the Pacific Ocean without steam; we would not think of conducting the nations of the world without iron, coal, or petroleum; yet most of these are really in their

infancy of use in the family of man. Seed thoughts, by observation or study, are lodged in the human mind and sometimes wait centuries for development. Hero, of Alexandria, is said to have discovered the mechanical power of steam and to have constructed a toy rotary steam engine 230 years B. C. But the thought-wave set in motion at that time half slumbered for two thousand years in the minds of Blasco, DeGarry, Savery, Papin and Newcomen, until James Watt the master of them all, gave the world a power that has liberated millions, and brought greater ameliorations to the race than anything else we can mention.

But electricity, as the servant of man, now seems certain to vastly outrun steam. Faint notions of the existence and power of this marvelous agent have existed for centuries in the world, but the real Electrical Age began about the middle of the Nineteenth century. Franklin simply toyed with the subject, proving its identity with the lightning, and then with the metallic rod, not to utilize its power but to protect property from its force, he turned the current uselessly aside.

In 1800, or a year earlier, Alexander Volta, a professor in the University of Pavia, acting upon and correcting the experiments of Galvani, prepared his pile of zinc and copper plates and submerged them with acids, and became conscious that a mild electrical current was under his control, but he had no conception of its vast meaning.

Sir Humphrey Davy, instructor in the Royal Institution of London, seized upon the experiments of Volta and constructed a powerful voltaic battery of two thousand cells, producing an intense electrical current, and by closing the circuit of the battery by terminals of hard wood or charcoal, and then separating them for a short distance, he produced a most brilliant and magnificent flame, dazzling to behold. So there was born into the world at that time the wonderful, but now so common affair—the arc light. Davy observed the marvelous heat of electric fire, and noticed that few substances could resist its power of fusion or volatilization when placed in the heated stream of the carbon electrodes. So Davy became the pioneer in electrical chemistry. Davy decomposed by battery-current potash and soda, and produced for the first time the alkaline metals potassium and sodium, thus opening the great field of Electro-chemical Industry to mankind.

The Magnet has been the study of the ages, and may not now, perhaps, be fully explained, but it certainly is one phase of electrical economy. The first Loadstone is said to have been discovered in Magnesia, in Asia Minor, and was named "Magnet," from the place where it was found. It is simply oxide of iron, usually a black, granular, brittle stone, and when pure contains 72% of iron. It attracts and magnetizes iron and many other metals, imparting this marvelous quality most thoroughly to steel. The magnetic needle is nothing but polished steel, thoroughly magnetized, when it is supposed thereafter to permanently adjust itself to the established conditions of the world, and constantly point North and South. By winding wire through which currents of electricity pass around iron or steel, the metal becomes equally charged, the same precisely as the Loadstone, proving conclusively that the effect is simply electrical. In Muspratt's Chemistry, we are told of a great magnet exhibited in public that lifted a ton, to the amazement of the populace. The Loadstone or magnet I claim is simply concentrated electrical affinity or power. How, in nature, it is thus concentrated is the mystery. Ampère supposed that a closed electrical current surrounded every molecule of the particles composing the Loadstone; a perfectly unprovable proposition, but one of those working hypotheses employed by some thinkers, viz., the things no man can either prove or disprove.

Electricity is without doubt the chief controlling element in the physical universe. Whether it is or is not the source of light in the sun, or by what processes it there operates, are topics too vast to be even mentioned in this paper, but that electricity produces light and heat, by speed and friction, in this world we all understand.

Electricity pervades everything we behold. The famous Leyden Jar, a glass phial of great size covered within and without with tin foil, could not entirely hold the agent, nor can any of the retorts or so-called storage batteries of the present time. It gradually escapes through everything. It is the unconquerable giant of the physical universe.

Men have come to think that it plays a wondrous part in climatic conditions, changes of temperature, the violence of storms, both of wind and water, in the eruptions of volcanoes, and the devastations of earthquakes. In its static or quiet conditions it is as harmless as

water, but in its voltaic or rushing attitudes, it sets on fire the particles of the atmosphere, melts such metallic substances as do not readily transmit it, dissolves the chemical salts of nature and decomposes water into its separate elements.

As man's master, it is the most deadly antagonist of man and beast; but as his servant, it is also man's most powerful assistant. That so few are killed by lightning is to me a great mystery, since electricity pervades all space, rides on every breeze and is constantly rushing with titanic force through all the universe.

But, while electricity wields a destructive force, it is without doubt also a curative agent, casting such intense light in the X-ray examinations as to reveal all the points in the human system, and by mild voltaic currents it tones up the animal forces and gives zest to life.

Professor Clarke claimed that electricity entered the body in the atmosphere we breathe; that the brain is a generator which distributes it to all the nerves; that disease is caused by the disturbance in the electrical equilibrium, resulting in inflammation, or other evils. He claimed that all inflammatory troubles were the result of excessive electricity, and all sluggish or paralytic troubles were from the deficiency of electricity. It is also known that electricity is a powerful agent in the growth of vegetation. By causing light-currents to flow in the earth around vegetables they mature much more rapidly, proving that in this thoughtful age, electricity may be employed as successfully as fertilization or irrigation.

When Volta constructed his pile in 1800, men talked about generating electricity, but I do not think it is in any sense generated, or produced—it is simply collected. It is now collected and made available, by certain machines called dynamos, which are steel machines, in which many wires are coiled around steel, producing powerful magnets. The cylinders of these machines are made to revolve by water, steam or by electricity, and the volume of electricity gathered corresponds with the number and size of the wires, the size of the machine and the rapidity of the motion; the electricity meanwhile being brushed into the desired channel by copper plates, or by a hair brush. Electricity loses power by the escape of heat. Its light is probably all produced by friction. We have said that electricity passes through everything, but some substances transmit it more

rapidly than others; hence it is found that it will pass along an insulated wire under the sea, five thousand miles, in less time than it will take to find its way through an India rubber ball an inch in thickness. Concussion produces heat always, and it is by the sudden stoppage of the electrical current in its rush, by carbon, or by some other substance nearly impenetrable, that the light and heat are produced.

The storing of electricity in the Leyden Jar was for experimental purposes only, and large attempts to store it now are not attempted; it is mainly manufactured as used. An abundant supply at the dynamo, furnishes the potency or momentum, that sends it along the negative copper wire, and if it meet no resistance it will fly around the world while the clock is striking one.

An arc light is made by the passage of the electric current over a space between two rods of carbon, vaporizing the carbon with its intense heat, in a partially air-tight glass tube, to prevent too costly combustion of the carbon. An incandescent light is made by the insertion of a powerful resistant, usually of carbon; the rush of the current suddenly impeded by the carbon produces intense heat, turning the carbon white, gradually consuming it, thus producing the light.

It is probable that galvanism, magnetism, frictional electricity, and the electric storm are essentially the same, differing simply in volume and appearances.

The electrical world appears to have its own meets and bounds, and does not conform to the ordinary lines of the physical world. Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, claims to have reached the magnetic pole, as he reached a place where the needle of the compass became stationary and would no longer move. Wellman says the electric North Pole is twelve hundred miles south of the mathematical or geographical pole.

During the last twenty-five years the wondrous and multiplied uses of electricity in economic forms have been the ever-startling study of thoughtful men, something new being introduced at every turn. The telegraph, installed by Samuel Morse between Baltimore and Washington in 1844, extended rapidly until all enlightened nations constructed it, and its lines extended under many seas.

The telephone, introduced by Alex. Graham Bell, at the Cen-

ennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, has extended widely, and is now one of the chief factors of communication in all the world, saving an incalculable amount of time, which is money, culture, and happiness, combined.

In 1885, an attempt was made to apply electricity to railroad work. Previously the horse-car had done the work of passenger transportation in cities. Fields and Edison each produced an electric motor that they said would propel a car, but people laughed. Finally one Leo Daft undertook to build a short line in Saratoga, New York, to try the electric car theory. People said he was rightly named—that he was *Daft* indeed—but he persevered and in 1887, he had the unspeakable triumph of running a motor with cars on an elevated railroad in New York City. After the great World Fair in Chicago, the electric car system began to spread into the country, and one year ago the capital invested in these lines was reported to be Four Thousand Million dollars, and the work seems to be but just begun. Electricity is also being introduced in the place of steam on the New York Central, the Pennsylvania and other railroads, and will soon largely displace it.

The great sources of water-power in the world, hitherto allowed to run to waste, are being utilized in the collection and distribution of electricity, which is transmitted for hundreds of miles, so that distant cities are lighted, and power furnished for many mechanical appliances, at reduced cost and without smoke or steam. No one can tell to what uses electricity will be applied in the future. It can be made to draw the plow, run the reaper, the saw mill, the flour mill, the cotton mill, the crane and drill at the mine, the Atlantic Liner, the submarine, the threshing machine, the sewing machine, the cook-stove, the washing machine, and it can be made to rock the baby in the cradle. Longevity should greatly increase, and it will, as electricity has come in to do more than half the hard work of the world.

The race has been constantly startled during recent years, with the wonderful things that are being done with electricity. To transmit thought over land or under oceans, by wire, was almost too wonderful for conception; but next came the Marconi plan to transmit it without wire—"Wireless Telegraphy." As great an electrical wizard as Thomas Edison at first doubted the possibility of this, but it has passed far beyond the realm of doubt. On October 10th, 1907,



as Marconi's experts were testing some new receiving cones at their station in Nova Scotia, they got accidentally into connection with the station at Manila, and heard it distinctly announced that the American cruiser, Philadelphia, had reached Manila. This message had traveled eleven thousand miles, and proves that under favorable atmospheric conditions there is scarcely any limit to the range of wireless telegraphy. A few days ago from an electric tower in British Columbia, a wireless dispatch was sent across to Ireland and the answer to it was received inside of five minutes.

What a wondrous advantage is all this to the men of the sea! During the year 1905, eighty-one sea-going vessels were lost in mid-ocean, and stood reported in that ominous column—"MISSING." Now, a vessel duly equipped can speak to those on land a thousand miles away, and often obtain relief.

The matter of recording the tones of the human voice that they may be reproduced at any time for ages, the taking of a photograph accurately at the end of a long line in a faithful receiver, startles our natural incredulity.

Nikola Tesla predicts that electricity will abolish sea warfare entirely. He says that a tidal wave can be easily produced with twenty or thirty tons of cheap explosives, that will roll such billows of water, and open such chasms in the sea, that no vessel even of the Dread-nought size can keep afloat. So that nations on their seaboard can sink all the fleets that are sent against them.

FINALLY, this Electrical age is replete with study, discovery, invention, accumulation, and triumph as no other ever has been. What an age to think, to do, and to enjoy! I am glad to live in this age. All knowledge is being sifted, and tried as in a crucible. The time-honored Atomic theory is questioned in the blaze of new experiments, and the question of general transmutation is raised. Sir William Ramsey's recent work with radium was remarkable, but it did not destroy the Atomic theory. He did not succeed in producing copper, gold, or silver from atmospheric gases, but he thought he saw evidence that helium, neon, and argon, existed in emanations of radium; and that lithium, calcium, sodium, and potassium, are disclosed by the spectrum as products of the degeneration of copper.

How the deep secrets of nature are being unlocked and chiefly by the aid of electricity! All the precious metals and the precious

stones were brought into their present state by most intense heat. Through the ages man has been crippled in his arts by lack of sufficient heat power. The highest heat of the fuel furnace and blow pipe never exceeded  $1700^{\circ}$  or  $1800^{\circ}$  Cent. Flame fed by oxygen and hydrogen has reached  $2000^{\circ}$ . But the electrical fires now glowing at Niagara, equalling a thousand horse-power, are the wonders of our time, melting down walls in the chemical world, hitherto supposed to be immovable.

We are not yet able to gauge the possible heat of electricity. At  $3500^{\circ}$  we reach the point where carbon boils, consequently the present electrodes made of carbon are destroyed at that point, putting an end to manufacture, until other more enduring substances can be obtained. Sir Wm. Crookes says, the manufacture of diamonds requires a temperature of  $4200^{\circ}$ , and a pressure of 225 pounds to the square inch.

Andrew Noble thinks he experimentally produced electrical heat reaching a temperature of  $5200^{\circ}$ , but it was of course flashy and uncontrollable.

Surprising things are being produced at Niagara from common, coarse materials. Out of sawdust, coke, sand and salt, comes a substance that ordinary fire cannot destroy. Aluminum is certainly the coming, useful metal of the world. It is lighter than iron and stronger and does not corrode. It is also the most abundant, forming about one-twelfth of the entire crust of the globe.

But it has always so strenuously refused to part with its oxygen, that it has been difficult to refine it, and so it has been too costly for general use. Nearly every metal has its carbide; i. e., it will unite in a nearly pure state with carbon. At Niagara, Aluminum Carbide is now produced in electrical furnaces by heating common clay with carbon, and in time, aluminum will largely displace copper, being a better conductor than that long favored metal.

The electrical heat at Niagara, certainly approaches creative flame-producing corundum and crystals, and many strange specimens closely resembling the diamond. So wonders multiply from day to day.

Great commercial changes will surely follow these marvelous discoveries. The uses of electricity have already marvelously changed the current of the age in which we live, in the transmission of

thought, in travel, and in toil. It has added billions in wealth to the enlightened nations, not mentioning the dispatch and comfort. Will not its sphere in manufacture at no distant day, give the world build-materials for cities that flame cannot destroy, with furniture and tools of a vastly more enduring character? I will not say it will bedeck the race with diamonds, or fill the world with gold, but it is rapidly changing all our notions of solidity and splendor.

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J. F. RICHMOND.

It is well to think well of mankind, but ill to trust them much.

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—*Carlyle*.

It is the initial business and purpose of life to be happy; and, lest the moralist should object to this as a frivolous proposition, it may be added: that it is true happiness synonymous with righteousness which is meant—the quality of happiness that manifests itself in abounding energy and good will, and that radiates exhilaration and enthusiasm.

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—*H. H. Van Dyke*.

“*Salute No Man by the Way*.”—Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy. That which should be spent in action, spends itself in words. Hence he who restrains that love of talk lays up a fund of spiritual strength.

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—*F. W. Robertson*.

If you have overcome your inclination and not been overcome by it, you have reason to rejoice.

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—*Plautus*.

He is most powerful, who has himself in his power.

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—*Seneca*.

Yield to him who opposes you; by yielding you conquer.

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—*Ovid*.

The soul is superior to its knowledge; wiser than any of its works.

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—*Emerson*.

## BETTER THAN MILLIONS.

### A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

If it had not been for the inquisitiveness of Deborah Ann Plimlott it would never have happened; but Curiosity, her well-beloved Familiar stole in with the letter-carrier and perched upon the table close beside a newspaper and letter for one of her lodgers, Mr. Adam Adams, and a foreign postal card for her other lodger, Miss Mercy Nunn.

Perhaps Miss Nunn herself may have been somewhat to blame, going as she did away off "up country" all of a sudden; for if she had been there when the mail arrived, Curiosity would have been satisfied at once, and gone his way in peace. But Miss Nunn was not there, while Curiosity was—and the postal card.

Obedying Curiosity's command to look at the address, the Widow Plimlott found it written in a queer, crabbed, wriggling sort of script, the chirography of an illiterate. Some of the pointed letters took upon themselves airs, and soared above the loops of their usually taller fellows; others failed to dip to a proper depth, while many were but symbols of their real selves, uncertain and almost undecipherable. Had not the rural delivery man declared the postal card was for Miss Mercy Nunn the Widow Plimlott would never have surmised the truth; but, now he had interpreted it for her, it looked as "plain as day."

Beyond the shining, clanking needles that fought fierce duels over and under the ever-interfering thread of honest gray yarn which the busy old hands were forming into a thick warm stocking, the Widow Plimlott did not, at first, allow her eyes to rove. But Curiosity still perched there, impishly intent upon making the knitter a victim, and tempting her to avail herself of this fine opportunity to obtain news at first hand. It was, at first, a hard and seemingly hopeless task; but Curiosity was conscious of his own power and the weakness of his prey, and sat close to the little pile of mail matter biding his own good time. How long it would have taken the imp to have accomplished his purposes will never be known, for a friendly gust of

wind careened down the chimney and blew the card straight into the Widow Plimlott's lap.

With the powers of the air thus, as it were, inviting her to read, the news-thirsty soul readjusted her spectacles and essayed to decipher the cramped, crabbed writing upon the card. Slowly and laboredly she followed the words—ending her reading with a small shriek and gasp as their purport made itself known to her. As nearly as she was able to make it out the message ran:

*"Died at Catamarca, South America, on the 12th inst. of consumption, your uncle, Nebuchednezzar Nunn, the millionaire."*

It was difficult to read, but she read it; it was difficult to understand but she understood it, and it was the little spinster's meekness when put in the balance with this sudden good fortune (for Mrs. Plimlott knew Mercy to be her uncle's only relative and consequently his heiress) that sent the humble little lodger high in the scale of financial importance. The widow had always felt a real human interest, and had guessed what no other had surmised, and kept her secret. A host of fancies began to assail her anent the little "plain sewer" who a fortnight before had gone out to the Wheatfield farm to help the twin daughters make ready for their double wedding early in the year.

Clicketty click went on the needles again, keeping pace with the good woman's thoughts, until without warning the used-up ball of yarn let go its hold upon the little bit of crushed paper which had formed its heart, which now rattled to the floor.

"Goodness me, the yarn's all gone! I'll just run over to Adam's and get a fresh yank. I believe I'll tell him about the good fortune that's come to Mercy. He'll be interested," and with these words on went the quilted black bonnet, the big woolen shawl and thick mittens.

Adam Adams, bachelor, keeper of the "Corner Store" at the Cross Roads, sat upon a nail-keg in a warm corner of his big, well-filled shop awaiting the possible customer. And as he sat there he dreamed—a strange yet not improbable dream. In his vision a wonderful change had come to him; the empty rooms above the store were empty no longer, but habitable and snug and full of domestic comfort. Curtains graced the now dusty windows, carpets covered the dustier floors, and a brightness and cheer that came of living,

loving, sentient things filled the whole of the upper stories of the Corner Store.

It was a dream of dreams to the man on the nail-keg, and into it began to appear the face of a woman—whose he was never to know, for at this juncture the bell over the door startled him with its jangling, and Adam awoke.

It was but a short walk from the Widow Plimlott's house to the Corner Store; yet during this brief passage a host of moving pictures had gone flashing past her inner vision, and she saw that which startled her. The pictures that appeared and dissolved as she trod on sturdily through the crunching snow of the road were similar in character to the vision of Adam Adams. Perhaps the sleeping man's, then upon another plane, caught the woman's fancies and wove them into a dream; perhaps this rendered him more sympathetic with her mood and ready to accept her suggestion.

In her mind's eye Widow Plimlott beheld the proprietor of the Corner Store changed from bachelor to benedict; beheld the apotheosis of Mercy Nunn, the dazzling future of Adam, whose ally she meant to be. In the large vistas of her growing imagination the matchmaker saw wonderful changes, wonderful, wonderful changes!

It took not many minutes to impart the news that had been shown to her by Curiosity and blown to her by the wind; and as she labored through the telling and climbed the heights that led to the airy castles she had so recently been building for him, the man's thoughts, as the startling climax reached him leaped far and further ahead of hers.

At times one may live ages in a moment. Now it was that years seemed passing with every moment. Capital was invested; houses built upon his Cross Roads property; store enlarged; stock bought; luxuries enjoyed, and home—the home he had somehow never thought of possessing—loomed large upon the horizon of his fancy.

Heretofore indifferent to the scant charms of the few spinsters it had been his fortune to know, his interest centered suddenly upon little Miss Nunn, the niece of the Argentine millionaire. She should sit at the head of his table dispensing his—their—hospitality. Of herself, of her pale little face and her slender little body he gave small heed in his thoughts. The light in which he viewed her was an impersonal one. True, she was transfigured by the sheen of

the gold she had come to symbolize to him, but its gleam was as a candle-flame to the dazzling sun of his own ambitions.

As he thought of acquiring all this by making Mercy Nunn his own, Cupidity not Cupid whispered a caution in his ear. Best woo and win before she knows the great and marvelous truth; the spinster sempstress might stoop to lift the handkerchief which an heiress might scorn.

To Cupidity's voice, therefore, he listened approvingly; he would make Mercy Nunn his wife before she knew of the demise of her wealthy relative—decidedly before. He would write to her—then follow his letter.

Before he had invested his modest savings in this Corner Store, Adam Adams had been a school-teacher, therefore his speech differed from that of the people of the farming districts round about the Cross Roads. His early ambition had been to become a professor in some college or higher grade school. But a chance to invest his savings in what did prove to be a paying, lucrative business tempted him, and he yielded to the temptation. At last he could build the fine frame Corner Store at the Cross Roads, and invest in land when any was going at a bargain. So to-day he was well-to-do, a prosperous man of affairs who had the gift of knowing what his surprisingly many male customers would be sure to want, and the wit to add alluring novelties for the women. Because of his learning he was appreciated and deferred to in many a knotty problem political, agricultural and religious. People laughingly declared Adams had his hands too full making money to think about getting married, and the undenyng Adams laughed with them.

Only a golden opportunity—such as this offered him by the Widow Plimlott could have caused him to definitely turn his thoughts into matrimonial channels. Once turned his fancies raced on and on and on—then he spoke.

"Mrs. Plimlott," said he, "your kindly suggestions for my happiness and advantage are thankfully received. I shall give them my serious consideration. Such news as this you have brought me would spread like wildfire were it once known; therefore I beg you will keep the secret—put by the postal card until New Year's Day, when I trust you will be able to place it in the hands of—*my wife*."

"La, man, how hasty and nice ye be! I never reckoned you'd

be so willin' all at once like. New Year's Day is only three days from now, an'—"

"I'll strike while the iron's hot, Mrs. Plimlott—that's my way of doing business—"

"And this is 'business,' Mr. Adams, an' no mistake. But only three days, sir—"

"You must leave the hurry of it all to me, Mrs. Plimlott, as entirely as I leave to you the cleaning up of the upstairs rooms. Do you believe that if I should fetch the necessary furniture from Owensburg to-night that you could get it into place by New Year's Day?"

"Sakes alive, Mr. Adams, but you be brisk! Howsomedever I s'pect I could. There's Marth' Allen doin' abs'lootly nothin', ye might say, an' a powerful cleaner is Marth'—she could help fine. An' I could get William Penn to w'itewash an' do the heavy, lify work—he's a purty spry sort o'darky—well, yes, we could get it all purty ship-shape come Choosdy. When be ye thinkin' o'—"

"I said leave that to me."

And she did.

Out at Farmer Wheatfield's the snow lay deep and white and billowy over the pastures and meadow-lands. Not a blemish or track of any kind marred its white expanse, and save in the lane that led past the homestead no signs of life were visible.

The snow in the roadway, although cut and trampled by many a passing wheel, runner and hoof, was still so dazzlingly white that old Farmer Wheatfield jogging homeward along its white length looked in the sunset like a rich splash of glowing color, from the butternut brown of his wide felt hat to the brick-red saddle cloth of his big black mare.

On he came, a red-cheeked, grizzle bearded messenger of fate—on and on until the noise of fresh, young voices greeted him from the breezy altitude of the high-pillared porch.

"Letters? Oh, yes, you gals is allus expectin' letters—an' here they be. But you bain't the only ones this time, for Miss Mercy she's got one—a dandy big one, at that! You jest be a leetle keerful, gals, er she'll pass the jedge's stand first and win the race!"

The improbability of the thing raised a general, good-natured laugh in which the little woman cordially joined. Unsoured, kindly



disposed, lacking in envy of the younger generation, Miss Nunn has for years accepted the rural joking in good part. Hers had ever been a state of genuine independence, and the respect of the whole countryside had been her due. To secure her excellent services it had been necessary to put in a bid for the same weeks in advance. That this letter she tucked into her apron pocket was such a bid Miss Nunn never for a moment doubted.

Like Adam Adams the little woman had in her early youth ambitions that were never to be realized. But the dear ghosts of these bright dreams could never quite be laid, and back and beyond the prosy world of commonplace activities they hovered, a precious host, to be called up at such times as the soul of the woman felt the need of that which the material world could not furnish her.

Hope for hope, ambition for ambition, dream for dream, those of the woman matched those of the man with the fact in his favor that while he had allowed the love of money to render his longings merely mortal, hers were immortal and must, ultimately, make themselves manifest.

What she had been engaged to do at the Wheatfields' had been done, and Miss Nunn was packing her belongings to return next day to her room at the Widow Plimlott's when the unread letter tumbled out of the pocket of the apron she had begun to fold. She placed it on the pine stand beside the lamp, and did not open the envelope until her satchel was packed. Then she read it.

To her surprise it was not the chirography of a woman that met her eyes, but the bold, clear script of a man accustomed to the use of a pen.

As that which he besought of her began, after the first breathless seconds, to permeate her consciousness, it seemed to Mercy Nunn her chief and most beautiful dream was "coming true." A home—a home of her very own, with a person of affairs to share it, one upon whom her soul could lavish its wealth, and an honored name to bear!

Strangely enough, it seemed to Mercy Nunn, after the first few efforts to adjust her consciousness to the new conditions the idea of it became quickly familiar. Her own, she realized, had come to her.

To Farmer Wheatfield was spared the hitching up to the old red sleigh and conveying Miss Nunn to the Cross Roads. Early

next morning the jangling of many-toned bronze bells drew the attention of the Wheatfield household to the lane leading to the highroad. A smart cutter and livery horse had turned in at the upper end of this private avenue, and after a brief interval, Adam Adams, with a fine flourish, drew up to the pillared porch. In a few words he made known his amazing errand, secured his quarry, and was gone.

The celebration of the Adams-Nunn nuptials in the little meeting house that evening at early candle light was one of Cross Roads' unforgettable events.

Mercy was ready—it seemed to her she had been ready all her life for this “coming of her own.” The ashes-of-roses silk that had been her dear mother's own wedding dress, seemed to have been always waiting for just this blissful emergency. As the Widow Plimlott drew the shimmering skirt over Mercy's head and arranged the gleaming folds about her trim, little figure, it seemed as though her own mother robed her for her bridal, so lovingly the old hands hooked and pinned and smoothed and patted the filmy folds about her.

Enough of heaven to satisfy Mercy had come upon earth; enough to set her pale face to blooming into almost beauty. “Her own” meant something so much more divine than she had ever dreamed could come to her.

As for Adams, he was surprised at the change that had taken place in the meek little woman. The face of *his wife* was not that of Mercy Nunn, but as unlike it as was the gown of shining silk unlike the serge garment she had doffed for her bridal.

\* \* \* \*

New Year's Day dawned clear and cold and beautiful. Every breath was a frosty delight, every ice-covered twig a gem for Nature's adorning. The freshness, the brightness, the comparative luxury of her new home filled the soul of Mercy Adams with speechless delight, and when calls upon her husband took him into the store below-stairs, she went about touching now this now that of her almost magically acquired possessions, with no thought of their money value, but all thought of what, to her, they symbolized—*home*.

She was glad of her own natural accomplishment—the faculty of preparing foods appetizingly; and the breakfast she served that New Year's Day seemed to her nectar and ambrosia.

At its ending Adams reached an arm across the pretty table and placed a postal card in the hand of his bride. "Read that, Mercy," said he. And Mercy read.

Silently he watched her face. The happy light sobered out of it, and Mercy lifting her eyes to meet his own said:

"Poor, dear, old uncle! He never was very strong, Adam, always more or less an invalid. When he could preach no longer the church made up a purse and sent him to South America for his health more than for what good he might do, you know. Besides it was cheaper living there, and that to a poor person is a matter of great moment."

"Miss Nunn—Mrs. Adams—Mercy—will you—won't you—"

"Why, what is it, Adam?"

"Read—that—postal—aloud!"

She obeyed. Clearly, too clearly the words fell upon the man's ears: "*Died at Catamarca, South America, on the 12th inst., of consumption, your uncle, Nebuchednezzar Nunn, the missionary.*"

It was over. The dazzling dream was ended, the glory of his high hopes gone. Upon barren wastes lay scattered the dead-sea fruit of his late ambitions and he took no heed of the soft voice offering explanations. The only explanation that could have affected him had been made pitilessly plain to him. He did not care to hear that Uncle Neb had died the glorious death of a martyr—he was dying several sorts of a death as silently the castles he had been building tumbled around him, as he stood, a disappointed man, deep in the ashes of their ruins.

What that New Year's Day brought to Adam Adams passes ordinary speech to describe. Busy until nearly noontime supplying his belated customers this and the other lack, he stood at last in the midst of his bagged, boxed and barreled merchandise, the store door bolted fast against further invasion, alone with his blighted hopes.

No shots rang out, no steel clashed, no red blood gushed, but a battle, nevertheless, was fought in the silent place, and fought to the finish.

Mortification clutched him, choked him, and would not be released until the dark foes that assailed his soul were met and mastered. And this proved a battle royal, for he yielded to Rancor and bitter Wrath, permitting these to do their evil will. Then the

wretched rank and file—the disgust, regret, vexation and all that follow in the wake of selfishness—these made havoc in the soul too long a playground of inimical forces, too long an uncontrolled realm.

The man shrank at the first onslaught. The foes he had so long given lodgment made him their prey and attacked him pitilessly. What should he, could he do? How force Mortification to loosen her hideous hold upon him? Somehow, somewhere there must be help—he must find it—find it and face Fate like one worthy the name of Man!

In the midst of the turmoil of soul the sound of light footsteps overhead entered and mingled; through the darkness that enveloped his being glowed softly an ever-brightening star. And the star as he gradually became conscious of it transformed itself into the face of one who did not know, who need never know a truth that would dim her pure faith in his manliness. Simply the thought of the honest, simple, sweet woman who had given herself to him in all ignorance of his selfish intent seemed to change the conditions about him, to loosen the fell clutch at his throat. The thought of her, his new possession, became as a buckler and shield, and he felt he would somehow conquer.

As the good fight began now in earnest, as one by one he met the enemies of his peace and slew them, until not even Disappointment dared lift its ugly head, the light little feet above stairs were, in their dutiful round, beating upon the floor a soft reminder of better things than the sordid greed of gold.

\* \* \* \*

It was by the private side entrance that led to the upper story of the Corner Store that Mrs. Plimlott came later in the day. She found Mercy busy in her pretty little upstairs kitchen, and Adam—a somehow puzzling different Adam to the one she had known—playing cook's mate.

"Ye'll hev to excuse *me*, Mercy, fer runnin' in upon ye so soon, but I jest natchelly hed to see fer myself what effeck the great noos hed upon yer spirits. I 'low ye read the postal?"

"Yes, Mrs. Plimlott, I did."

"Then in the name of all that's good how kin ye take it so quiet-like?"

"Why, Mrs. Plimlott, my uncle was very old and feeble. I didn't

expect him to live that long. I don't wish to seem disrespectful to the dear old gentleman, but I am too happy to let his death, dearly as I loved him, cast a shadow over me now."

"Wall—we don't ginerally let the taking-off of rich relatives grieve us overmuch. Wealthy, wa'n't he?"

"No," answers a voice for her—a voice that has in it a strange, new quality—"No, Mrs. Plimlott, he was a poor, poverty-stricken gentleman who was sent by the kind members of his church to South America as a *missionary*. I am sure you will understand what I mean, Mrs. Plimlott, when I emphasize the word 'missionary,' and know why I ask that no reference hereafter be made to the deceased relative of my wife. He is a man who is dead and gone—I am a man who is alive and here—and a hungry man, as sure as there's a turkey roasting in Mercy's oven."

"But, Mr. Adams—"

"Take off your wraps, Mrs. Plimlott, and make us happy by being our guest at dinner. I will see after her, Mercy, dear, you have enough to do. Come, Mrs. Plimlott, make yourself comfortable, then you and I can set the table."

The older woman left the younger in the kitchen and followed Adam to the cosy front room over the store.

"Laws, Mr. Adams, how homey and nice the place do look a'ready! I fixed up this room, but—"

"But Mercy gave it life. And she has done more than this—she has given *me* life. You and I have been partners in a game of sneak, Mrs. Plimlott—let us both be ashamed of the parts we have played in it."

"Be as 'shamed as ye like—I ain't, for I've got no call to be. Reckon I kin do a good turn to two fellerbein's ef it comes my way. I 'lowed the postal card were what I read it *to* be, and knowed it would tempt yer graspin' nater, Adam Adams. But I'd 'a' never did what I done ef I hadn't knowed for years that Mercy Nunn admired ye fit to kill—that no other man on earth 'u'd ever soot her but jest you. I figgered it out a woman don't count no cost so long ez she kin have the man she's set her heart an' soul on, an' I jest done what I could for Mercy—which doin' will consist, I take it, in holdin' my tongue—"

"What are you two conspirators talking about?" This from

Mercy, whose face, flushed a pretty pink from its recent proximity to the kitchen fire, appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Mercy, dear, I was just about to tell Mrs. Plimlott that she is an angel—"

"So she is," Mercy promptly agreed. "And she has come to visit us in our own particular paradise."

"Ef so I be," chuckled Mrs. Plimlott, "I reckon I'm that sort that were sent to the Garden of Eden to keep an eye on Adam."

It was Adam's turn to agree.

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall receive from heaven. Naked, I seek the camp of those who covet nothing: Those who require much, are ever much in want.

—*Horace.*

Since you cannot have what you wish, wish for what you can have.

—*Terence.*

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.

—*Cicero.*

Remember to be calm in adversity.

—*Horace.*

Courage leads to heaven; fear, to death.

—*Seneca.*

The burden which is well borne becomes light.

—*Ovid.*

The day which thou fearest as thy last, is the birthday of eternity.

—*Seneca.*

Economy is a great revenue.

—*Cicero.*

Forgive others often, yourself never.

—*Syrus.*

If you have done your friend a kindness, do not regret it; rather regret if you have not done it.

—*Plautus.*

## ART AND THE WORLD.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

### HE SPEAKS

The winds are sullen on the lake to-night.  
The clouds are closing in. Before the dark,  
The driving mist will break against your face;  
And when I take you to the dingy rooms  
That still were bright because we called them home,  
Our home until—dear heart, for this last night  
I shall be prodigal and make the fire  
Leap up with rosy flames to keep you warm.  
Let us go back and shut the leaden sky  
Out of our hearts. You love it more than home?  
You would not lose Mount Regal towering there  
Above the thickening glooms beyond your sight?  
Nor I, dear heart, nor I, but now at last  
We put it all into that happy world  
That never can seem happy any more.  
All, dear; yes, all. I almost think sometimes  
That just to dream and cry ourselves to sleep  
With some sweet wonder that our fancies shape  
Would be the bravest joy our hearts could know.

Another boat with a man and woman in it pass across their  
course. The two are singing softly in unison.

When the waters in the moonlight  
Are crossed with silver foam,  
In that soft and tender croon-light,  
Who would pull the oar for home?  
With singing and laughter  
And eyes shining after,  
Hands trailing the water and heart in a dream,  
Let us drift in the star-shine,  
Souls lost in the far-shine  
That dies in the West with the daylight's last beam.

When the city's lamps are flaming  
 Their glow against the sky,  
 From the joys our hearts are naming,  
 Shall we seek them, you and I?  
     With lap of waves lifting  
     And swing of boat drifting,  
 Eyes caught in the splendor that shimmers and flies,  
     Let us dream, through the rowing,  
     Of all things past knowing,  
 While far on the waters the earth glamor lies.

The boat floats by, and the two, after listening to the song a moment as it dies away, turn again toward each other and the current of their own thoughts.

#### HE SPEAKS

They love the world no more than you and I.  
 They need its joy no more. They have no souls  
 To take its good more bountifully than we,  
 To need it with a deeper need than we.  
 Joy fills their hearts. For them no senses beat  
 With thwartings, limitations, mad desires  
 That make these clouds a dull and driving gloom  
 To shut us in with failure undeserved.  
 Why should they laugh, when we must be denied  
 The all to need of which our souls were born?

#### SHE SPEAKS

The old, old question. Can we so demand  
 That every instinct burning in our flesh  
 And every aspiration of our hearts  
 Be gratified? That else this great, good world  
 Is neither great nor good?

#### HE SPEAKS

Yes. Is it good,  
 Can it seem good to you or good to me,  
 If those whose instincts are the purest, best,



Whose dreams most surely seek the highest heavens,  
 Whose pleasures take them furthest from the brute,  
 If they must feel their every prompting mocked,  
 While lesser creatures spread the wings of joy?  
 What have I cared for? Music, books, and art.  
 They are my world. Gross tastes of grosser minds  
 Are lost in these more perfect ministries  
 Of flesh to spirit, followed, nurtured, loved.  
 If I am given these nobler cares and aims,  
 If I must breathe the thin, pure mountain air  
 In which the pulses beat to the glory of God,  
 Must I not then be given the nobler life  
 With power to live it nobly to the full?  
 Dear heart, dear heart, this is the bitter end.  
 That picture that I painted with your arm  
 Lying across the casement round and full,  
 The sunlight on it and your upturned face,—  
 How could they think that nothing but a daub  
 When in your eyes the whole wide sky shone clear  
 And on your lips life palpitated warm?  
 There was my soul for all the world to see.  
 What more have I to give them? Who could ask  
 So much and never seem to care or know?  
 So much in vain—

## SHE SPEAKS

You do not paint for them.  
 Have you not said almost with every stroke  
 That folds the colors in the robe's deep blue  
 Or rounds it on the cheek's too splendid flush,  
 Have you not said that seeing beauty grow  
 Under your hands was still your highest joy?  
 Let us be happy, asking nothing more,  
 Leaving the world the pleasures of its own,  
 While we keep ours. You choose to paint a face  
 And find your joy in painting; rest in that  
 And leave rewards the world can give to those  
 Who can not pay themselves.

## HE SPEAKS

Yes, if I could.

That is the burning passion of it all,  
That when I seem to cry my soul to heaven  
In shapes and colors wonderful as truth,  
More beautiful than summer skies at dawn  
When purple peaks float in the irised clouds,  
That then, to make my joy more fast and sure,  
I still must have its warrant and excuse  
In acclamations of the common voice.  
To be so bound, so driven to depend  
Upon such chance of favor, like a god  
Stopping to beg of man a word of praise,  
A hallelujah, or a loud Te Deum  
In token of his work's enduring worth,  
To be so checked, excluded from my own,  
Unless a thousand tongues—and they refuse,  
They who can neither see nor understand—  
Why should I need it? Being what I am,  
That is my warrant for the all I ask,  
Being so gifted with those finer tastes  
That hold me firmly bound to finer needs.  
That is the curse that makes the world unjust,  
Makes God unjust, makes everything a lie,  
Even the beauty of your rounded throat  
That seems to give this poor and shrunken earth  
A fuller hope. I kiss its whiteness warm,  
Feeling myself a god in such a love,  
Seeming a Grecian singer in the sun  
With Aphrodite rising in the spray  
For him to clasp and claim; and then, while still  
Your eyes are shining on me and your breath  
Is warm against my cheek, as if a rose  
Had crushed its sweetness out between your breasts,  
Then in the highest joy of all you give  
My eyes drop down upon my empty hands,  
Empty of gifts with which to fill your own,

Empty of everything the world holds dear,  
Empty of everything to match those needs  
Of spirit in the flesh that make us throb  
Twin passions of denial.

## SHE SPEAKS

No, not I.  
Have I been less than happy hour by hour,  
Knowing beyond the world the all you are?  
We are too grossly selfish every way.  
How should we dare expect to be and have?  
To live those fancies of the noblest minds  
That lesser creatures can not hope to know  
And with them still to have the joys of sense  
As those may have who live for sense alone?  
Such double measure of all human joy  
Were more than human. Each, somewhere, somehow,  
Is stinted, must be stinted. Make your choice.  
Be in yourself the things that you would be,  
Or have the things that are not of yourself,  
Things that the world can give or take away.  
No man both is and has. We pay the price  
Of being in not having, or again  
Of having in not being, lest at last  
Not even the gift of earth and all the suns  
Could make us happy.

## HE SPEAKS

Oh, these needs, these needs!  
These things that ought to be because they are!  
I hate such trifling wisdom, paying toll  
To meekness, prudence, all the host of fears  
That counsel compromise. I loathe them all.  
It is my right to have because I am.  
How should I care to be the more and more  
Through which man leaves behind the sodden brute,  
If every upward leap my spirit makes  
Narrows the hope that I may claim and hold

The earthly good, the earthly fair and fine,  
The earthly tender as I need them more?  
Man can not be and have? Then down he sinks  
And wallows in the mire, a loathesome thing  
With eyes that gleam out of a foul, scarred face,  
Dumb aspiration prisoned in the muck.  
There is no god, no justice in the world,  
If so our souls and bodies fly apart.  
We have outlived that monkish faith and fear.  
Our noblest souls should be our kings of sense,  
Should clothe themselves in splendor, house themselves  
In palaces of wonder, touch the skies  
In leaping fancies where the spirit springs  
And towering pinnacles of earthly pride.  
Why should I care to paint—I do not care.  
Let me go back and turn them to the walls,  
Each canvas with the joy of earth abloom,  
Lying about a world itself a lie.  
Let each mad daub be splotched with murky black  
Until at last it tells the bitter truth.  
Then with my eyes subdued, my spirit sunk  
Down to its tenement—until I feel  
The clutch of death and all my being whirls  
In one mad tumult and my breath draws hard,  
I shall rebel forever, as a king  
Chained in a dungeon curses every slave  
Who brings him water when his right is wine.

They pass under the shadow of a church on the shore where  
worshippers have just gathered for the evening service of prayer  
and song. They begin singing a hymn at this moment, and the  
two in the boat listen.

For freighted argosies that brave the sea,  
For wealth of fold and field,  
For ringing laughter when our hearts are free,  
We offer here our praise and thanks to Thee,  
Giver of every good our meadows yield,  
The fruit of vine and tree.

For larger hopes and more ennobling aims,  
For passions flying earth,  
For every finer thought or deed that flames  
Out of our dust, we praise Thy Name of names,  
Lord of the spirit's every purest birth  
That springs above our shames.

For every unattainable desire  
That makes us kin with Thee,  
For every thwarting when our hearts are fire  
Too boldly vain, we praise Thee high and higher,  
Giver of good through ill that sets us free  
And bids us still aspire.

For every need that binds us man with man  
In service fair and sweet,  
For human wishes as they still outran  
The wiser giving of Thy wondrous plan,  
We praise the grace that draws us to Thy feet,  
Lord of love's fullest span.

The singing stops, and they remain silent for a moment in the boat as it drifts along the shore. The woman's face shows itself the more responsive to the song.

## SHE SPEAKS

We ask too much. We are in every way  
Too selfish, too unmindful of the bond  
Of human fellowship. You should have said:  
It is my right to have the world's best gifts,  
Because I serve the world with hand and voice,  
Because its needs are thrilling in my heart,  
Its sorrows wound me, and its joys inspire.  
Give in the measure of the service done,  
The hopes enhanced, the ways made straight and clear  
For man's endeavor looking on and on.  
I ask no more. That is the full reward.

If what I am mates not with what I do,  
If finer instincts shape not finer deeds,  
Let me but share the common toil of men  
And walk content along the common ways.  
That is the thing we should have dared to say.  
I urged you selfishly to selfish aims.  
Now that they seem the worthless things they are,  
I fling them by and from my heart of hearts  
Urge you to fling them by.

## HE SPEAKS

Too late, too late!

They have been snatched away like trifling gauds  
The light wind catches in its playful sweep.  
I have not given them up,—but there they fly,  
My aims no more, and yet the things I watch  
With never changing passions of regret.  
I have no aims. How can I have again?  
This failure is the end. To-morrow night  
When we have locked the rooms and dropped the key  
Into our landlord's palm beside the gold  
His hungry eyes have waited for too long,  
When we have lost it all, the books, the prints,  
The easel in its place, the strange carved things,  
The yellowing keyboard where you played and sang  
And helped me at my work, the swords and guns,  
Old with a hundred mysteries of death,  
The strange old dresses that you used to wear,  
Posing a princess, and the coronet  
We bought with such wild pleasure—all, dear, all,  
When we have lost it all—to-morrow night  
I shall not be a painter any more.  
These hands will never bring the dead to life,  
Lords in their pride and ladies in their bloom,  
Fair children with their great round smiling eyes  
Full of the dawning wonder of the world.  
I can not think, I can not understand  
What I shall be, how I shall live at all,

When weary hour by hour and day by day  
I beat the pictures back into my brain,  
Lest so I should forget the price of wheat,  
And then we might not have a home at all.  
For you, for you, you who have still been kind,  
Patient and hopeful through the darkest hours  
When cursing fate I cursed your patience too,  
Not for myself, for you, I shall be glad  
Until I smile in drudgery's despite.  
Perhaps at last, seeing the color come  
Back to your cheeks and gladness to your eyes,  
Seeing you dressed as beauty should be dressed  
In gowns of price, I shall somehow believe  
You are my picture, still more wonderful  
Than any I have painted or conceived.  
There still are dreams—to-morrow—when it comes—  
It must come—every moment—near and near.  
I can not half believe it even now.

Their boat has drifted on until they have passed into the little river and have come under the first of the bridges that span it. In the number of those passing one way and the other over the bridge, there is a company of young people who are clearly on their way to some social gathering and whose good spirits are evident in the song they are singing.

Your eyes are wine, a vintage warm and mellow,  
Your hands are healths that pledge the lifted cup.  
Here once again each meets his heart's true fellow.  
This is the board where love may pause and sup.  
Then pour out the wine as we sing  
With hand clasping hand in a ring.  
Let them ponder and sigh  
Who are waiting to die,  
Who never have dared have their fling.  
We are living with joy on the wing.

I may be sad; you thrill my heart with joy.  
Like April airs that linger through November,  
You breathe a girl and keep me still a boy.  
Then lift up the wine of your eyes  
While it brims to my heart's glad surprise.  
Let them worry and wait  
Who still hang upon fate,  
Who defer and delay, otherwise.  
We live and take youth as it flies.

The sound of the singing dies away down the street across the  
river and the boat drifts on.

#### SHE SPEAKS

The world is full of youth and youth's delight,  
And we are young, too young to see the end,  
Too young to talk of life or know its worth.  
Let us be happy while we build anew  
In fairer seeming with more worthy aims  
The years to come.

#### HE SPEAKS

I need to be resigned.  
That is a pious and philistine mood  
I never learned, but for your sake to-night  
I will sit down and laugh against defeat,  
While once again you robe yourself in dreams  
For me to paint before we lose them all.  
And once again, while violin and flute  
And horn and drum are sounding at the dance  
The merchant gives just across the street,  
Beside the window I will stand and watch,  
Seeing the carriages and all the lights,  
The women with their jewelled necks agleam,  
And all the splendor as they turn and laugh.  
Only I will not ask why you and I,  
To whom such things could mean a thousand fold  
The little that they mean to his poor soul



Fatting on sins and shames, I will not ask  
Why we should be shut out to starve our eyes  
And feel our little pleasures grown as dull  
As wayside pebbles by the sheen of silk.  
Just for your happiness, to see you smile  
Forgivingly with eyes that seem to shine  
With that old rapture once the whole of love,  
I will enjoy it all, and then once more  
Sit down beside you in the little room,  
And so be glad—why did I never know  
The way to service is in serving you?  
Making you happy? I believe some day—  
Oh, you will teach me—teach me everything,  
To live, to love, perhaps at last to paint  
For men's approval. Yes, but that can wait.  
Here is the landing; here I find the world,  
The world that is in place of that which was,  
The world of service. Come, shall we go on  
Like children walking slowly hand in hand  
And marvelling at everything they see?  
The new, new world! and I shall find, perhaps,  
New things to paint, and things almost as fair,  
Seen with your eyes, so much more true than mine.

He has tied the boat to the bank, and in the gathering dusk they go up the street together. There they are soon lost in the hurrying crowds of men and women making up that old world that is always strange and new.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

## THE MYSTERY OF LOST FORD FARM.

The mists rolled up like a curtain and revealed the Lost Ford Farm, which shone like an emerald, even in that green countryside.

I had never seen the Farm before, and looked with a feeling keener than curiosity at the place where Ethel Shepherd had lived.

There were a few fallow fields and a few cultivated ones, but the fields that had grown up in young timber far outnumbered these. The fences were neglected, the roads unmended, and over all was the unmistakable air of lost prosperity. A man might pass, and see that the Lost Ford Farm had been a good farm in its day, but was now the home of disorder and decline.

To a practical man the place would be a distress, but to one who sought beauty it was a delight.

Around the house the apple trees stretched forth gnarled dead limbs from their clothing of new green; an old wisteria vine draped the very roof tree and hung in veils and cascades of greenery over the house, fluttering fresh leaves from delicate petioles, and from the barky stem drooping heavy masses of knotted branches dead and dying. This was truly a dwelling place, instinct with human feeling; it reminded me of some age-worn woman in the wreck of her youthful passion and beauty; it had, too, the look of one who had not told all, who bore traces of unnamed experiences, and whose bitterest tears shed only in the black night.

The woods, untouched by fire or axe, came close about the home grounds. A murmuring sea of green islanded the house and its garden. A tall hedge of arbor vitae surrounded the garden, suggesting the intentional privacy meant for *solitude aux deux*—how strangely so used is the story I have to tell.

From Mrs. Shepherd, the mother of Ethel, I heard the greater part of the tale.

The Shepherd family was of English stock, settled in Canada for generations,—they were pioneers. When the house was first built Indians sat in the little porch and silently smoked. But it was a remote place in those days, unhandy even in these: silence and solitude had been, and continued, around it.

When Ethel's mother was brought a bride to the Lost Ford

Farm, she was seized and forever after held by a sense of its loneliness; so that she used often to talk to the growing things, for lack of human companionship.

In those first days she naturally passed much of her time in the garden, where flowers and fruit and tender vegetables grew together in bed and border, sheltered and shut in by the arbor vitae hedge.

Then no land had been reclaimed by the forest and her husband was a busy and an ambitious man.

He had hired her a servant, a strong old woman who could cook and clean and milk, leaving only the lighter part of the work to his wife and some leisure.

The tradition of her family had been one of culture, and this Mrs. Shepherd carried on with some assiduity.

Sitting by the harpsichord, in the long northern twilights she had played and sung "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "Shuleagra," or the "Twa Sisters o' Binnorie"—in that solitude her taste ran to the plaintive, or to the music of the church. She loved the "Kyrie eleison" or the "Benedicite, omnia opera domini." She told me that when she sang "O, all ye works of the lord praise ye the Lord," it made them seem like folks and she was less lonely.

She read too and had ransacked the bending shelves in the upper hallway, where were gathered the books that generations had amassed—there were no new ones, everything was old in that house. Current literature and the magazine epidemic had passed her by. Acting, she had seen only once or twice and she had never heard of the spiritualists.

It was on the circular seat around an old apple tree that she began to tell me of Ethel.

Before Ethel was born her brothers had grown up and gone away. One had been killed fighting the Indians in the Northwest, one was lost at sea, and one was "the only black sheep we ever had in the family," and had served his term for forgery. He was the eldest and his father felt the disgrace deeply. He let his farm begin to decay, and the fields to grow up in young trees, harking back to the forest. When Ethel was born he had said: "Thank God! she is a girl and cannot disgrace us anew!"

She was a good child with a sunny temper and high spirits,

going into gales of laughter at the least amusement; but she hated books and loneliness and music at twilight and all that had been her mother's life before the three boys came and after they were "fledged and flown," as her mother said. She would clap her hands in extravagant joy at the prospect of a trip to town, where she had hosts of friends of her own and of every other age.

She had pets without number or limit; even wild animals would come to her cheery little call.

One day her father found, under jars and glasses, a collection of spiders, kept in the tool house. He killed them all and Ethel, protesting, until she could endure the sight of the slaughter no longer, fled to her mother in tears and horror.

It was very difficult to get her to say her prayers, or to show any realization of God. "She may have believed in Him," her mother said, "but she would never say that she did. At first she was interested when I told her about Him, and asked: 'When is he comin' to see Ethel,' and soon after, 'Where is God?' but when I told her that He was everywhere she went searching through the house and cried when she could not find Him.

"She had often called the sun 'God's face' until her father, being an austere man, and shocked that she should call the creature for the Creator, whipped her."

When she gave up the hope of seeing a visible God her parents did not know. But she never betrayed any sign of interest in God as an invisible Spirit.

In the room where her mother had so often sung the "Benedicite," she collected her dolls and a toy lamb, and played the children of Israel and the golden calf—which resulted in another whipping.

It was her fate to be misunderstood at the first, and at the last.

How many misunderstood children are spiritually malformed by their training,—pitiful, chubby martyrs to the "grown up," unimaginative majority!

As Ethel became older she grew to be very sensitive about her spiritual deficiencies and showed the greatest care and, indeed, duplicity in hiding them.

Every one but her parents, believed her to be a model child, she was so lovable and of such a charm that it would be hard to think otherwise.

!

One day when she was fifteen or sixteen years old, a tall girl with her skirts lengthened to her flying feet, she had been racing around the garden after her fox-terrier, Vixen, most good-tempered of dogs. Her mother sat sewing under the apple tree, where she afterwards told me the tale.

Ethel stopped running, stood awhile with her face raised as if listening, or puzzling over something, then drew near her mother quite white and grave instead of flushed and merry. "Mamma," she said, "if I were at the *bottom* of my heart I could love God, but it is *shut off*, in some way; I am not down there, I am only above."

Her mother said: "My child it will come." Ethel looked at her in alarm and cried out, "Oh! no! no!—Mamma, I am afraid it will come!" She flung her arms about her mother and kissed her, crying, and writhing as if in pain.

Then she said, suddenly: "Oh! Mamma! hold me close!"

At this point in the story the mother broke off and sat, tongue-tied in horror of the memory. Then, turning on me a suffering face, she said: "I held her close but she was *gone*; I could not protect my little girl from the dreadful thing. When she got up from my arms she pushed me roughly away, and I thought the poor child was overwrought, her father had been too stern, and I began to soothe her. She turned on me a face hard and white, like a carved angel in the church—only all lit from within.

"'Hush!' she said, and her voice was not her old voice—it was different; she looked at me strangely, and spoke again in that *new* voice, 'The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' I had never heard her quote the Scriptures before and it shocked me, but not so much as her changed face.

"She dragged me to my knees, she that had always from babyhood fought against saying her prayers and pulled at my skirts when I kneeled to say mine! She held me on my knees, it may have been for half an hour, and I can promise you that I was trembling and shaking when she let me rise up again to my feet.

"I said: 'Ethel! Ethel!' but she pushed me away, once more, not like my little cuddling, clinging, loving daughter. She looked at me, not with her head on one side, prettily, as Ethel would have done, but severe, up, direct, from beneath her brows, and she looked as people do when they have a flash of memory.

"'I have put *Ethel* aside. Call me Deborah hereafter,' she said.

"And I didn't understand it. I didn't know, *then*.

"She stayed so all that day and the next; and the next day after that I sent into town for the rector.

"He prayed with her, and he talked with us, and when he was leaving he told us to be very happy; he had never before seen such a case, it was a true spiritual awakening. But when he was gone Deborah caught Vixen stealing the cat's supper—and she—"

Here the poor woman broke down and wept. She could not tell me, but I already knew. Deborah had beaten little Vixen so cruelly that it seemed impossible for her to recover, and she was, of necessity, put out of her misery.

Deborah, formerly the tender-hearted, watched while the dog that had been her pet was shot, saying that it was only the just punishment for sin that she had administered.

The next day Mrs. Shepherd sent for the doctor believing her daughter to be in a fever. Her words come back to me plainly—"He said it was temporary derangement—but it wasn't.

"Deborah stayed—she walked and sat and ate like another person, not as Ethel did. The look out of her eyes was different. I soon told all the doctors that—for they came—many of them—they questioned and they talked—but I paid no heed to them.

"'It is not Ethel gone crazy,' I said, 'it is another person.'

"At times when they came from very far Deborah would talk with them; but unless they interested her she was silent. Ethel always talked, and everyone interested *her*. She had begun reading, reading everything in the house, and everything that she could borrow.

"Daylong she sat under the apple tree—the books piled thick around her. She would look up at me under her brows to say: 'The time is so short. I have been so kept back.' Which showed that she knew what I knew—she was another person.

"I often went into the garden very early in the morning to pick the vegetables with the dew on them. I would be down behind a row picking and see Deborah go pacing by with a wrapt look in her eyes, like a prophet stricken dumb. She did not see the sky filled with new light, or the tender growing vegetables, or the flowers in bud or bloom! But at night she would see the great awful heavens.

"She never came clinging to me, like Ethel; she never shirked her household duties, like Ethel.

"I couldn't love her. I kept asking and asking my husband, 'Who is she?' All the doctors couldn't answer us that.

"My husband sat with his head in his hand and moaned, for he thought it was his doing, through his severity.

"The doctors told him 'no' and one of them said it was for an 'inscrutable purpose that God had given her a dual personality.' Her father and I sorrowed and grieved, and sorrowed and grieved.

"Bye and bye a doctor came who said that he might cure her if we would let him take her away to the city. We feared to hope for such joy but we let him take her.

"Then one day he came down to us asking if she had come home. She had disappeared, and he could neither eat nor sleep, nor attend to his patients for thinking what might have come to her. He hunted and he spent hundreds, oh! thousands of pounds having others hunt for her.

"My husband left the farm and spent all that he had saved looking for her, and advertising. Alive or dead, we wanted our child.

"But help came—when we had given up hope.

"I sat here one day looking at the hedge that had shut in so much misery, and through the gap in it that leads to the outer world came our nearest neighbor, old Judge Adams, riding like one mad. He was waving a telegram to me, the tears rained down his face. I ran to him where he had pulled up and sat sobbing on his horse. I asked him if my husband were dead. He shook his head and gave me the telegram to read; it was signed 'John Shepherd'—it came from my poor boy that had disgraced us." Here she broke down again, and I waited a long time but she could not go on, could only weep and smile in her joy.

The end of the story I had from others, and it was of a piece with the beginning.

When John's term was out he left the penitentiary only to drift; for he would not take back his disgrace to the home of his parents.

As a day laborer he worked his way southward and westward. He would not let his mother know where he was or that he still lived. Starvation faced him; fever wasted him; peril lay on every

hand—the peril that lures man when his past is black and to whom no hand is held out, and for whom the new life is not made possible.

Slowly John sank—sank; sank to those depths of slough where the misery and crime and wretchedness of a great city gather and blacken in the face of the sun.

One day he came into possession of some money, he never told how—but having it he went into a saloon for a drink.

By that time the story of Ethel Shepherd and her dual personality had filtered down from the scientific journals and the magazines to the daily newspapers.

As John sat in sodden enjoyment of the warmth and the liquor, he heard the name of the little sister he had never seen lauded about the saloon. He straightened in his chair; what had his sister done to be spoken of in such places? The old manhood in him revolted. He got up glowering and stood a listener, as the barkeeper retold to the landlady the whole glaring newspaper account of Ethel's sweet young life mysteriously diverted into another channel; of her manner and sayings as Deborah, and finally of her blank disappearance. The landlady wept over the sorrow of John's mother, and John stood dry-eyed.

At last he turned and went out into the night. A thick fog, heavy with smoke and soot, rolled and greasily oozed along the half-lighted street.

John the forger, the drunken, perhaps the thief, was sorrowing for his own. Disowned and disgraceful the blood in his veins cried out for the grief of his parents. His mother's face as he had last seen it, years ago, shone on the fog in that dismal street.

With sunken head he moved along, unheeding the reality before him—clearly seeing the past. The memory of his mother stirring bitter-sweet within him.

Turning the corner he found himself in a small gathering of people, slovenly women and children and a few men, standing in a circle, and in the midst flared two kerosene torches, glaring on the faces nearest them palely reflected from the fog above and showing a Salvation Army lassie who held down her head, an old man beating upon a drum, and a stout, battered woman who held up a silken banner with "He leadeth me" printed upon it in letters of gold—letters of fire they seemed to John, agonizing, as he sloughed the



hardened habit of years and felt coming through it the old tender religion of his mother, called forth by these three soldiers of the Salvation Army. The old man ceased beating on the drum and shouted out "Thou shalt love the lord thy God." Then the lassie, who stood in the shadow lifted her head, and John quaked—the torchlight, flickering but brilliant, showed him his mother's face, and the voice that echoed from his earliest childhood stole out, rising and sweetening on that raw fog, singing the Kyrie eleison he knew so well in the long northern twilights of his lost childhood. He stood bewildered—the count of years rolled back on him—it was his mother! But the fact reasserted itself that his mother was old, by this time and grey; and he turned to leave; but the old man had shouted out another commandment and again his mother's voice rose and filled his soul with sweetness.

"Oh, Lord have mercy, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts, to keep this law." The old man stepped aside saying: "Sister Deborah Shepherd will now speak to you. Wait to hear her."

John's heart leaped in gratitude—"Deborah—Deborah Shepherd." The story he had but newly heard in the bar-room—his mother's face—her voice—her favorite ancient chant—he was making no mistake.

While Deborah spoke of sin and penitence, he seized the old man by the sleeve and poured the whole tale into his unbelieving ears. "It can't be, my good man," he said, but he gave John the number and the street in which Deborah lived, saying to send for her mother.

When John's father and mother came after the long years' separation, they faced him silently, but his mother clung to his arm and kissed the offending hand.

When they led her through the city streets for the first time in her life, she shuddered and cried out in terror for her poor child lost in such a place, and where there were so many people.

The same detail of the Salvation Army was at work that night at the same street corner. John and his parents pressed to the front of the throng gathered about the drum and the torches.

Deborah stood out again in the winter fog, under the raw, flaring lights—her face white against the dark frame of her bonnet, her eyes burning as they had not burned on the former night.

Something seemed to distract her, and she held her head as one listening.

When the drum beat she wrung her hands and looked about her in distress; when she should have sung her voice failed her; she cast about her in distress, her hands clutching as if for firm support—her eyes swam, and she swayed uncertainly. Her mother could endure it no longer, "Ethel!" she cried, "Ethel!" and Deborah looked at her. "Ethel!" she cried again, and the submerged soul struggled up to the vacant eyes, and as her mother clasped her in her arms recognition dawned, and the soul of Ethel looked out again on her mother's face.

FRANCES KEATON.

#### A MEDITATION ON PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY.

When I was younger, death seemed to me a very dreadful thing. I saw it dimly, as something afar off; and being too horrified by what I had been told of it to look at it attentively, I only gave it furtive and shuddering glances; and so, half-seen, it had a very fearful shape indeed. I was young and felt that I had much to do and to enjoy; and the thought of leaving my work and my love was appalling in its awfulness. And so I thought much of physical immortality; I dreamed of the conquest of death, for it seemed to me that the most desirable of all things would be to stay here and work and love here, forever.

But as the years have gone by, I have learned a little. Looking ahead, I can see that the time will come when the work that I am engaged in will be finished. True, there will be other work, but it is also true that there are others who are being specially prepared for that work, as I have been prepared for mine. They can do it better than I; and the doing of it will be their right and their opportunity. I see that in the process of evolution there is a certain work for every one of us to do here on earth; and I see that it is not in the nature of things that any man's work on earth should be eternal. I am glad that the men and women of the past did their work and passed on, leaving the stage of action clear for me; and I must not be selfish; when my part is done, I must be ready to resign in favor of some one else. I shall not have exhausted my

capabilities, but nothing will be lost; what I do not do here, I shall do elsewhere. There are other worlds than this, and if I am needed there I must not shirk my duty by selfishly clinging to life here. I am in no hurry to go; I mean to stay here till my work is done; but when it is done I wish to pass on to the work which awaits me elsewhere. I cannot lose my work by dying; it is the only way that I can keep my work.

I shall not lose my love, either. The love which clings to me here will follow me into and through the grave, and will find me on the other side. All that I have here that is worth having, I shall have there; and there is much there that is worth having that I shall miss if I stay here. "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain."

And so, as I look at death more closely, and with questioning intentness rather than fear, I find that it has lost its terrible aspect, and looks more and more like sleep.

W. D. WATTLES.

#### THE KINGS.

Robed in purple of the midnight,  
Robed in ermine of the snow,  
Did you see an old man passing?  
Did he this or that way go?

Kingly is he, although aged—  
Bent, yet proud of mien, withal,  
And he left us but this moment,  
Left us in this banquet hall.

We are gathered here to pledge him,  
Ere his kingly course be run,  
In the wine of high endeavor  
Pressed from fruits of victories won.

For we love him, and are grateful,  
And these brimming cups we raise  
Are in honor of the monarch  
And his gift of golden days.

But he left us, passing swiftly  
 From the light and warmth and cheer  
 To the dim aisles leading outward  
 From the palace of the year.

Look ye—who comes dancing hither,  
 Happy-hearted, cheeks aglow,  
 Robed in purple of the midnight—  
 Robed in ermine of the snow?

Who is he advancing boldly  
 From the darkness cold and drear  
 Through the mystic pathway leading  
 To the palace of the year?

Who is he whose baby fingers  
 Hold a scepter high in air,  
 Whose bright coronet, twelve-pointed,  
 Rests upon his shining hair?

'Tis the monarch of the Future—  
 Hark! with joy the echoes ring—  
 The king is dead! Alas! Huzza!  
 The king is dead—long live the king!

THAIS.

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When I get a little money I buy books; and if any is left, I buy  
 food and clothing. —*Erasmus.*

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There are two extremes to be avoided; the old and exploded,  
 but respectable, and the new that starts in the air without cable or  
 ballast. —*J. H. Tilden.*

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My own will come to me. —*John Burroughs.*

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One sole God;  
 One sole ruler,—his Law—  
 One sole interpreter of that law—  
 Humanity. —*Mazzini.*

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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## WHAT HAS HAPPENED AND WHO CAUSED IT?

This country is in sad conditions financially. The harvests have been prolific, and the facilities for market are abundant. There is employment for every branch of useful industry. The Nation is at peace with all the foreign powers, and likely so to continue. There is every external condition existing which is essential to prosperity.

Yet there is unrest everywhere. Business is clogged and enterprise arrested. There is an imperative demand for money in every department to set the wheels of industry in motion and thereby alleviate these conditions. Yet we are told in reply to this demand that there is at this very moment an amount of currency, of coin and its representative paper far greater in proportion to the population than ever before. But the question at once arises: Where is it? The bankers declare with great unanimity that it is not in their possession; the industrial enterprises are hampered, and the commercial facilities are liable to be interrupted. Men dare not buy or sell lest there be inability to fulfil obligations. Yet the whole structure of business is little else than a system of credits, every individual depending upon the fidelity of others, to their promises. Hence, in the midst of abundance, it has become difficult to share and enjoy; it is a state of artificial poverty.

Such catastrophes are caused by the creating of alarm. They are often attributed to unwise measures of Government. We had them in 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893. President Cleveland was accused of precipitating the last of these, yet he was innocent. Now, many have attempted to impute the present trouble to the acts of Mr. Roosevelt. How he has done it, we are not informed. He is an officer sworn to execute the laws, and if his action has brought into the open the men who disregard the laws, and thereby disturbed business, it must be that what has been called business has been tainted. No man will advocate a system of law which is to be

enforced on individuals in common life, while the great leaders and operators are to go free.

A sensation was created some months ago by what was revealed at the investigations of the acts of certain officers of insurance companies. The counsel employed on that occasion made his explorations rigid, bringing into view improper and unlawful transactions by men whom all had esteemed and honored. It was a sorry spectacle. Business, public affairs and private ambitions were interwrought; and the very air seemed to be impregnated with dishonesty. As this conviction deepened, there arose a general distrust. The State of New York holding its general election chose for Governor the very man who had unmasked the offenders. Not having perverted his sense of duty to screen misconduct, he was selected as being the one man that could be trusted. Yet somehow the fact that his searching investigations first called attention to unsound and dishonest management of great corporations, seems to be carefully overlooked.

There is now a complaint from the White House to the obscurest corner of the national domain, of a prevailing hysteria, under which depositors in banks and savings institutions, have so generally withdrawn their funds, and hoarded them at home. It is a condition very similar to what existed at the beginning of the Civil War, when all specie went rapidly out of sight. In this country, the structure of business stands on the mud-sills, the small depositors. When an alarm breaks out in the big world, the employers of labor hasten to discharge their work people by the thousands and tens of thousands. This puts an end to there being money to deposit or to spend except for absolute necessities. Yet experience shows that business does not thrive, except when these individuals have money to spend. They are the consumers, and without them there can be little call for producing. This agency has been already set in operation, to keep up hard times.

The "hysteria" which has led to calling for the hundreds of millions on deposit in savings institutions is another difficulty not easy to surmount. Hysteria used to be considered, though not altogether accurately, as a disorder of women. It certainly is a complaint to which depositors in savings banks are liable. And they are a class that it is not easy to influence. The arguments which

are pleaded are slow in restoring their confidence. A humorous friend suggests that it might be easier to procure their hoarded money if department stores and bargain counters should be more widely established. But to speak seriously, confidence is a matter of slow growth and its betrayal by a few endangers its existence over a wide field. For the present, every individual will be compelled to frugality, till we can know one another; and there must be a conscientious diligence on the part of those in power not to have one law for the poor and a laxer one for the rich.

A. W.

#### OPPOSING COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

The *Inter-Ocean* has the account of the organising of the "Chicago Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Association," some weeks ago. Five hundred men and women met at 180 Washington Street, November 18, 1907, to begin this enterprise. Several physicians are active in the work. Dr. W. E. Elfrink was chosen president and Dr. F. B. Jenkins, secretary. More than one hundred doctors were present, and a sum exceeding two thousand dollars was subscribed to carry on a contest in the courts, if necessary, against vaccination. Mr. W. J. Watts was chosen as the attorney for the organisation. The contest will be directed against the city ordinance requiring compulsory vaccination.

A committee of nine was appointed to carry on the campaign and prepare an application for a charter from the State.

There is a strong desire in many quarters for a National organisation for a similar purpose.

#### WASTE, NOT TO BE REPAIRED.

The career of the white man in North America is characterised by a wanton waste and destruction of the bounteous gifts of Nature. The cultivation of the soil has been marked by the exhaustion of its fertility. The wheat-growing region was once the Genesee country, then in turn Ohio and Michigan, Canada West, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, the Dakotas, and now it is about to be the western provinces of the Dominion. In the mineral world half of the product is destroyed. Forty per cent of the anthracite coal is lost

beyond recovery ; and half the area of the bituminous field. As the wanton destruction of the forests is resulting in drouths and irregularity of water supply, and actual unproductiveness of the soil, so other such prodigality is in full career for a harvest in a coming generation, which will cause the present period with its population to be viewed with execration.

### RINGS OF SATURN FALLING TO PIECES.

Professor Lowell, of the Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, has lately made a report of changes apparent in the rings of Saturn which he conceives to be indications of their disintegration and probable fall upon the surface of the planet. La Place a century ago predicted such an event, and Struve after him actually conjectured that they were coming closer and closer to the sphere itself. But other observers consider them as in no such danger.

It was supposed by La Place and others that the rings were solid, and therefore liable to early destruction. But later savants tell us differently. "We know," says Professor Brashear, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, "that the rings of Saturn are made up of small meteoriclike bodies, or small satellites, and that from perturbations of the independent satellites outside of the ring, they produce variations in the divisions of the ring system." By these it can be perceived that the phenomena which Prof. Lowell imagines are indictative of an early destruction, can be accounted for otherwise. The system of Saturn is one most curious and complicated. Prof. Ritchie of Harvard University is said, however, to accept the conclusions of Professor Lowell, and while the sages dispute, the common layman will wait to see which is right. W.

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Success never comes to the man who stops promptly when the whistle blows.

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The size of a dollar depends on the way that it is spent.

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Hard work is the best remedy for hard luck.

—*The Greenwood Lake Philosopher.*



## THE IDEAL NURSE.

Soul and body are so closely connected and act upon each other with such rapidity that a division line is difficult of perception. Physicians of the past and their conservative colleagues of the present have made the physical body almost entirely the subject of study, giving but little consideration to its spiritual tenant. The metaphysicians of the present day are so taken up with the tenant, that the most radical of them would relegate his house to oblivion. Perhaps, in part, both are right and both are wrong, like the two sides of a shield; much depends upon the point of view, but progressive individuals, nurses or physicians, will adjust their angles of vision so that a comprehensive view of all sides may give to them helpful and efficient service in the hour of need.

The ideal nurse will never look through the eyes of prejudice, for this is always a narrow vision. The more the march of centuries has cast its dust upon human perception, the deeper rooted the prejudice. The nurses of the future will be measurably free from this taint that so retards the progress of the race to-day. Comprehending more fully the dual nature of human beings, the nurse will perceive that a disturbance in mind produces discord in body and vice versa. If the house is out of order its occupant will be ill at ease. Perceiving this, the nurse will set herself to the task of regulating matters with all the wisdom,—physical or mental,—at her command.

The ideal nurse will possess positive attributes of character that shall be to her like a shield or an armor, protecting her from taking on the diseased conditions of patients. Positive qualities, however, must be exercised with great care and judgment, never proceeding from combativeness, thus arousing antagonisms, but springing from justice and knowledge; her orders, though decided, should always be tempered with sympathy, kindness and love. The ideal nurse will deem it unscientific to disturb the conscientious faith of a seriously sick patient, however differing may be her own religious views. Faith strengthens both soul and body, and a disturbance of faith during a critical state of mind or body might be disastrous to the life of the patient.

The nurse of the present and future should always be a person

of great trustiness of character, a kind of mother-confessor to her patients, a woman who, knowing the sorrows and trials of other souls, would never reveal secrets sacredly entrusted to her care. She will not only carry in her heart, but comprehensively understand the philosophy of the spiritual Lawgiver who taught us to "bear one another's burdens." Believing in the power of this great truth, she will practically apply it to the restoration of the sick in body or soul.

The ideal nurse and the ideal physician will better understand the respective needs of soul and body, treating cases with reference to the dual make-up of mankind. Radical metaphysicians sometimes make spirit too great a sovereign in its own house, too little subject to external conditions. On the other hand, physicians oftentimes vigorously subject the body to heroic treatment, ignoring the claims of the spirit. Both may learn from each other unless they unfortunately possess minds too prejudiced to receive instruction.

Many physical diseases have a mental origin and many others are greatly augmented, by surrounding conditions, both physical and mental. The able physicians and wise nurses of the present and the future will endeavor to find these causes and remove them, if possible, just as they would remove a sliver irritating the flesh, but sometimes a mental trouble, like a serious tumor, may be so connected with the life of a patient, that a probing instrument in mental surgery should remain unemployed, for oftentimes

"Light cares may speak where mighty griefs are dumb,

The bottom is shallow from whence they come."

Soul sickness, long continued, is likely to produce physical disease. But, say you, does not a soul trouble need a soul physician? It is not my purpose to discuss Christian ethics, but I firmly believe the ideal nurse and the ideal physician will have faith in God and belief in prayer, drawing upon these great sources, philosophically and scientifically, to aid them in mitigating the ills of soul and body. Certainly such as these must receive a spark of spiritual fire from the Masterful Soul who taught the fishermen of Galilee, who said to the woman who touched the hem of his garment, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Such words, spoken eighteen hundred years ago, appeal only to the heart of the Christian believer, but Agnostic criticism cannot wisely turn aside from the facts of to-day for nearly every town and

hamlet in the land has its well-authenticated case or cases, that have been cured either by prayer, metaphysics, magnetism, hypnotism, or some similar mode of eradicating disease. Skeptics cry out, "False, false!" Christians reiterate, "False, false! The days of miracles are past." But the facts remain that the cures are effected. Popular sentiment asserts with a shrug of its conservative shoulders, "There was no disease; such people only thought they were sick." If this proposition were entirely true, then the greatest cures are wrought; for people who are in a condition of mind to believe themselves sick without adequate physical cause, are on the borderland of insanity; and a force that can save unbalanced minds is a power more potent than drugs.

I believe that some time thousands of the inmates of our insane asylums will be set free, clothed and in their right mind, because the asylums will have a board of physicians and a corps of nurses who will not be bound by the traditional teachings of past centuries, but who will gladly welcome all righteous innovations that give any promise of liberating the soul or curing the body.

The Catholic is made whole by a touch of faith upon the Holy Coat, or the cure is wrought by a pilgrimage to some spot made sacred by saintly association. Another is made well by believing that magnetic currents flow from one strong body into another depleted by disease. Others find health by way of the physician and the drug store and still others by resting in firm faith upon the power of the supreme One, are cured by faith in God, and prayer. The miracles are wrought, let us welcome them in whatever form they may appear and give thanks for the physicians and nurses who are radiating light in our day by endorsing the thought of the author who wisely said: "Perhaps a miracle is a scientific law not yet understood."\*

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The talker sows; the listener reaps.

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\*From "The Ideal Nurse," by Mrs. Josie Curtiss, Marengo, Ills. Price, 10 cents. All profits go to Humanitarian work. The entire pamphlet is unusually good.

## THE SOUL.

One part of us is soul and another is body; one rules, and the other is ruled; the one uses, and the other is used as an instrument, and always to that which rules and uses is related that which is ruled and used as an instrument. Of the soul one element is reason, which by virtue of its nature rules and judges about our affairs; another, the irrational element, naturally obeys and is ruled by it. For everything is well disposed according to its peculiar or characteristic virtue: to have reached this condition, i. e., the condition where the characteristic power governs, is good. And when those things which are highest and most primary and excellent have attained virtue, then they are well disposed. That is better which is by nature more adapted to rule and to be principal, which is the relation of man to other animals. The soul therefore is better than the body, since it is constituted to rule; and in the soul are reason and discursive reason (*dianoia*). For the soul is of such a nature that it urges and checks, and says what to do and what not to do. Of this part, therefore, the virtue, whatever it may be, is that which must necessarily be desired and chosen by us, and by all as specially and absolutely the best of all things.

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The essence of the soul is immaterial, independent, incorporeal, totally unregenerated and indestructible, having from itself existence and life, wholly self-motive, and the principle of nature and all motions. Being of such a character, therefore, it comprehends in itself a life free from and independent of the body. So far, therefore, as it gives itself to the things of generation, and subjects itself to the revolution of the universe, so far it is controlled by Fate, and becomes subservient to the physical necessities; but so far as it exercises its intellectual energy independently, so far it voluntarily acts as to its own affairs, and apprehends the divine and good and intelligible.

Wherefore it behooves us to live the life of the intellect and of the Gods, since this alone gives unfettered power to the soul, and liberates us from the bonds of necessity; and causes us to live not merely a human but a divine life, and one naturally full of divine good.

—*Iamblichus*.\*

\*Translation by Thos. M. Johnson, editor of "The Platonist."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

MYSTERIOUS PSYCHIC FORCES. By Camille Flammarion. Cloth, 466 pp., \$2.50 net. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

Prof. Flammarion's books are deeply interesting and command the respectful attention of every thoughtful individual. The work before us is an account of the author's investigations in psychical research, to which are added those of other European savants.

The work was written especially for the American and English reader and is of the utmost importance to the student of supernormal phenomena for the following reasons:

*First:* Because it is the first resumé of what has been accomplished in this field in the last twenty years by continental savants, including the investigation carried on by Professor Charles Richet, physiologist at the University of Paris, and member of the Academy of Medicine; Professor Cesare Lombroso, psychologist at the University of Turin, and the authority on criminology and mental diseases; Professor Schiaparelli, director of the astronomical observatory at Milan and first discoverer of the "canal" markings upon Mars; Professor Enrico Morselli, psychologist of the University of Genoa, the eminent neurologist and author of medical works; Professor Francois Porro, director of the astronomical observatory of Turin; Colonel de Rochas, educator; J. Maxwell, M.D., attorney general, Courts of Appeal of France and author of *Metapsychical Phenomena*; Professor Ochorowicz of the University of Lemberg; Professor Camille Flammarion, director of the astronomical observatory of Juvisy; Count de Gasparin, statesman and author; Professor Marc Thury, chair of natural history, Academy of Geneva; the late Professor Pierre Curie, discoverer of radium, and many other scientists of international reputation.

*Second:* Because the book deals with a side of psychical research little touched upon by the English and American explorers of this uncharted continent—that of physical phenomena—such as levitation—movements of objects without contact—raps, visible and tangible appearances—unknown forces, etc., which can be registered by scientific apparatus in confirmation of the investigator's seance impressions.

*Third:* Much of the volume is devoted to the case of the famous Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino, who has been for some years under the strictest scientific investigation and whose astounding phenomena have been proved unquestionably genuine this fall by the use of scientifically constructed recording instruments, photography, and severe methods of control.

*Fourth:* Professor Flammarion gives Sir William Crookes' investigation of the celebrated mediums, D. D. Home and Miss Florence Cook, together with the experiments of the English Dialectical

Society and that of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, which parallel the Paladino phenomena.

*Fifth:* The author sets forth the conclusion as to the basis of the phenomena held by each of the men of scientific standing who have explored in this field.

Professor Flammarion says himself: "The work will prove indisputably the objective reality of the phenomena produced by 'mediums' and the existence of the psychic forces and of a dynamic world in the bosom of which we are plunged."

In the recital of these phenomena there is much to arrest the attention of the most skeptical minds who, if they do not accept the conclusions, at least must acknowledge the sincerity of these earnest workers in the field of the psychic forces.

In this, his latest work on these subjects, Prof. Flammarion's arguments and deductions are calm, dispassionate and thoroughly sincere, as no one can doubt who reads the book. He does justice to all theories, condemning none. Like all honest minds he is searching for Truth.

In his summing up, he says: "In the actual state of our knowledge it is impossible to give a complete, total, absolute, final explanation of the observed phenomena."

The student of these phases of human life will find this a most important addition to his library.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MOTHERHOOD. By Margaretta Gray Bothwell. Paper, 32 pp., 25 cents. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

JESUS OF NAZARETH AS A TYPE. By Margaretta Gray Bothwell. Paper, 32 pp., 25 cents. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

AFFIRMATIONS AND DENIALS. By Eugene Del Mar. Paper, 64 pp., 25 cents. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

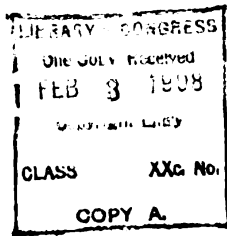
EXPERIENCES AND MISTAKES. By Eugene Del Mar. Paper, 32 pp., 25 cents. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

HOW TO GAIN HEALTH. By Katherine Holmes. Paper, 22 pp., 25 cents. Published by the author, 2 Jane Street, New York.

WHY WE SUFFER—THE REMEDY. By Katherine Holmes. Paper, 21 pp., 25 cents. Published by the author, 2 Jane Street, New York.

STEPPING STONES TO HEAVEN. By Charles Louis Brewer. Cloth, 82 pp., 50 cents. To-morrow Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE ELDER BROTHER. By Charles Louis Brewer. Cloth, 64 pp., 50 cents. To-morrow Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.



# THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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## METAPHYSICS OF THE FAMILY.

BY CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

A quantity of brick, lime and lumber are piled up in the street. We seek information from the architect as to what kind of building is to be erected on the site. He shows us plans and drawings portraying his idea of the proposed edifice. From these we perhaps form the opinion that the completed building would combine the qualities of beauty, strength and adaptability to the purpose for which it is intended.

In making these plans, however, the architect was obliged to confine his ideas to what was possible of construction from the materials at his disposal, and was also governed by the laws of gravitation, cohesion, equilibrium, etc. If the requirements of his plans are inside of these limitations the building may be successfully completed; but if he has exceeded them in any respect then, no matter how beautiful the idea formed in his mind, the unfitness of the material will render the manifestation of that idea impossible.

In both ancient and modern times many wise and philanthropic men and women have ideated and promulgated plans for social systems in which conditions would obtain that would greatly mitigate some and wholly eliminate many of the pains, sorrows and privations to which mankind is now subject. Some of these architects of society proposed to reach the desired end by inculcating certain religious beliefs or creeds, some of which, if universally accepted and fully manifested in the life and actions of the people, might perhaps in some measure have effected the purpose of the authors. Others have advocated many and widely varying forms of government and political institutions as the universal panacea. Yet others have promulgated codes of philosophy and ethics as the basis upon which the ideal social fabric should be erected. When we eliminate

from these various plans all those that had for their real object mere personal aggrandizement or selfish desire for the acquisition or retention of power or privilege on the part of their authors we still find some that were more or less feasible; but the individual units of society—the bricks from which the social edifice was to be constructed—were utterly unfitted for the purpose. Therefore they failed.

A condition of the race as far superior to the present as is that of the most enlightened nation of today as compared to that of the most barbarous is not only desirable but possible of attainment. Such a social fabric cannot be erected, like Aladdin's palace, by rubbing the lamp and wishing for it. The materials—the individual human units the combination of which renders its construction possible must first be prepared.

Of all the ideal plans for the benefit of humanity, each one that is at all practical contains one basic truth—that the only stable, safe, enduring well-being of the individual is dependent upon the well-being and happiness of the whole, and the safety and well-being of the whole depends upon that of the individual units. This is a proposition so self-evident to every thinker that it requires no argument to support it.

It is not in the religious convention, the political gathering or the philosophical society's meetings that the material for forming the improved social system can be produced. In such places methods may be discussed and advice given as to the processes to be employed; but the perfecting of the individual units possessing the qualities necessary for combination into the nobler, happier social conditions can be accomplished only *in the homes of the people*.

While a majority of civilized people have dwellings of some kind, and some of them are really "homes" to the denizens, yet many—far too many, are wholly undeserving of the sacred name.

The foundation of a *real home*, whether that home be in a hut or a palace, is, or should be laid when a man and a woman are wedded. By "wedded" is not meant a union resulting from mere passionnal attraction, a marriage of convenience, or one in which the motive of either of the parties is the acquisition of wealth or the attainment of social position. The true marriage, rendering possible the establishment of a *real home*, occurs when a man and woman,



recognizing the responsibilities entailed upon them by sex and the requirements of the marriage relation, and their duties to each other and to mankind, enter into the life-partnership of marriage with the purpose of rendering each other all possible aid and encouragement in discharging these duties and meeting these requirements.

If it were possible to trace the source of all the unhappiness, privation, sickness and crime that afflict mankind it would probably be found that much, if not most of it, arises from thoughtless, hasty, ill-assorted marriages. Marriages arising from passionate attraction may occasionally eventuate happily and usefully; but this occurs only in the rare instances where a happy chance has functioned instead of an intelligent selection, bringing together a couple fitted for each other. Failing this, one of the parties must surrender his or her will, opinions or preferences to conform to those of the other. This involves a life-long sacrifice on the part of one, encourages selfishness in the other and impairs the social usefulness of both.

The true, home-making marriage must be based upon a real love arising from an appreciation of and admiration for the character and qualities of each on the part of the other. Without this real love the desire of each to be a true helpmate to the other will not exist. In fact the existence of this desire and determination is the only test of the real marital love that will remain steadfast and unimpaired under all trials and be coexistent with life.

Unions entered into for wealth or social position, unsanctified by love or high purpose, not being true marriage, need not be considered in this connection. They are the result of selfishness on the part of the man or the woman or both. Where selfishness exists a home life tending to beneficent results for the race is impossible.

Everything in the universe is in the last analysis but a combination of qualities contained in the Logos or Infinite Source. The more complete the conjunction of fitting qualities the more perfect the adaptation to its ends of the resultant creation. If the 27th verse of first Genesis read, "God created *mankind* in his own image (i. e., according to the divine imagination or thought) male and female created he *it*," then the true idea of the combination of male and female qualities that compose the race would be clearly expressed. Mankind is a *whole*. No matter into how many pieces

a mass may be divided each fraction will contain the qualities that constitute the mass, though not necessarily in like proportion. Here is a printer's type such as is used in printing this page. It is an amalgam of lead and antimony with a little tin as a flux to make the metals combine. It is hard but not brittle, tough but not elastic, admirably adapted to the purpose of doing its tiny part in the work. By smelting and chemical process we can separate the metals. We shall then have lead, which is too soft to make a durable type, and antimony which is too hard. If we desire to reform these metals into type we must unite them in proper proportion. The master-founder, when he fuses large quantities of these metals or qualities and forms them into blocks, knows that many different processes will be required to shape them into separate type; but he also knows that he has provided proper material for making any letter or character, each conforming to the shape of the matrix against which it may be cast.

Mankind, or the combination of qualities that would result in the existence of mankind, was the idea or "image" ("his own image") formed in the Infinite Mind. The masculine quality, hard and rough; the feminine, softer and more susceptible of receiving form and expression from the matrix of the Eternal Will, and love—the flux or combining quality which should unite them.

The separation of the mass into individual units was but a succession of processes or operations under divine law, and mankind, still a whole, but existing as separate beings, occupied its place in creation.

As combinations of the printer's metal type form the word, the words the sentence, the sentences the page, the pages the book and the books the library, the legibility and usefulness of the library depend upon the perfection of the single types, in like manner does the combination of the male and female qualities which we denominate "marriage" become the single type from which are formed the family, the community, the nation and the race. Upon the degree of perfection attained by the individual type-units depends the evolution of the race to happier, nobler, safer conditions of being.

Except in cases of the reunion of the original dual man and woman, the very differences between the male and female qualities which are necessary to the formation of the perfect social type or

unit often lead, even in the case of a well-mated couple, to widely dissimilar views, tastes and opinions. In such cases love must function as the flux or combining quality. Where love is *real* (not mere passion) the desire to assimilate with its object will exist. Seeming differences are often but the varying methods by which the masculine and the feminine minds arrive at like conclusions. Still more frequently the true solution of a moot question will be found in the average of the two opinions. Calm and loving discussion of any such matter between man and wife will usually result in each discovering that the united view of the subject led to a juster conclusion than did their individual opinions. Some concession may be necessary on the part of either or both, and an earnest desire to arrive at the truth should be the ruling motive. If these methods are faithfully pursued the tendency will be to a gradual modification of the character of each, resulting in that combination of the masculine and feminine qualities that constitutes the perfect social unit. Thus the tendency to materialism so often obtaining in the character of the man will be modified by the more spiritual ideas of the woman, while her acceptance of fallacious theological dogmas and belief in miraculous manifestations may be modified by the more logical deductions of the man; resulting in clearer, wider and more practical views of religious subjects in the mind of each.

In the construction and arrangement of material objects the tendency of the man is to regard utility as of more importance than beauty, while the woman's love of beauty tends to cause her to sacrifice utility to ornamentation. A combination of these qualities resulting from mutual suggestion and advice would lead to the adornment of useful things, while the economy of means resultant from abstaining from mere "finery" would enable both to acquire many things combining use and beauty and tending to mental improvement.

In all the affairs of life the interest of husband and wife is, or should be, identical. The business of the husband—the bread-winner—is surely a matter of vital interest to the wife, as upon its prosperity or failure depends not only the well-being of herself and her children but the comfort and peace of the home. In too many cases the husband thinks or says that "women know nothing about business." He therefore leaves the wife in total ignorance regarding

matters that are of vital importance to her. It is unfortunately true that many women know little or nothing about business. This does not arise from any lack of capacity on the part of the woman, but from the fact that neither in her early education nor during her later life is her attention seriously directed to the subject. If men received the same kind of education and subsequent training as do women they would know as little or less about business. Sometimes this reticence as to business matters on the part of the husband causes the wife to incur unnecessary expenses or to practice needless parsimony. She is acting unknowingly.

On the other hand women often think and say that men know nothing of the details of home life, housekeeping and the management of children, and resent interference or suggestion in regard to such matters on the part of the husband.

Under either of these conditions a perfect "home" is impossible. The male and female qualities are not in combination.

But, suppose that the husband makes a practice of consulting his wife upon business matters, makes her acquainted with the minutiae of his affairs, whether such business be a fruit stand or a great department store, a cobbler's stall or a vast factory. He may give her facts on which to base an intelligent opinion, explain the plans by which he hopes to achieve certain results, discuss matters with her as a *partner* whose interests are identical with his own. In a great majority of cases he will find that her opinions are of value, her suggestions worthy of consideration and practical; besides which he may in discussing the matter learn something from his own talk. It also enables the wife to know what their means really are and to govern expenditure and manage the home wisely.

Often a wife, desiring to do or purchase something, feels grieved and hurt when her husband truly but bluntly and perhaps angrily tells her "I can't afford it." If instead of this he would gently and clearly explain conditions to her she would cheerfully acquiesce.

If in relation to household matters, her plans, her labors and her troubles, the wife consults with the husband, she will probably find that much of the carelessness and lack of sympathy on the part of the man arises from the same causes as the woman's incom-

petence in business—lack of knowledge and experience. None of us can appreciate what we do not understand. A lawyer or a merchant looking at a great and intricate machine may admire it; only the practical machinist who has had experience of the care and labor involved in the making of each casting and gear and spring and bolt in the structure can appreciate it fully. So with a neatly kept house. A man may admire it; but like the lawyer looking at the machine, he cannot appreciate the care and labor expended by the woman on the infinite detail. But full, loving discussion of these matters will usually result in the forming of plans the execution of which may mitigate or remove many of the troubles while adding to the comforts of the home.

But beneficial as the result of this mutual confidence and close partnership may be on the material plane, yet the far more important psychic results are vastly more valuable.

The man who consults with his wife on all the affairs of life raises her from the level of housekeeper and nurse to that of friend, confidant and companion. He enhances her estimation of herself. She feels that he respects, appreciates and confides in her, and as respect, appreciation and confidence beget and strengthen love for the donor, to her wifely love for him will be added the love of friend, confidant and companion. Such love as this from a wife is indeed a "crown of glory" to the husband, and would be cheaply gained even by great sacrifice.

The woman who lovingly confides in and consults with the man raises him in his own estimation from a mere provider and billpayer to a real *husband*. While giving him an insight into the feminine view of all matters she has imbued him with the capacity of adding to his man's love for her the purer, more unselfish and tender feminine love. In every fibre of his being he feels his responsibility for her welfare and happiness, she has become part of his being—his very *wife*. These twain have become one spirit, therefore any thought of self dissociated from the other is impossible to either of them.

It is true that many hold the opinion that the business of the man is to be the provider, of the woman to manage the home. It is also true that this rule obtains in a majority of cases; but where it is practiced without mutual confidence and consultation the parties

are not wholly wedded. They are two separate individuals each pursuing a different object in his or her own way.

Some wedded pair who have attained really happy and harmonious conditions, or who may be desirous of establishing such, may say, "What effect can the efforts of *one* family have upon the evolution of mankind?" A large number of people may desire the election of some certain person as president of the United States. Each of these persons has but *one* vote. If each of them says, "How can my one vote affect the result when it requires millions of votes to elect?" and therefore refrains from voting, the candidate they favor will certainly fail of election. I believe that a vast majority of the people desire improved social conditions—more general prosperity and happiness for mankind. All this is attainable; not by means of legislation, or prayer, or miracle; but only by a sufficient number of persons attaining to character that will make the improved conditions possible.

Every man and woman who have united in a harmonious, unselfish home-life have cast their one vote for the desired result, and that vote counts toward it far more than does the one vote toward the election of president. There is the force of their example. Unselfish and harmonious effort induces happiness for those exerting it, no matter what their condition may be. Friends and neighbors notice the harmony and peace of this wedded pair. One case of yellow fever or cholera is sufficient to establish an epidemic. The desire to try any method tending to happier life is as infectious as disease, which it also resembles in the fact that the greater number "affected," the more rapidly it will spread. Thus the real home becomes a "centre of influence" for good.

Then there is the mighty force exerted through the astral plane by the man and woman perfected by affiliation. Having conquered selfishness their thoughts and wishes become altruistic; their capacity for love expands till they desire the welfare of all others. These love-inspired thoughts go forth upon the astral plane as living forces. As flower-seeds that, borne by the winds, when they find the spot fitted for them take root and produce blooms of beauty, so these living thoughts seek fitting human minds and are manifested in deeds that benefit mankind.

There is a still mightier force which the evolved and united man

and woman are privileged to exercise for the benefit of humanity. In a home from which the demon of selfishness has been exorcised there can be no thought of what has been well denominated "race suicide," which is the acme of selfishness. There are countless great souls of former generations who, through pain or privation or injustice, suffered in past lives, have learned the lessons of experience and know mankind's necessity for evolution to conditions more in harmony with the divine purpose of his being; and the methods by which such advance may be aided and hastened.

No condition could be more attractive to such spiritual essences—no environment better adapted for their development and preparation for the duties of the new life—than the home where love, harmony, and unselfishness have their abiding place. To such will they be surely drawn. There will the character and purpose that they brought with them receive strength and direction. The cherishing care given to them and the sacrifices made for them will be a source of holy pleasure to the parents, with the added happiness of knowing that when they have rested from their labors these, their children, will carry forward the work they loved, and that the increased number of workers for whom they have opened the gate of opportunity will render the work more efficient.

The character and purpose of the egos incarnated in these children are as the ideas of beauty in the mind of the born artist. Ere he can give these ideas objective expression he must obtain the necessary material and instruments and receive instruction in their use, and upon the quality of the material and the thoroughness of the instruction depends the perfect expression of his ideas. The physical bodies and brains of these children are the tools they must use for manifesting their purpose, and their education is the instruction for the best use of these implements. Therefore the home-making parents will use their best efforts in developing the physical health and strength of the children—the souls that have committed themselves to their care to be prepared for life-work. The parents having been themselves seekers for truth, in the home education of these children they should impart to them all truths of which they themselves are cognizant and warn them against all which they know to be error. Above all should they teach them to seek the truth and the law by appealing through their own spiritual nature

to the Infinite Source of Truth and Law of which the spirit of each is an emanation and a portion. Give the children the advantage of every step in evolution that the race has advanced during their rest period, so that their whole course may be forward and no step wasted or hour lost in stumbling over the rocks of old errors or groping in the fogs of ancient superstitions.

These things the *truly wedded* man and woman can do. They can establish a home where husband, wife and children are dear and intimate *friends*, inspired by like purposes, each loving and sympathizing with all the others, "bearing one another's burdens." Privation or sickness may perhaps enter the door and love will make them more endurable; but that door is forever barred against hate, anger, envy or selfishness. That home is to its inmates a haven of rest from the storms of the outer world.

The home makers have created *one* center of influence, laid one stone of the improved social edifice. They may see little or no result to the race from their efforts in this life. But after their rest period, when they return to take up their work anew, they will fully enjoy the effects of the causes that they aided to set in motion, and live in the palace that they helped to rear.

When such homes, made by such home-makers shall become sufficiently numerous then will mankind—a proper combination of male and female qualities as imaged in divine thought—find the world to be a home—a home of happiness and peace.

CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.



## THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BROTHERHOOD.

A KEY TO OCCULTISM.

BY WILLIAM L. GARVER.

Occultism teaches that man has latent within his being powers which, when once placed under the control of his intelligent will, transform him into an immortal God-like being to whom all mysteries of the universe shall be revealed. Those who have become somewhat familiar with the teachings of this philosophy, charmed by its promises, become its devotees and seek to realize the heights it pictures to their enthusiastic imaginations. The methods pursued are as diverse as the individuals affected and range all the way from those of the hermit ascetic to the voluptuous Bacchante. To all of these one thought appears to be common: forget self and love mankind; believe in brotherhood and seek to realize the Universal Brotherhood of Man on earth. In accepting these tenets, aspiring chelas have delved for years in the musty volumes of the ancient philosophers, until the phrases of Plato and Iamblichos mingle fluently and indiscriminately with those of Paracelsus, Boehme and Eliphas Levi. Sanscrit, Greek and Arabic vie with the symbols of the Rosicrucians for first honor until, with the lapse of time, you find a scholar whose mind is filled with platitudes of philosophers but who, aside from a state of innocence and abstinence from fleshly pleasure, differs in no way from his fellow men who have never had an occult aspiration.

Now, why do these years of effort prove so unproductive of results? Is there some essential element lacking, the absence of which makes all other efforts fruitless, no matter how sincere and tireless? Is there a key that has been overlooked or neglected which is necessary and without which the door to the mysteries cannot be unlocked?

Without pretensions to attainments that others have failed to realize, we venture to affirm that there is an essential quality absent in the efforts of most aspirants for the heights of occult adeptship, and that is, the quality of humanity. Students who have committed to memory the little book "Light on the Path" and have repeated

again and again the precept "Kill out all sense of separateness," have followed a course that has made their separateness even more marked than before their efforts began. How few have allowed themselves to be drawn by the thought in this precept to a closer and more sympathetic relationship with the uncultured masses of the world? How few of them have gone out upon the highways and byways, the parks, streets, fields, farms and workshops and tried to feel in sympathy and reach the heart of the working man? Their study of books and philosophy has given them an intellectual disposition which draws them to the intellectual class, rather than to the masses who are ever closer to the intuitional world. How many students have taken the thought "Kill out Self" and then conceived that they were accomplishing this result by enduring protracted fasts or reducing their apparel or home surroundings to the bare necessities of life? But unless the motives back of such self-denial are more than the desire to gain spiritual advancement, their acts, no matter how much disguised by the appearances of philanthropy, will be selfish. Only when they lose sight of their own advancement in the effort to advance others, do they strike the key-note of occult attainment.

Have any of those whose labors to find the Path appear barren of results, ever walked the floor stirred by a restless energy and filled with a desire to do something to improve the condition of the masses of the world? Have they ever lain awake thinking and planning for the tired workers whose daily toil has made them too tired and exhausted to think and plan for themselves? Have they done all within their power to show that every organized form of society is based upon self and selfishness? Do they think that they can kill out selfishness within their characters and those of their fellowmen, and at the same time continue to preserve the rock of selfishness upon which society is built in every civilized country of the world today?

If the student of occultism seeks to develop his powers and enlarge his consciousness, let his sympathy for humanity become a passion, a feeling ever welling up within his heart, until he looks at every poor unfortunate creature whom he meets, with a longing desire to do him good. When this living fire is kindled in his heart he will begin to ask, "What can I do to improve the condition

of the world and my fellow man?" When this condition of soul is reached, he will begin to search for the causes underlying and producing the evils in society. Never for a moment will the thought find root in his mind, that evil is not to be combated or is only the just fruit of past "Karma," but, tolerant with individuals because he perceives that they are largely the victims of their environment, he will ceaselessly champion the cause of Truth and Justice.

Instead of deprecating selfishness and the evil nature in man, he will widen his consciousness until he realizes that so-called selfishness and evil, are but the product of economic institutions which perpetuate in the world of men the conditions of tooth, claw, and parasite in the animal and vegetable worlds, where the fittest but not necessarily the best survive.

When the student reaches this stage, he asks himself, "am I doing all in my power to bring Truth and Justice into the world?" Losing sight of self, he begins to acquire a race-consciousness and thinks only of humanity as himself. When he hears of the Russian butchery of the Chinese far away upon the Amur, his heart throbs with pity and compassion for he feels that they are a part of his soul-self even though so distant and unknown. When in his travels he glances out of his Pullman car window, and sees hundreds of ignorant foreigners at work along the tracks, he does not refer to them contemptuously as "cattle"; far from it, he pictures them as babes and children, who are now ignorant and almost de-humanized by the industrial conditions into which they were thrown. When these fires of compassion glow within his heart, he begins to take an inventory of his capabilities and inquire how he is using them.

He has the power of speech; does he use it upon every possible occasion to say a word or start a thought that will benefit the world? He has the power of the pen; does he use it to carry a message to some soul? He has the power of example; does he conduct himself nobly and live consistently? Last, but not least, yea, even more important than all others (as all our industrial institutions are built upon it), he has the power of the ballot; does he use it consistently, or does he support with this great power, all that he condemns with his tongue and pen?

In memorizing precepts on Universal Brotherhood, has he ever

become conscious of the fact, that the flags of the earth are frequently used as devices to separate the whole of humanity into groups called "nations," in order that they can be exploited or used by the few who rule for selfish purposes? Has his race-consciousness developed to the extent that he realizes that what is often called "patriotism" is but a cry for political plunder? If his vision does not yet perceive these truths, then the unifying forces of cosmic consciousness have not yet found the conditions in his soul necessary for their manifestation.

If the student thinks there is no connection between occult science and economics, his consciousness has not yet broken the shell of self, and before he can pass on to the heights of Cosmic Consciousness he must realize class-consciousness. In other words, he must realize that the social institutions of the world today divide humanity into two classes—sheep and wolves; weeds and flowers; workers and owners who do not work.

This condition is simply a reflex of the conditions in the animal world where self-consciousness has not become manifest, simple consciousness alone dominating; but human beings who have developed to the stage of self-consciousness should use the powers it confers, to obliterate the strife of the animal world wherever it dominates in the affairs of the human; and those who aspire to higher and broader ranges of consciousness, must first use the powers of self-consciousness to remove the abuses of this world.

This can only be done by working for a new society—a society in which classes are abolished by the obliteration of every institution tending to produce classes; a society where the dominant consciousness is the solidarity of the entire human family without regard to nation, race or creed; a society where only those who are useful shall be rewarded and where incomes arising from ownership and privilege shall cease.

If the student of occultism has not awakened to a consciousness of the necessity of this society, and deliberately joined in every effort to bring it to pass, then the veil is still before his eyes. Only those who realize the necessity of a revolutionary or basic reconstruction of society, have found the key that will unlock the door of the heart and warm it with a loving sympathy that will entitle

its possessor to the mysteries of Occultism. Only those who realize the necessity of a higher civilization where competition and class antagonisms are abolished, can hope to receive the divine touch of Cosmic Consciousness.

WM. L. GARVER.

### WHICH?

Which is he, the fool you see  
Or the high and potent soul  
That he inly longs to be?  
Born to regal self-control—  
Part of the Eternal Whole—  
Heir to kingly destiny.

Who shall tell us why the king  
Weakly wears the jester's crown?  
Playing antics in the ring,  
Heedless of the jeer and frown  
Which his folly calleth down—  
Scorning Love's free offering?

In the Kingdom of the Real  
You shall know him as he is.  
What he inmost may feel  
You shall see is truly his,  
And the good he seemed to miss  
Clearer vision shall reveal.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

The philosopher despises the senses; he who does this despises also the body, in which the senses reside; he who despises the body is averse to it; he who is averse to it separates himself from the body; and he who separates himself from the body is willing to die; for death is nothing else than a separation of the soul from the body.

—*Olympiodorus.*

## PSYCHIC LOCKJAW.

BY JAMES W. DONALDSON.

Among those infant theories which the writer has endeavored to "bring up by hand" is one he fondly calls his lock-jaw theory—in which it is assumed, albeit in a diffident, tentative way, that we have reasonable grounds for maintaining that many of those persons who have startled and confounded us by an unexpected departure from rectitude, either by suddenly taking to the practice of strange and intolerable eccentricities, or worse still by falling into a state of hopeless criminal obduracy, are really helpless sufferers from a species of "*Psychic Lockjaw*"!

Making a careful diagnosis of the condition of these unfortunates, we shall find that the *psychical* phases of this distressing malady often bear a most striking similitude to those set and inflexible conditions and those grave errors of nervous and muscular control which characterize and distinguish the physical form of the disease; and that in either case, however much the victim may agonize and desire to restore himself, there is little hope for him, if indeed, there be hope at all unless some strong remedial influence shall kindly interpose and supplement his efforts.

If we inquire what biological fact underlies and accounts for "psychic lock-jaw," we find we must take into consideration the great nervous centers, and the causes which contribute to their many strange aberrations; for, exalt mind over matter as we may, yet daily experience makes it evident that after all mind, as we apprehend it, is somewhat dependent upon matter, inasmuch as it must and does more or less employ material aid to express itself. It naturally follows, then, that the character and state of the material organs through which it expresses itself must have very much to do with shaping and determining the mode and character of that expression. Confirming this view is the now generally accepted conclusion that thoughts, habits and aptitudes have their potential correspondences in certain molecular changes of structure which frequent repetition has fixed and built up in the delicate, plastic tissues of the brain.

This being conceded it is evident from their very nature that, these unstable and fragile matrices of the mind must be liable to great modifications and vicissitudes. Indeed, it seems not at all improbable that some violent and uncontrollable ebullition of passion or emotion or stubborn persistence in a debasing habit of thought or practice or some sudden and intensely defiant set of the will, may so disturb, dislocate and modify certain parts of this susceptible brain tissue as to work in it a fixed, inflexible and perhaps unrighteous warp or twist; and that whenever the mind attempts to express itself through this distorted medium such expression is correspondingly warped and twisted; and furthermore that this disordered state must persist until, haply, some extraordinary shock or revulsion of feeling, or the irresistible domination of other minds shall either bring about a correction of these mal-adjustments or help to plant and develop a new order of impressions which shall give the unfortunate individual an impulse again towards righteousness.

It is a well known fact in medical experience that often slight lesions of the brain so affect the disposition of the person as to result in a condition of insufferable perversity; and even the brutalizing effect of alcohol drinks so manifest to us all, is claimed to have its physical explanation in the fact that those areas of the brain now mapped out and declared to be the media employed in moral and religious expression, are so paralyzed by the action of the poison as to become in a great degree atrophied and impotent. Hence, the person loses control over the baser faculties, which then have full sway in deeds of brutality and blood—the drunkard in the end becoming the victim, and too often alas! the hopeless victim, of moral lock-jaw.

But if, by chance, in some moment of great excitement and exaltation he is persuaded to abandon his degrading habit, and this impulsive and desperate effort of his will is so seconded and fortified by a host of yearning, sympathetic friends, that he persists in his determination, then gradually his body and brain regain their healthy, normal condition; the moral and religious functions become nourished, strengthened and rehabilitated and again resume their power of righteous control over the lower instincts.

Again, there abound well-authenticated medical records demonstrating the power of disease other than dipsomania to work such

radical structural changes in the brain as to give to the person an almost entire change of character and disposition.

For example, it is recorded of a French working man who was naturally a morose, cross-grained, stolid fellow, that he was by an attack of cholera in the year 1865 so greatly changed as to become a person of lively fancy, and one having unusual aptitude for literary expression; in proof of which it is stated that he has since published a volume of poems. Dr. Despine, an eminent French scientist, in his great work on Natural Psychology, states that a certain man had always been known to be amiable and affectionate, until after an attack of small-pox, when he at once developed an exceedingly irritable and quarrelsome disposition and had maintained this character for fourteen years after, at which time he came under the doctor's observation.

The presumption is natural and seems fully warranted that in the rapid disorganization and destruction of tissue which attends diseases of this violent and malignant type, and in the no less rapid rebuilding of it involved in recovery, there are possibilities for such departures from the original forms in this sudden new growth as to give quite different possibilities and tendencies to the great organ through which mind evokes expression.

Among the incidents which seem to confirm the writer's contention that these tetanic conditions of a psychic character do have reality in our experience, is the following one related to him by an observing friend:—

A little child some three or four years of age while repeating her prayers, apparently in a frolicsome mood, made such an alteration in a certain part of the text as to give it quite a ridiculous turn. The mother feeling that she must rebuke such unwonted irreverence at the out-set sternly bade her repeat the prayer and this time correctly. The child attempted to obey, but when she came to the critical passage gave to it the same ridiculous version as before: and although the great displeasure of her mother was plainly manifest and the child much distressed thereat, yet after repeated trials with the same result she was put to bed and by way of punishment kept there for several days. In the mean time, though every effort was made by her parents and other loved relatives to induce her to repeat the passage correctly yet, despite many



tearful attempts to do so, she still persisted in this irreverent rendering of it.

Being an affectionate child and usually obedient, she seemed almost prostrated at the displeasure of her parents, and they, too, were greatly pained and troubled, and at last, fearing that her health might be injured by prolonging the contest, they reluctantly desisted. It seemed to all interested that while it was evidently the desire of the child to obey, yet that it was utterly impossible for her to do so; indeed, that her mind was so firmly fixed in the error that she was powerless to correct it.

Perhaps there may be those who read this paper, who are beset and annoyed more or less as the writer is, by certain fixed, persistent errors of expression which they are convinced must have, at some time, suddenly and unaccountably come upon them: For example: in his own experience he recalls his bothersome and obstinate predisposition to substitute a "w" for the terminal "u" of a proper name which he often has occasion to write, and, though strenuous as may be his conscious resistance to this besetting error yet it usually results in but a miserable hybrid of the two characters.

JAS. W. DONALDSON.

## THE FIRE SYMBOL.

One cannot delve into the great ethnic philosophies and lesser tribal cults without finding similar fundamental theories and beliefs running through them all, some of which are identical with those recorded in our Holy Writ.

Take for instance the thought of the Incarnation. Atheists say that because the idea is universally held by Brahmins, Moslems, and Christians alike as the highest concept of their religion, that the story of the Incarnation in our Scriptures is necessarily of heathen origin, and has been incorporated therein from ancient prophets and teachers other than of Hebrew race.

Materialistic science considers the Incarnation as unthinkable and impossible. Christian Scholarship, allied with mystic insight, replies, "Nay rather, for the reason that it is a universal ideal, let us think that it may be a lost law to which humanity may return in the fulness of time."

Take again the universal conception of the vital significance of fire as the life principle. The symbols of antiquity possibly contain some message for us moderns, could we but follow the connection, and grasp the significance of what has been held so tenaciously through the ages.

Let us contemplate for a moment the emblem of fire, and trace its track through history to see where the idea may lead. Fire was sacred to primitive man because it was to him Life Divine, of which his own soul was but a spark.

This is the fundamental meaning of all forms of fire worship, which in all cases has been the adoration of the life principle, and that is, ever and always—God. The Vedas teach that fire is substantial with generation. The earliest altar was the family hearth-fire, which was held in worshipful veneration. Everywhere, in all lands, it was considered a fatal omen to allow the hearth-fire to die out—to let the God of life depart from the house. The Hebrew Urim and Thumnuim meant the Holy Light. For all we know, they may have represented the positive and negative poles of electricity—man's most valuable possession.

Not only the blazing fire was worshiped, but all brightness, all light caused by fire. Lightning especially was a divine manifestation. Earthly fire was thought to be related to the Heavenly orbs, the sun himself being the great centre of life and first cause of all created forms of matter.

The earliest naturalists compared life to a flame (poets have always done so). The heat in human bodies, particularly, was thought to be a flash of astral light fraught with intelligence.

Artists have used a circle of light to express divine life in the Holy Family and all saints, touching more closely in this use of the emblem the higher significance of the fire symbol.

Moses' face shone after he had been upon the mountain with God. Another time Moses saw God as a fire.

Other records we have of the enlightenment and transfiguration of the human countenance by reason of the divine expression from within. Thus closely are life and light related and revealed as one, Modern chemistry proves that animal life is a constant burning of oxygen.

Not only is the Asiatic mind infused with the sacredness of fire as the life principle, but our own Indians believe that the fire in their wigwams and the life in their bodies is one and the same thing. Fire, the ancients believed, was part of the divine intelligence, which when immersed in water became a soul, and it developed a body when put into organic clay.

Strange ideas! Illogically thrown together perhaps, but touching very nearly upon the discoveries of modern science which reveals the earliest forms of life in water!

Aristotle taught that Zeus was but a name for the "Fire of Heaven." Plato and Euripides believed that the same divine fire burned in the humblest hut and in the brightest stars of the sky. From the Deity above, to the tiniest insect on earth; from the noblest tree to the moss at its roots—all were vibrant with the element of fire-life.

The Druids had their sacred fires. The Artecs invoked fire as the most ancient divinity—the parent of all gods. The Gnostics believed that prophets and seers had minds refulgent with ethereal rays which were thoughts of deity. Inversely, the same philosophical cult concluded that stupid people and idiots were wholly, if not totally

deprived of divine light. We might say the same today. Similar illuminating traditions are found in all mythologies. The Scandinavian Woden (Odin-od-God) was "The Fire that Shines." "Our God is a consuming fire," is the substance of many a verse in the Old and New Testaments.

Brahma, Indra, Siva, and Osiris, Horus, Typhon, all had similar meanings.

The principle of life being a firey one, some races believed that its fire could cure disease, accordingly the sacred flame was invoked for this purpose. We moderns do not invoke the X-ray, but we apply it directly with more or less successful results.

Young people upon entering manhood and womanhood had to undergo fiery ordeals, as an initiative to that stage when the vitalities are first enkindled. Mothers also, were tortured with fire heat, to the limit of weakness and endurance, there being some connection of ideas between the fire life, and the new life, just emitted into the world.

Incoherent analogies, these, with some unearthly light suffusing them. We might continue this large theme along intangible lines until our pages would grow to a volume. But we must hasten on down to our own day, stopping only to remark that not only among Eastern peoples and American tribes are such beliefs held in some form or another, but that in Germany and France, and probably in other parts of Europe, the peasantry still retain many ancient fire superstitions.

The "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is today irradiating scholastic minds in Germany, and finding expression just now through learned scholars in educational centres the world over.

Astonishing experiments in electrics, and in chemistry cause even cautious university professors to expand into prophets giving utterance to speculations about the vital principle so near their grasp—that the world stands in silent expectation, while it awaits some great revelation.

It is a far cry from primitive superstition to up-to-date science: still, to the interested onlooker it really seems as if science is almost ready, in an especial way, to prove herself a lineal descendant of the ancient fire worshipers. We wonder where our modern Zoro-

asters are arriving when we read of "the electric conductivity of the body and its psychical and physical condition." "The magnitude of the conductivity, as well as the regularity of effects, being highly influenced by various causes—a third person present, a sudden noise, etc." "Outside objective causes, any psychical influence, internal (auto-suggestion) or external, will cause immediate oscillation of a sometimes enormous magnitude." Very good! Does not this suggest that emotion is related to electrics? That the light in two souls (or poles) might meet, and flash a cell into life perhaps?

Has the time come when we may begin to think of the "enormous magnitude" of the "Power of the Highest" Love—for instance? "As through a glass darkly," may we now see a faint glimmer of "that which is perfect," and along this line come at issues that are vital?

Are we not beginning to suspect that these sensitive bodies of ours, whose "nervous system is so strangely like an electrical plant," may possess relative powers superior to Marconi's wireless instruments? Vital powers that will eventually conquer the law of sin and death—even as light dispels darkness? Verily we may begin to hope that there is a science of Divine Dynamics which will yet be *chosen*, and intelligently applied for vital purposes!

To the mystic and the seer such thoughts are not cryptic, but luminous as the Star of Bethlehem, and as full of hope as the Resurrection, for one divine principle is seen to run through all.

In the sacred fire symbols throughout the world we have a correlation of truth that leads to one point, viz., that Light is Life. Light may be produced by friction, by explosion, by emotion, by many causes. Light is ready to emit itself under all favorable conditions. Light is the Father of forces, and the heart of intelligence. Light is Love come to its fullest power. Love in its highest expression demands a new order of humanity.

Science is not only expecting this new order but is prophesying it.

Science is unveiling the apocalyptic vision of the ages. Some day the soul of the world will awake to the Light of the World, and behold the calm Christ in His beauty as the centre of all radiance for the "new order of humanity," and the exponent of Love's vital power.

The time seems to be nearing when men shall ask a strange new question. May there not be a scientific value in the words "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men?"

Enough has been said to show us of today how sensitive are these bodies of ours to one of the ancient Fire God's rays, namely electricity.

We must hasten however, pausing only to observe that suggestion and telepathy are factors yet unmeasured and of a value scarcely secondary in these researches. That the "spark of life" may be akin to electricity is the point where science seems to be "getting warm" in the twentieth century. And that chemistry will have its helpful place in the expected discovery let us not doubt, for the latest word comes to us from Leipzig. Dealing with his specialty, one bold enthusiastic professor does not hesitate to say that he believes that his pet branch of science is on the highway to the discovery of the life principle, and the "creation of new creatures." "Who knows," he says, "but that a new order of humanity may be created? After all a living thing is nothing but a system of energy and life. It is but a matter of chemistry."

In times of tense emotion, when whole crowds have been swayed by mental force, man has come very near to touching a button that might fill the world with light supernal. At the Day of Pentecost the air was full of tongues of flame plainly seen by all. In the late religious upheaval in Wales, during a particularly intense moment, a light arose and remained suspended in mid-air between the audience and the ministers—a well attested fact.

Chemistry? Electricity? Thought transference? Suggestion?—We may well ask! The growing thought among scientific men is, that all matter is electric. If so, it can be electrified in more ways than one. All matter is said to be sentient, the whole world is alive. In which case the law of suggestion applied by a mighty mind force, or a mighty emotion intelligently directed, may ultimately bring in the "restitution of all things"—the Utopia of all social dreamers, and the one divine event of all poets and seers since the world began.

With all these scintillating lights and side lights of religion, science, and pseudo science we may begin to think it is time to keep our "lights burning and be watching," for the "new heavens and

the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness" may not be very far away.

A "new order of humanity generated by a more potential current of Love's supernal fire conducted along a channel intangible and free from physical contact, this law or Power of the Highest (Love) would sweep animalism, sin, and death back into the menagerie of primordial life from whence all evil came. For Life is not a cell. Life is not spermatozoa. Life is a *charge*, a spark, a "Glory,"—yet to be awakened to its full effulgence when the Star of Bethlehem is beheld once more in its supremely scientific and vital import by the Sons of God. Then shall our earth be peopled by a "new order of humanity," after the order of Him who came by the power of a higher law to redeem those who are under the lower law; revealing in Himself the vital crux, and centre of all rays, and the correlation of all forces for the coming race.

BLAND MCLEAN.

### “SALUTE NO MAN BY THE WAY.”

It is some two years since the veil dropped and hid from mortal vision a well known teacher of occult science. Not only well known but I might say, universally beloved, for I do not recall one of my acquaintances who had fewer *enemies* than this lovely and loving friend. I never could tell him how much I regarded him, for such adulation was not in consonance with his modesty, and moderate estimate of himself. But now he knows.

Many of his friends and students used to find more or less amusement in the manner in which he enjoined secrecy regarding his teachings, and prophetic utterances, which latter were often strangely verified. He would drop his voice and whisper “Hush! Silence.” Some were disposed to criticise his emphasis of this injunction, claiming that if a man had been the recipient of some new and important revelation, he should give voice to it, and proclaim it broadcast.

But those who lightly regarded his suggestion of secrecy, had many opportunities of testing the teacher’s wisdom, as did the blind man, who after being healed by The Master managed to get drawn into an argument with the Pharisees, and get himself thrown out of the Synagogue, besides bringing criticism on his benefactor.

The Master on many occasions enjoined secrecy on those He healed, or who had the insight, like Peter to penetrate the human disguise of The Man. Only three of the disciples witnessed the transfiguration, and they were cautioned not to make known the vision, even to the other nine until the consummation of the drama.

When The Master sent His seventy before Him, He charged them, “Salute no man by the way.” When Elisha despatched Yehazi to visit the son of the Shunamite woman, he said: “If thou meet any man salute him not; and if any salute thee answer him not again.”

This injunction is not meaningless. It has a significance to us, not only in a symbolic spiritual way, but also as pertaining to affairs of the lower, external plane of life.

For myself, and speaking from my own experience,—which I



know is the experience of others,—I often find it well, when answering a sick call, to shut myself up within an inner chamber as I walk along the street, or ride in a car,—even failing, intentionally or otherwise,—to recognize acquaintances I happen to pass. A man cannot concentrate his thought on the case he is going to if he answers every "How are you?" that is thrown at him as he goes his way. I am aware that one who pursues this course may win the reputation of "possessing eccentricities," but certainly he has the right to the exclusive companionship of his own thoughts in the street as in his home. If there is no escape, a simple nod of the head should suffice, but vocal salutation will often shatter the whole fabric of one's thought.

When we consider this suggestion of silence as it regards psychic or spiritual matters it has vastly more meaning. Many occult masters enforce this injunction as a command, and positively refuse to go on with a pupil who will not, or cannot owing to his peculiar make up,—obey the command. There is reason in this determination. Not only does the student scatter and weaken his own forces, by attracting critical and unsympathetic thought forces to himself, that will disturb him and arrest his progress,—but he causes considerable annoyance to the teacher. For the world is full of "men of Athens, who have no leisure for anything else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Nothing save the rankest curiosity affects these people, and they sometimes make life a burden for the teacher of doctrines which the world calls strange. Some one may imagine that this is the threnody of one who has had experiences along this line. Perhaps this is correct, for many casters of pearls have felt the fang of the dog and the tusk of the swine, and it was the knowledge of this liability that led The Master, on more than one occasion, to "charge them that they should not make Him known."

Apparently confronting my position stands the utterance of The Master,—*"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."* And a blessing is pronounced on those who *"hunger and thirst after righteousness."* But it cannot be urged, with any show of reason, that this class forms the majority. Rather,—and I think I voice the sentiment of many teachers,—most people are *full*,—of their own conceits, and want

something to tickle an already cloyed palate, or yield a new sensation. It was to this class that The Master said that, "no sign should be given save the sign of the prophet Jonah." And this sign stands before every one of us of this day, who can solve the real meaning of the words of The Master in Matthew XII:40, and not accept the far-fetched interpretation of a blind church.

The sentence at the head of this paper appears in the January number. It occurred to me that it might be worth a few more words.

Θυρωρός

## SALAZAR.

A STORY OF REINCARNATION.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

When my daughter Serena fell heir to the extensive Mississippi estates of her maternal granduncle, Felix Bougere, she was as delighted as is a child over a new toy.

A delicate slip of a girl was she at that time—so delicate, and so like the mother who had left us both many years before, that I denied her nothing.

I think she realized at the very outset of her orphanage that, with her, to ask was to receive; and that this fact made her unusually careful in the matter of asking favors of any kind.

The desire she felt to go down the river to her new possessions was a something I divined by a process of thought filtration; for she hesitated long (as she afterwards confessed) before she could gain her own consent to prefer this rather serious request.

I plead guilty to a natural sigh of regret at the prospect of leaving our comfortable northern quarters, but this reluctance to pulling up stakes did not deter me from making immediate arrangements for our transportation.

We arrived at the landing of Grand Gulf early on a misty morning, and were driven at once to Serena's possessions which lay midway between the Mississippi and the Big Black Rivers. As the agent had said, the house, a low, flat, far-reaching and rather scattered affair, was habitable enough, and it was not long before we were snugly domiciled.

The sweet girl seemed mildly mad with joy. She was in and out and around the place, fetching fresh wonders with which to regale her lazy old father at every incoming. I looked across my book-top at the waxing suggestion of a flush in the too pallid cheek and blessed the old Bougere on his taking off.

One memorable day she made a new find that was to be the source of considerable speculation to both of us. She brought this one into the den I had fitted up for myself in the northernmost corner of the old mansion, and formally made us known to each other.

I replied to the silent greeting of Romero Salazar, then I looked him over—a bit discourteously, I fear, for I was not glad to see this

manner of youngster brought to me by this one dear daughter of mine. To be sure, I had realized in a sort of vague fashion that there would, at some future time, come one who would look into the clear eyes of my precious girl as I had looked into the eyes of her mother: and I was conscious that it would be then that I should see the work of my long life undone, and that the interloper who had done nothing for her, who had made no sacrifice in the past and yet would demand all for the future—pshaw!—what need had I to borrow trouble since that calamitous day was long from dawning.

“Father, Mr. Salazar has been cutting a ditch up at the mud swamp over by Crystal Springs. He was told that you wanted a ditcher, and has come to ask about it. Sit down, Mr. Salazar;” which he did, upon the willow chair she placed for him on the hither side of my reading table.

As Salazar bent his great hulk to a sitting posture, he let his straw hat fall from his sun-burned hands to the floor beside him and fixed upon me a pair of starry eyes so befringed by their long dark lashes that their clear gray seemed turned to black, by reason of both their own mysterious depths and their lashes’ shadow.

Serena gazed at him as if he were some demi-god out of his natural element, and, truth to tell, his was a most unusual physiognomy. Upon the broad young shoulders sat a magnificent head of bronze—bronze and gold in the locks that clustered thickly over the small, Indian-shaped ears; bronze lights and shadows in the curves of the brow and cheeks which did not gleam with the moisture usual to the sweating tribes of toilers in the sun, but was velvety soft. A straight, fine nose, a splendid chin, a good brow, a singularly beautiful mouth (to mouths I am susceptible) were there; and over it all—or was it under it all?—played an expression old as wisdom itself, unfathomable and sweet.

In spite of Serena’s too evident admiration of the youth and my naturally lively jealousy of any probable object of interest to the child, I was greatly attracted by what I felt to be more than the mere personality of the young fellow, and hired him to do the needed work over by the river shore.

We talked of Salazar after he had taken his quiet leave, and, at her request, I promised to cultivate the acquaintance of the boy. To this end I made inquiries which brought me disappointing replies.

"He's unly a Sal'zah"—the contempt upon the historian's visage speaking volumes;—"dey's no 'count, so't o' mixture o' niggahs 'n' Spanish w'ite trash 'n' Injuns. Dey done lib obah by de Big Black sence enny buddy evah lib ennywhar' in Claibo'n cyounty. No, dey nebbah done nuffin speshul—des lib, 'n' Mahss Rom'ro" I was assured, "wa'n't no bettah 'n his forbeahs afo' him. Wu'k?"—and the echo to my question was followed by an expressive guffaw.

He oversaw—that was all. If there were any ditching done I might make very sure no spade nor mattock ever made callous the hands of Romero Salazar.

He employed a gang of nondescripts, African, Indian and Caucasian, half breeds and quarter breeds, who were his attendant satellites and over whom he reigned as princes reign in the petty principalities of savage lands. They did the work, he reaped the benefits, paying them, I was solemnly begged to believe, a small percentage of their earnings in cheaply bought necessities of life.

His power over his followers was acknowledged to be something marvelous, and I learned that they clung to him with a loyalty that was absolutely inexplicable. And I heard a whispered word that strikes terror to the heart of the superstitious Southerner, and comprehended that this mysterious power was attributed to Voodooism.

Now, strange as it may seem to those who hear my story, I was a bit of an occultist, and to me this seemed a not by any means unreasonable explanation of much that was otherwise marvelous. It strengthened my growing interest in the lad, and I, in company with my daughter, often guided our horses to that part of her estate where improvements were being made under the direction of Salazar.

That which had been told to me I found to be true. Romero never worked. We would come upon him standing motionless, like a statue cast in bronze, in the shade of a poplar or magnolia tree, his profound gaze fixed upon the river or upon the brassy sky that arched above the lengthening ditch. At my call he would turn toward us a face over which the faintest tremor of pleasure flickered like a flash of soft sunlight and, from his coigne of vantage, vouchsafe us a dignified bow.

So young, so old, so incomprehensible a youth had never in all my long life claimed my interest. I could, in a measure, understand Serena's regard, while at the same time I rebelled at its inno-

cent manifestation. I watched the child's face glow like a delicate rose when Romero's eyes chanced to meet her own, and was as delighted to see the pretty bloom as I was antipathetic to its reason of being.

For a brief period after that I managed it so that Serena did not accompany me to the north boundary of her estate. My unsuspected experiment proved too much for her, however, and the consequent pallor of her face too much for me. I resolved from that moment to cultivate the promoter of health-hues to a much greater extent than formerly; even dreaming dreams more befitting a woman than a man—dreams wherein the Southern Apollo figured upon a Northern stage, attired in the modish garments required by the modern conventional comedy.

From the waking dream of a plotter I fell into a real slumber, from which I started an hour later, to find my Bhagavad-Gita at my feet and I myself slunk into an ignominious heap in my great lounging chair.

Through drowsy planes I descended to earth again, to hear, just outside on the cool, shadowy balcony, the voice of my daughter Serena.

"So long ago as that?"—her gentle voice lifting with its eager inquiry.

"Even longer ago than that," and I recognized the mellow, tuneful voice of Salazar. "It was when Antoine de Crozat bought the Louisiana grant for forty million *livres*, and reserved the right to the East Indian trade for many years. The settlers all liked him—all but one man, I remember—"

"You remember?"

"I seem to, Miss Allison."

"How strange!"

"No stranger than that I should be alive today—alive and talking to you now, as then I talked to Antoine. To be alive at all—that is the incomprehensible thing, is it not?"

I was wide awake now and listening with all my ears. Ay, life at any time was the mystery—not its few or many repetitions!

"You talked to Monsieur de Crozat? You think—"

"I *know*, Miss Allison. Look away there at yonder line of trees in the far distance. Just where they stand now the great river, the

Father of Running Waters,—‘Mee-see-see-be’ as the Indians called it—ran at that day.”

“Impossible! I beg your pardon, Mr. Salazar,—”

“That is not necessary, Miss Allison. I can suppose that an assertion such as I have made must sound—well—outlandish, to you; but it is a fact, nevertheless. Back of those distant trees on the high slope you can not see because of them, once stood—”

“Yes?”—cried the curious yet mildly sceptical Serena, when, from no apparent cause, the speaker hesitated.

“You would only laugh if I told you,” he vouchsafed after a deliberate pause. “Is your father still sleeping, do you think, Miss Allison?”

“I’ll see,” answered my daughter gently, without a note in her voice of the disappointment I myself felt.

But I was soon beside the youngsters, bent upon turning that promising tide of absorbingly interesting history back to its proper channels.

Romero followed my lead unsuspectingly, and, by the time Serena left us to order refreshments, had drifted back to the old times when Louisiana was a territory extending from Florida to a vague somewhere in the unknown West, and when the little old town of Biloxi was the only white settlement it boasted.

My serious acceptance of his fascinating recollections quite won the confidence of my guest, and the seductive twilight, which lasts so brief a period in southern climes, helped to loose the lad’s tongue.

I learned that a Spanish nobleman, Demetrius Salazar, landed from a pirogue from the upper river regions upon shores long since obliterated and difficult to locate; that Demetrius Salazar del Castello was a Spanish prince by birth, and that Romero imagined himself this royal old-timer reincarnated.

If this were not true, then indeed there was no other explanation to offer that would reasonably explain so many of the marvels told to me in the soft, swift dusk of that summer’s night.

As for myself, I felt as certain of its verity as if the boy were recounting to me an experience of yesterday. I leaned toward him in the gloaming and drank in the thrilling history with greedy ears. Here was the living proof I had so long desired to meet—here was a pilgrim soul that *remembered!*

I myself had had glimpses of a dead and gone past, but they were too evanescent and intangible to satisfy me; so, if the keel of his barque of adventure threatened to grind upon the shores of discontinuance, it was I who gently shoved it off into deeper water, and set him sailing again upon the high seas of narration.

Serena came apace with the refreshments, and his highness honored the fruit, pasties, wine and cigars by accepting of them graciously. A talk over the ditch business followed, after which the old-young man took his leave. Then Serena bade me "good-night" and I was left alone upon the dark gallery.

A host of surmises, born of incontestable facts wedded to almost incontrovertible fancies, set me mooning well into the small hours of the night. Ever and always—so low upon the material plane was I—one sordid thought soared high and persistent above the youth's communications of a more spiritual nature, and would not be downed.

I saw the pirogue so minutely described; read the name, "Teresa," carved upon its side; lifted the trap that led to the false bottom of this poled vessel and clutched—ay, clutched—handfuls of the unholy, yellow, Spanish gold packed snugly in its depths. Unholy, yellow, Spanish gold! For which Teresa sold her soul! And by which she, alas, alas, was yet to pay the penalty!

Two days after this the ditching was pronounced finished. Salazar did not come himself to say so, but sent a venerable black retainer with the information and a written message requesting me to hand the amount due for the work to the bearer. A little dubiously I counted out the money and placed it in the old man's dusky palm.

"Your master writes a fine hand," said I, picking up the slip of paper again, and scrutinizing the graceful chirography.

"Reckon he do, suh, 'n' reckon he ottah! Mahss Rom'ro done spen' de mos' ob his life in de Sain' Bunnyface muns'terry, suh, 'n' dey done teach 'im to read 'n' to write 'n' to figgah, 'n' he done mos' know by heahrt all de books on de place—'deed he do suh!"

"But I thought," I began eagerly, "I was told—"

"A pack o' lies, suh,—a mons'us pack o' lies—dat's what you was tol'! Deys folks—jealous folks—'bout heah, suh, dat kyan't holp lyin' no mo' den dey kin holp drawin' dey breff! Don' you



b'leve nuffin 'bout Mahss Rom'ro, sah, 'cep'n' what's tol' you by one o' de gang. Good mawnin', Mahss Allison!"

It was at this juncture that Salazar and his men disappeared for several weeks. It was during this period that Serena drooped like a fragile flower, and that I, noting the paling of her cheek, burdened the silence about me with unworded anathemas.

Why had the young fool gone off in this manner, leaving my daughter to mourn his absence? Pah! Did not my own assinity outweigh that of an innocent young fellow who could not be supposed to be aware of the infatuation his presence had inspired?

I could bear the sight of Serena's face no longer; and, with a grim resolve in my heart, I, one day, started for Nanachehaw, north of which, I had been informed, the Salazar gang was then at work.

I found him in due time, and hailed it as a good augury that he looked pleased to see me. It took me quite a little while to arrange my plan of attack, for he seemed a most difficult person to approach,—the more difficult that I meant to win this battle, and leave no dead upon the field.

I beat about a goodly number of bushes before I stormed the ramparts. He listened, quietly, comprehendingly, but, to my growing dismay, unsympathetically.

When I had ceased speaking, he said:—"Mr. Allison, I feared this; and so—I came away." (Should I throttle the young insolent where he stood?) "It was a foregone conclusion with me, sir, and I, who seem to myself to have outlived all such sense attraction, hoped to be able to save *her* the working out of this karmic condition."

"Karmic fiddlesticks!" I cried, irate with paternal indignation. "You have made her love you—"

"Hold, man! Have I?"

I was dumb. In all their many meetings this now indignant youth had been, indeed, a negative factor.

"I comprehend the deplorable situation, believe me, sir," his voice now attuned to gentleness. "I was a fool to imagine that *she* could escape the paying of just penalties."

"What are you driving at, man?" I demanded; "what do you mean?"

"That Teresa Salazar must reap the bitter harvest she has sown!"

"Teresa Salazar?"

"Serena Allison. She can not escape it. Why was Felix Bougere's fortune left to her? That it might bring her to the place of her future punishment!"

"Man, man," I cried, "what will become of her? To what is she condemned?"

"Her fate will be that of Teresa's victim, unless—" Salazar paused, and fell into a strange silence.

And while that lay between us, I went back in mind to the story of long ago, when Teresa sold her soul for gold, the gold with which she tried to buy her freedom from the yoke which bound her; the gold her husband cursed and sank from sight, piled hands high in the bottom of the old pirogue.

The heavy odor of the magnolia blossoms fell upon us like a palpable pall, and I breathed heavily, as one whose physical organs battled fiercely with unknown psychic forces. I stood in silence, watching keenly the softening look upon the face of my singular companion beside me.

From afar came the ghost of a whistle of some steamboat, landing at Hurricane. Flocks of blackbirds left the sunlit open for the cool magnolia shadows, while under the hot, glaring sky delved the "Salazar gang," throwing up great spadefuls of rich, alluvial soil, and singing at their work.

"Unless I—have mercy." The words came dreamily, as if the speaker were not aware of his utterance.

"It's all fol-de-rol—absurd—diabolical—" I began, raging at thought of my daughter, the daughter of Dr. Allison of Harvard, a beautiful, high-minded girl, a wealthy heiress, being so coolly identified and ticketed off for a heaven knows what sort of fate, unless he, the ditch-digger, "had mercy!"

But as I looked at him my wrath forsook me, and my indignation died a natural death; for there was that about Romero Salazar that compelled one to acknowledge to one's self that he certainly had the courage of his own fantastic convictions, and that to him, as to no other, that which he spoke was truth.

"Mr. Allison," said the youth turning toward me a head and torso a sculptured god might have envied, and fixing me with his deep, unfathomable eyes, "I will go with you. I seem to have forgotten"—and here the gaze lost some of its solemnity in the kindly

ray that shot from his eyes' clear depths—"some debt I may have owed Teresa. The opportunity, perhaps, presents itself, and I may pay it now. Perhaps, too, if I forgive, the penalty—"

"O, my boy!" I interrupted, grasping the hand he offered me, and turning my tear-wet eyes from the gaze of the curious ditchers. He had promised me my daughter's life!

Before the silver cimeter in the languorous Southern sky had reached its rounded glory, Serena was (as Romero seemed to have reason to believe) *again* Madam Salazar. The happy bride chose to go to Spain on her wedding journey,—to Palencia, where once the Salazars held royal court.

Romero allowed it; allowed the use of much of her money and some of my own toward the defraying of expenses. I felt, with every pore of my body, that the boy was not an adventurer, and that the wherewithal necessary for the forthcoming journey might, for all he cared about the matter, come from any legitimate source, and that he had, as it were, outlived all thought of *meum* and *tuum*.

I was the more strengthened in this belief after they had left me alone at Petit Gulf and the venerable darkey who had come to me to ask advice (he had been appointed "boss" during the absence of my son-in-law, and evidently felt keenly the honor thus thrust upon him), seized the opportunity to ramble on about the master he loved so well.

"I dunno what dat boy do 'way off dere by hisse'f, Mahss Allison," began the boy's garrulous friend; "Ko'se, I knows dat Miss S'reener done gone 'long, suh; but she'll des haffa watch out fo' Mahss Rom'ro lessen he forgit he's libbin'. Ef we's all des didn' 'sis' on his eatin', 'n' 'sis' on his sleepin', I reckon Mahss Rom'ro ben troo de lonesome valley by dis time, suh! He done t'ought o' de gang, suh,—dat's all he done t'ought 'bout. All de yearnin's was 'vided up 'mongst us, 'n' not a picayune fo' Mahss Rom'ro. We's all done took it, kaze he 'blige us to; but we kep' a sha'p look out dat he had clo'se on his back 'n' food in his stomach:—we *hopes* Miss S'reener'll watch out fo' him, suh!"

Thrilled in some strange fashion by the old man's communication, I managed to find voice enough to assure him that I thought his wife would not allow his master to go hungry nor suffer any discomfort. I thought I now understood why the boy had never tried

seriously to locate nor to unearth those Spanish doubloons.

I pondered over it all, and grew impatient and admiring by turns as I contemplated the unfelt sacrifice of the reincarnated Demetrius. I was not upon so exalted a plane, myself, and grew so absorbed over the idea of the sunken treasure that I forgot to blush (as I did at first thought of my sordid greed) when plans for its recovery turned themselves over in my brain.

I rode over to the distant line of trees he had pointed out to Serena as the ancient channel of the Mee-see-see-be, and looked about me. Just below the gentle slope upon which the tall trees grew was a long, sinuous depression, putting me in mind of a sun-dried Mexican arroyo. I guided my horse to the northern terminus of this depression and discovered that it extended to within a short quarter of a mile of the junction of a small tributary of the Big Black River and the Mississippi.

The land belonged to the old Bougere estate, consequently it now belonged to Serena. I saw (such was the decided depression) that a small ditch,—a mere shallow gutter,—opened through the natural ridge formed by the alluvial deposits of years, would allow the great river leeway, and, once its insidious flood fastened itself upon the soft soil, the old-time channel would be resumed, the place washed gradually bare, and the "Teresa," if Salazar were not in error, finally resurrected. If the lumber of the pirogue were rotted and gone the gold would still be there—the cursed, unholy gold!

Upon his wedding morn I had inveigled Romero into riding with me, and he, full of a joy that shone from his wonderful eyes, followed without thought, and when I bade him halt and point out to me the pirogue's whereabouts, he did so willingly, nor brought to mind the story of the curse upon the gold.

Blessing or blight, gold was gold; and I brought myself to laugh at the absurd notions entertained by my son-in-law, nor stopped to reason that, were they all untrue, the gold would not be there at all. With all those sophistries that self-deception so well knows, I comforted myself that Salazar was a dreamer, pure and simple; that Teresa was safely ensconced in whatsoever locality the judges of right and wrong thought best to place her, and Serena was my own, dear child, my sainted Isabel's daughter!

The more I laughed at the absent boy's absurdities the more impatient I grew to possess that gold. I set the ditchers to work one day, and they dug with a will until I stopped them just inside the ridge, for I meant to finish the work alone.

There was just four days' hard work before I could burrow a channel through that ridge—before I could let in the flood. But think of my delight when, after the slight and sudden rise in the river, I saw, creeping and seeping through that tiny tunnel, the first baby rivulet!

Inch by inch it crawled, this infant watercourse, sinking down into the thirsty soil with every step it took. But when each inch of earth had had its drink, the infant grew in size, and soon I watched, with heart high beating, the dark insistent thread widen and deepen to a stream.

All night I sat beside my growing handiwork, and by the dawn, the big broad current went careening around between the bluff and wooded slope to find an outlet far below.

Just then the weather played me a scurvy trick. It grew fine and dry. The sky was a canopy of brass overhead, unsoftened by the smallest cloud,—a sapper-up of moisture,—and before long the waters fell below the washed out tunnel's mouth, and the promising bayou turned into a dusty wady.

At this juncture a letter from my daughter reached me. It was postmarked "Genoa" and was a characteristic enough little affair in its way. I was regaled by a description of a most terrible attack of *mal de mer* that ever mortal lived through,—one that made home-coming a thing to dread. I enjoyed Serena's fun-making of all things foreign, laughed at her description of her journey from Nice to Genoa, which was a route so tunneled that it seemed to her she was traveling through a flute.

"We leave for Paris next month, father dear, then for home," she concluded. "Palencia is all very well, but the princely regality of the Salazars in Spain is now nothing more than a legend. We climbed over the ruins of the old castle where Prince Demetrius once lived, and when I asked Romero about him he smiled in his own peculiar way, and wanted to know if I didn't think the old fellow had been annihilated long ago, along with his past possessions."

In due time the children arrived at Petit Gulf. I did not at first

recognize my son-in-law, in the young *elegant* who walked the gangplank beside my daughter. Nor was it alone the stylish cut and finish of his garments that caused him to appear unfamiliar to me. In place of the old time introspective gaze, the eyes shone with a bright observance of mundane matters hitherto lost upon the lad. His expressive face, no longer rendered serious by the depths of his soul's absorbing speculations, seemed a shallow thing, a gay blank, a merry veneer, through which none of the old divine fire could send its living gleam. Had the spark dulled, the radiant flame died to a glimmer, which the mask of worldliness found small difficulty in hiding?

Serena's every motion was anticipated. It seemed that Salazar divined her slightest thought and was beside her in an instant, rendering slavish services that bade fair to engender every selfish impulse in the girl. But I soon realized that all this polite pandering to my daughter had not spoiled the child a whit, and that her manner was as graciously sweet, and her nature as really beautiful as it had ever been.

The change was all in Salazar. I caught the look he sent to meet Serena's own, and, after a careful analysis of the same, determined, much to my own astonishment, that the man was honestly in love with his wife. This was so contrary to his confession of indifference that it was a relief to me to hear him refer to the matter.

"Father," said he, "does man ever know himself? I, who at your prayer took the hand of Fate within my own and walked the self-chosen path of sacrifice, have found in it no rough rocks to bruise my feet, nor cruel briars to tear my flesh. Rather, the mosses are soft and cool, the airs sweet as incense, and the whole world transformed by the little rogue with the golden arrows! Love is my honored guest, sir, and I pay for his entertainment—"

"Yes?" I asked him, seeing that he paused.

"In the coin of oblivion. I seem to have no power of recollection left to me. The door of the past has been shut in my face,—the key turned in the lock. It is as if I dreamed that I dreamed of another life; but so vague, so intangible are the visions which I, today, can only with effort recall, that they seem to me to resemble more nearly the unreal imaginings of a disordered mind."

"Is it indeed so with you, my boy?"

"It is indeed. I have descended from some empyrean height to an earthly paradise, and crawl, bestially, the wings of aspiration clipped, and the chain of the senses weighing me down to this fool's paradise. My soul is asleep—"

"Wake up, my boy! Open your clear eyes!"

"Impossible! This dream must be dreamed to its end. Between the mortal and his god-self stand the walls of the house of today. Within it I slumber in wretched rapture, while Teresa triumphs!"

I shook my head at him, at which he laughed, and flung an arm encased in an exquisite Parisian lounging coat about my rebellious neck.

"Oh, come, father, I'm not caviling at fate! Nor shall I echo Adam's cowardly whine, and utter that eternal—"it was the woman tempted me." I am simply forgetting Demetrius in Romero. And, who knows, perhaps this boy's experience will add to the old man's wisdom. I am Serena's slave, as Teresa was mine in the old days! I love her!"

"Then dream on!" I cried, my heart gladdened by this confession. So long as the love of the apparently gradually dematerializing Demetrius manifested itself through this dear young dreamer's being, I felt sure of Serena. If that were lost—I shuddered to think of what might happen.

After that there was less and less mention of past idiosyncracies, until at last Demetrius and Teresa ceased to exist for us. It were a difficult matter to tell which of the three, Serena, Salazar or myself, enjoyed most the hours spent together at Petit Gulf. The bright days rolled into weeks, the weeks into pleasant months, and the long year was swiftly coming to its close, when the bliss, the peace, the content, was turned to sorrow, agitation and despair.

It was the time of the March equinox and a storm was brooding low on the western coast of the heavens. I looked out anxiously for the children, who were spending the day without me at a distant plantation, and I feared they would not notice the forbidding aspect of the elements in time to reach home in safety.

My growing anxiety was unusual and terrifying, and, as it afterward proved, not without cause. As the day grew old it seemed as if the demons of discord were abroad. The winds howled through the trees and galleries, the lightning flashed and the thunder clapped

until the listener shrank cowering before mere sound. The rain poured down in blinding sheets, as if the very flood gates of heaven were open, and in a twinkling every dip, hollow and gutter was overflowing.

Filled with foreboding, I made my way to the great barn, had my horse saddled, and rushed off at a gallop in the very teeth of the storm. I feared they would take the short cut home across the fields, and this would lead them to the old channel which, since their return, had been nothing but a dry and shallow ditch, and which neither of them suspected had been made into a waterway.

I felt sure that it must be filled with water now, and I was right. The current tore angrily through the little tunnel and writhed and seethed between its low banks.

I was angry with myself for not having told the children of the foolish effort I had made. I suppose the very foolishness of the undertaking was the reason I had kept silent. But I could lead them by in safety and all would be well.

I met them about a mile from home, urging their horses across country. As I raised my voice to halloo a glad greeting, it seemed as though the heavens themselves burst above us. There was a frightful flash followed by the gloom of Avitchi, and in the terrific blast that followed, none heard the cry that might have been made as my poor child, stunned by a wind-tossed bough, fell headlong from her horse into the seething current I myself had made possible!

Salazar, knowing that Serena's horse would safely follow his own, had ridden ahead and led her to her doom!

Knowing nothing of the accident, and, in the strange lull that followed, hearing the hoofbeats of Serena's horse behind us, we turned and rode in single file toward home. In darkness and in silence we rode, the storm having recommenced its noisy turmoil, and it was not until we entered the lantern-lit barn that we discovered Serena's horse was riderless.

With a cry I shall never forget in all my lives to come, Salazar leaped to the saddle he had quitted and, turning his horse's head, spurred him again into the storm.

I followed as speedily as possible and—we could not find her.

We rode the whole distance back to the plantation where they had spent so glad a day, calling, calling, calling along the way, the



storm like a fiend incarnate shrieking hideously at our every outcry.

I lost Salazar in the darkness, wandering far afield in my agonizing search. He had spurred away from me with the cry of a madman, and I had not tried to follow.

I got down from my horse and wrung my hands helplessly as I peered about me in the gloom. Where was she, my fragile child, my sweet girl, my precious Serena? Where, in that awful storm, did she await our coming? Upon what bit of drenched earth did her tender feet uphold her? In what direction were her delicate hands outstretched to us who strained our eyes through the impenetrable gloom?

At thought of what the timid, gentle child might, at that moment, be suffering, I lifted my old voice and sent out a shriek that pierced the loud clamor of the elements. The shriek was followed by a scream of terror, for, as some one clutched me in the darkness, my keyed-up nerves answered without volition of my own with a cry of pure alarm, and I reeled about to find myself in the arms of Salazar.

"Be quiet," he commanded in a voice that was the voice of Demetrius—not that of Romero—"She is dead."

I staggered, but he held me upright against his strong, young breast. "Dead?" I whispered, "Dead?"

"I have seen her. She came to me, a silver white ghost in the storm. She is dead—dead in the old pirogue—dead with her gold—her ill-gotten gold—dead, dead, dead!"

As if its murderous task were over and done, the storm gradually lulled and the fresh winds of the dawn blew away the scudding shreds of black from before the face of the morning.

By the new day's earliest light, Salazar led me to the edge of the now foaming torrent of the ancient water-course, and, in profound silence, we stood waiting, waiting, for, I knew not what.

Swiftly the mad stream fell again, and after waiting—it may have been minutes, it may have been hours—the angle of a vessel gradually appeared above the receding waters.

Inch by inch we neared it, sinking far into the soft, sandy loam with every step. Suddenly, Salazar, loosing his hold upon the hand he had clasped during our hours of dire suspense, left my side, and, rushing into the stream, plunged his arm deep into the water, and brought to its surface the lifeless form of my beautiful child.

"Teresa! Teresa! Would I not always have died for thee?" The whisper passed the unlistening ears and reached my own. "O soul of my soul, can none—not even the Christ himself—bear the punishment of another's sin? Hast thou expiated all, beloved, and art thou henceforth sinless? Go! Go! Linger not in these abysmal depths of darkness and despair, but rise to the purged soul's plane of peace and leave me, love, to follow!"

Along the muddy ridge there came a little crowd of men—the Salazar gang—in search of their master. Slowly, reverently, they approached and knelt about the living and the dead. With eyes uprolled toward heaven the old black man began chanting softly. The dirge-like wail was taken up until each man there had added his quota of sound; then the song gradually died away in a moan.

Kind hands helped us with our burden, and before the sun dropped down behind the distant cypress trees, the cold, white form was lying upon the pretty couch which had, so short a while ago, taken to itself some of the tender warmth of the now insensate body.

The increasing calmness of Salazar kept my own fierce, natural grief within bounds. He sat beside the empty tenement and, with his eyes fast fixed upon the little sleeper, told me of life's great mysteries and spoke of things far past my then dull comprehension.

I learned the history of Teresa, who, more sinned against than sinning, had yet made for herself this fearful karma which fell so heavily upon us who loved her well.

But did it so fall on Salazar? I looked and questioned. The old-time expression had come again. Demetrius lived—Romero was no more. The countenance of the widowed youth was luminous with an intelligence that shone from within through the clear windows of the soul. Self-centred, calm, poised on the plane of peace, above the quagmire of mortal lethargy, below the whirling clouds of mortal illusion, awake, strong, serene, the comprehender of the immutability of law, the acceptor of THAT WHICH IS—no, he no longer suffered. He, too, perhaps had paid his karmic debt, and the peace of expiation won at last.

I left Petit Gulf to Salazar and went abroad. I made no mention to him of my guilt, nor that it was my greed that had made possible the dread disaster.

Perhaps he knew the truth at the time. I think he did, for when I returned to him he told me of the accursed gold; the gang (his servants all in the old Demetrius days) had found it, had dug it from its bed, and scattered it broadcast in fits of wild debauchery.

"He who turned the river's tide did awful work—but the baleful task was there for him to do. Naught is, save that which is all purposeful, and he whose avarice worked such woe did so because his soul had need of its lesson." I listened shuddering.

"It was the result of human ignorance and human greed. It was the fruit of seed sown in a distant past—the harvest an agony for those who all too carelessly tilled the soil for the evil planting, and beguiled themselves with seductive sophistries, with lust, with greed of gold.

"To take advantage of the heart-hunger of a homesick, luxury-loving bride (to whom the stern young husband gave too little heed in those early years of adventure—yet how he loved her! How he loved her!) came one insidious of tongue and clad in priestly garb to whisper—in the fair name of Hope—a way to the sweet, old life in sunny Spain, where no forest dangers lurked nor the hard grind that waits upon the wife of a pioneer threatened.

"And she, sick of the terror and the strangeness and roughness of the new world listened—and was lost.

"Trusting to the honor of one who bade her place her pure young soul in his keeping, the two, enriched by the gold of Demetrius and the treasure rifled from the Mission, started to float down stream to where a vessel, whose captain was to be paid in stolen gold, awaited them.

"But fate avenged Demetrius. The pirogue with its animate and inanimate burdens sank in the brown waters and was lost. The mysterious disappearance of the fair girl and the guilty priest have since been sung in the legends of this locality. None save Demetrius guessed the truth; none save Demetrius—remembers.

"Father be comforted. Your feet are freed from mire, and you may now mount upward in the holy path. And when, at last, the dark night comes, sleep, and in your slumber dream of Teresa—as I myself shall dream!"

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

## THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

First the Immortal Gods as ranked by law  
Honour and use an oath with holy awe.  
Then honour Heroes which Mankind excell,  
And Dæmons of the earth, by living well.  
Your parents next and those of nearest blood,  
Then other Friends regard as they are good.  
Yield to mild words and offices of love,  
Doe not for little faults your friend remove.  
This is no more than what in you doth lye,  
For Power dwells hard by necessity.  
Doe these things so; but those restrain you must  
Your Appetite, your Sleep, your Anger and Lust.  
From filthy actions at all times forbear,  
Whether with others or alone you are;  
And of all things yourself learn to revere.  
In Deed and Word to Justice have an eye:  
Doe not the least thing unadvisedly,  
But know that all must to the shades below,  
That riches sometimes ebb and sometimes flow.  
Bear patiently what ill by Heaven is sent,  
Add not unto your griefs by discontent.  
Yet rid them if you can, but know withall,  
Few of those Thunder storms on good men fall.  
Oft good and ill doe in discourse unite,  
Be not too apt to admire, nor yet to slight.  
But if through errour any speak amiss,  
Endure it with mildness, but be sure of this,  
That none by word or action you entice  
To doe or speak to your own prejudice.  
Think before action Folly to prevent;

Rash words and acts are their own punishment.  
That doe, which done, after you'll ne'er repent.  
That which you know not, doe not undertake,  
But learn what's fit, if life you'll pleasant make.  
Health is a thing you ought not to despise,  
In Diet use a mean, and exercise;  
And that's a mean whence does no damage rise.  
Be neat, but not luxurious in your fare,  
How you incur men's censure have a care.  
Let not thy state in ill timed treats be spent,  
Like one that know not what's magnificent,  
Nor by a thrift untimely rake too clean.  
'Tis best in everything to use a mean.  
Be not mischievous to yourself; advise  
Before you act, and never let your eyes  
The sweet refreshings of soft slumber taste  
Till you have thrice severe reflections past,  
On the actions of the day from first to last.  
Wherein have I transgressed? What done have I?  
What duty unperformed have I passed by?  
And if your actions ill on search you find,  
Let Grief; if good, let joy, possess your mind.  
This doe, this think, to this your heart incline,  
This way will lead you to the life Divine.  
Believ't, I swear by him who did us show  
The mystery of FOUR, whence all things flow,  
Then to your work, having prayed Heaven to send,  
On what you undertake, a happy end.  
This Course, if you observe, you shall know then  
The constitution both of Gods and men.  
The due extent of all things you shall see,  
And Nature in her Uniformitie.  
That so your ignorance may not suggest

Vain hopes of what you cannot be possest.  
You'll see how poor, unfortunate mankind  
To hurt themselves are studiously inclined,  
To all approaching good, both deaf and blind.  
The way to cure their ills is known to few,  
Such a besotting fate do men pursue.  
They're on cylinders still roll'd up and down,  
And with full tides of evil overflown,  
A cursed inbred strife doth work within,  
The cause of all this misery and sin,  
Which must not be provoked to open field,  
The way to conquer here's to fly and yield.  
And now from ill, Great Father, set us free,  
Or teach us all to know ourselves and Thee.  
Courage, my soul; Great Jove is their allie,  
Their duty who by Natures' light descry;  
These Rules if to that number you retain,  
You'll keep, and purge your soul from every stain.  
Abstain from meats which you forbidden find  
In our Traditions, wherein are defined  
The Purgings and Solution of the Mind.  
Consider this: then in the highest sphere  
Enthroned your Reason, the best Charioteer,  
So when unbodied you shall freely rove  
In the unbounded Regions above,  
You an immortal God shall then commence,  
Advanced beyond Mortality and Sense.\*

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We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the sun-illumin'd Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

—*Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam.*

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\*Translation by Rev. John Norris, published in 1682.

## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

### WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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#### THE NEW YORK DOCTORS DEFEATED.

About two years ago the New York doctors, by a machine called the "County Medical Society," caused the arrest of Eugene Christian, New York's well known food scientist, charging him with "practicing medicine without a license." Detectives of the Medical Society were sent to Mr. Christian's office. These detectives, by falsehood and deceit induced Mr. Christian to prescribe diets for alleged cases of stomach trouble. Upon such testimony Mr. Christian was convicted in the Court of Special Sessions—as is every one whom the doctors have arrested.

Mr. Christian appealed the case to the Supreme Court and a decision was handed down Friday, December 20th, reversing the decision of the lower court and exonerating him completely. The decision was very sweeping, all the judges of the Appellate Division concurring, and was summarized by the court in the following words: "As upon the whole case we find that no crime was committed and that the defendant was improperly convicted, the judgment appealed from should be reversed."

It is well known that the laws which the medical societies have succeeded in placing upon the statute books of the various States of the Union have not been drafted for the protection of the public so much as for the protection of the drug doctor against the advancing march of modern methods of healing. There is no profession so much protected by law as is the practice of medicine. A man once admitted in the medical fraternity is henceforth irresponsible for the lives of those under his care.

We have been told that a doctor of Lakeview Hospital, Chicago, recently performed an operation and by an awkward stroke severed the jugular vein, causing instant death. He turned to the nurses

and physicians present, saying: "This is a time when you must all stand by me, for I was not in any condition to perform this operation, but my practice was run down."

The medical profession did stand by him and he was held blameless in the courts. Similar cases happen all over the world, for so complete is the dominance of our legal machinery by this profession that the people have no appeal from medical whims and blunders. Yet this same fraternity, under the guise of protecting the public, are attempting to prohibit the people from seeking other methods of regaining health than that of drugs and surgery.

By the terms of the Constitution of the United States every citizen has the inalienable right to the pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness. Bills placed upon the statute books for the purpose of preventing such freedom are unconstitutional as well as monopolistic.

Mr. Christian is to be congratulated upon his single-handed victory over the organized powers of the medical trust. He has established the right of an American citizen to use his own intelligence and scientific knowledge to relieve suffering and better the condition of his fellow man, regardless of the dictates of a closed profession.

### TAKING COLD.

Dr. Hutchinson, in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, utters some statements respecting dress and the taking of colds, which differ widely from what has been the general opinion. He objects to clothing which is "too tight, too heavy, too hot." It cramps the movements of the body, interferes with breathing and deprives the skin of access to fresh air. "Colds," he affirms, "are *not* caught by direct exposure of the upper part of the lungs to even chilly air. That childish fallacy was exploded long ago."

This is substantially correct. An individual seldom takes cold or contracts disease in the morning, when refreshed by sleep. But when the body is tired, and the muscles, the developers of animal warmth, are more or less wearied, cold and the various complaints are liable to occur. Probably, if we could stop work when first experiencing the sense of weariness and take a reasonable degree of rest, we would be seldom ill, or out of health in any way.



## MEDICAL SENSE.

Dr. Osler, addressing the students at St. Mary's Hospital, London, declared success in the medical profession to be largely a question of good sense. In this matter, however, doctors were notorious sinners. If they do not work too hard, they smoke too much, and are careless in relation to exercise. The best students seem to pay the least regard to the natural laws.

He added several maxims, among which were the following:

"Be skeptical of the pharmacopœias."

"He is the best physician who knows the worthlessness of most medicines."

"Study your fellow-man and fellow-woman and learn to manage them."

## LIFE OF TYPHOID MICROBES.

Professor Jordan, of the University of Chicago, testified last winter at a session of the United States Supreme Court that a typhoid germ will not live more than two days in seepage polluted water, nor more than ten days in pure water.

## REPREHENSIBLE BUSINESS METHODS.

Many years ago a Mr. Huntington, of New York, was convicted of forgery and sentenced to the State prison. The testimony in the case disclosed the fact that men in certain departments of business were in the way of forging when they wanted credit; and that those dealing with them often preferred the forged securities to their genuine ones. They felt sure that with exposure and criminal prosecution to be apprehended, such paper would be redeemed at all hazards, whereas there was far less certainty if the paper was genuine.

When the President is declared against as causing the financial troubles of 1907 by the prosecution of the great law-breakers, it creates a strong apprehension, that a similar mode of doing business has been disturbed.

## HOW AUDIENCES ARE INFLUENCED.

A clergyman once remarked to David Garrick, the actor, that he, a teacher of truth, had few hearers, while Garrick drew audiences everywhere as an illustrator of fiction.

"Aye," replied the artist, "I represent fiction as though it were truth, while you utter truth as if it were fiction."

Multitudes will throng to hear a preacher who believes what he is saying. If he discourses about hell they will share the horror and be overcome by terror. If he talks of God as one who walked with him, they will gather to listen to the words which are weighted with the speaker's consciousness of the Presence. Let it be the topic of love to the neighbor, he doing as he teaches, the influence will be disseminated to go and do likewise. But where the weight of conscious charity does not attend the words, then the speech is hollow; it inspires no one, and audiences dwindle. Success is proportioned to sincerity.

## A JEW DECLARING AGAINST SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

The "shelving of ancient Shemitic superstitions" is warmly urged by Dr. Isidor Singer, in a letter to the *New York Sun*. These "superstitions" are the Sabbath and the kosher diet. His statements are unequivocal and by no means difficult to sustain. He makes this affirmation respecting the Sabbath:

"Our Rabbis, from the most radical to the most conservative, know—and our educated Jewish laymen at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century should know, that the Sabbath, an institution far older than the Decalogue itself, had originally nothing to do with rest from labor, an over-exertion being unthinkable in those primitive times when industry and commerce were yet in their infant stage. The Hebrew *sabbathon*, like the Babylonian *sabbatum*, was a *dies nefastus*, an unlucky day, like the Friday and thirteenth of our modern superstition; and the prohibition of any activity on the seventh day had as little to do with genuine religion as the non-sailing of many of our war-vessels on Fridays or the omission of the room 13 in several of our most progressive hotels.

"But in spite of this knowledge of its origin, the synagogue as such has not the courage to divest the institution of the sabbath

of the religious, utilitarian, and hygienic interpretation imposed upon it by our ancient Rabbis, ignorant of the very rudiments of a scientific study of religion, and by that pious industrial bee-hive the England of the Puritans. And when men like Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, and quite recently, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, of Boston, have the courage to draw the only logical conclusion possible from the present state of Judaism in countries like ours, closing their ethical theological lecture-halls on the Sabbath and opening them on Sundays only, our pseudo-orthodox Rabbis, communal leaders and journalists raise their arms in spectacular indignation, exclaiming in tones of despair: 'When the Jewish Sabbath dies, Judaism will die with it.' That is a calumny and a lie. But so much the worse for the *Weltanschauung* of a people of 12,000,000 modern men and women, should it be able to live only on the basis of a prehistoric superstition."

The positions taken by Doctor Singer are abundantly supported by what is known of the former history of the Sabbath. Its existence prior to the establishment of the Decalogue is set forth in the book of the *Exodus*. It is declared there that the Israelites were forbidden to gather manna on the seventh day because it was the Sabbath; also that those who did go out for it in spite of the prohibitions found that none had fallen. Tielé states that the Akkadians, the prehistoric inhabitants of Babylonia observed the day. The king of Assyria was also placed under iron restraint. He might not bathe, change his clothes, eat cooked food, hold court, or drive in his chariot because it was a "direful day." When the days and periods were set apart astrologically and assigned to particular divinities, Saturday was dedicated to the lord of the world of the dead. The planet Saturn, being the outermost of the known planetary system and farthest from the sun, was considered as the solar luminary of that region.

That many intelligent Hebrews were skeptical in regard to the accuracy and obligatory character of the Mosaic Scriptures, I have long been aware. When conversing with one upon the story of the *Exodus* from Egypt and sojourn in North Arabia, he asked me in a diffident manner: "Do you really suppose that these accounts are true?" At another time I asked a lawyer in New York, himself a scholar, what was the belief cherished by his people in regard

to the first chapters of the book of *Genesis*. He replied almost sharply: "You are too intelligent a man to believe these accounts." These were but two cases out of several.

It is significant that the disposition is becoming more general and utterance more virile, to speak right out on these matters. Subjection to a religion of shadows has continued long enough; a religion of substance and human relations to the right is the path most wanted.

A. W.

### TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The city of Bismaya in ancient Babylonia is reputed to be the oldest city of which there is any known remains extant. The ruins are a week's journey south of Bagdad, and have been lately explored by Doctor Edgar J. Banks. This was no easy undertaking, as permission from the Turkish Government was hard to obtain, and the region is infested by predatory tribes of the most dangerous character.

Dr. Banks began his work on Christmas Day, 1903. It was evident from the beginning that the ruins were of greater antiquity than others in the East that had been explored. The walls of the tower of a temple were uncovered, and an inscription found which was identified as belonging to the period of the Babylonian King Dungi, which is supposed to be about 2750 before the present era. Further down were bricks bearing the name of King Urzgar, about 2800 B. C.

Just below that level were the large square tablets peculiar to the time of Sargon, who probably flourished about 3800 years before the present era. This monarch belonged to the line of Shemitic kings, and his early history is given by Mr. George Smith from the cuneiform inscriptions found in the temple of King Sennacherib. He was the son of royal parents, but was concealed by his mother. She placed him in an ark of rushes, coated with bitumen and set afloat on the river Euphrates.

Whether this was a mode of sacrifice, or a device to save him from some more certain peril we are not informed. The infant was rescued by Akki, a water-carrier, who reared him as his own son. Sargon became afterward the king of Agadia (Akkad) and reigned

forty-five years. Mr. Smith compared him to Moses, whose career is described as being in many respects analogous.

In the last eleven metres through which shafts were sunk, there were found remains of different periods, the earliest of which is placed at ten thousand years ago.

At the base of the tower a statue was unearthed of white marble. This was identified as representing King Daud, or David, who ruled the country before the Shemitic occupation. This is the oldest statue in the world, and its date is assigned by Dr. Banks at 4500 B. C. *Leslie's Weekly*, from which this account is taken, adds that the inscription on the statue gives the name of the buried city as Udnun, and that of the temple which is also the oldest yet discovered, as Emach.

#### A LETTER.

*To the Editor of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE:*

At certain stages of development, some persons upon going to sleep pass beyond dreams into a state of being where they receive instruction and meet new experiences. Upon awaking these experiences are not recalled in detail, their result being mostly a remembrance of having been far from daily life and under influences essentially superior; but the return from this farther state is often made consciously and upon waking one may have clear memory of that passage back.

Such an experience is thus related: "In my return after having been far away," says the narrator, "as I entered the belt of atmosphere next to the earth, with intention to awaken in my own room at home, my descent was checked by a call for help.

"The air was gray, thick and still. To the right a few rods away there appeared a soft light that shaped itself into an oval beyond the height of a man. Held by some force that allowed me not to see who the person was, but only to know that I had been recognized as an old friend, I saw the oval fill with pulsing radiations of clear and delicate colors and by that sign I comprehended that the man within was ready for ascent to the belt of life and air above him. Filled with longing to go he was however detained and bound to his place by cords that from points in a line stretching centrally across his entire aura, fell straight downward and even

weighted, as the light revealed, by bottles suspended in rows, one below another—bottles of every size and shape, wine, whisky, brandy bottles, row on row, hanging still but giving off stale odors and a faint sighing.

“Held to my place I saw that, of himself, this soul did not know how to get free. He had brought his burden with him and it clung, a ghostly appendage. In humiliation and repentance he had waited, bowed in spirit before his calamity, but I, a friend, now came his way and of me he implored relief.

“The picture having been clearly shown I was given a quick impulse toward my home, but in passing I saw that while the cords seemed to the man like cables, holding him apparently to a past that he had outgrown, and while they did serve perfectly as a means of detention, the threads were in truth but as gossamer—more semblance than real and not persistent or vital in quality. With this perception there came to me also the sense that to hasten and bring about the release of this soul was a duty not to be neglected.”

How was such duty to be performed? What was the principle and the process of relief?

That those who have passed over from this plane of existence can be reached by the thoughts of those who remain here there can be no doubt, and that those who are detained upon the belt of life just beyond us are easily reached and can be materially helped or hindered by the thoughts that we from here direct toward them is also shown by much testimony. We are members one of another, all of us once born upon this planet, and so long as any of us are passing through the out-lying zones of this earth this relation must continue and with the relation must continue also the influence of our mutual thoughts.

In the case here cited a soul, suffering consequences from the habit of drink was in bondage, his fitness and desire for working out repentance and attaining redemption by better life being held from expression by a persistent ghost of the past.

If this man had known he might, under the law of life, have released himself. “For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye.”

If of himself he could have turned from his dim, fateful surrounding to the energy within, to the spirit, the “divine in the

human," and by its might could have denied astral influences a longer existence, he could have loosed his bonds and risen. For on any plane God's will as to life is its goodness, its persistence, its progress and power to grow even through and beyond evils that, of itself, it has created and piled about its way; and knowing this we have no need and no right to submit to the prolonged influence of ill conditions. Indeed, when we are ready to do better it is wise for us to shatter the image of evil, to put its picture out of the mind and to put into the mind something good and advisable, for thought is a fundamental form of energy and its motive-force should be directed to the accomplishment of good and should not stand in futile subjection to things past.

This is not that we can escape recognition of wrong or its consequences, but with time and effort the results of wrong action should be not greater, but less; and the law of life and power must be the same, and within our grasp, whether the experience through which we are passing be on this earth or in purgatory, hades, the world of spirits or whatever name we give to the zone of life next beyond this.

Still when a soul is too weak or too ignorant to act alone it needs help and when appeal is made to us, even from souls who have left this life, we should realize that since life is one and to act consciously with the law of restoration and growth is good for us in any estate whatever, we have at hand means for relief—the means of thought, controlled and intelligently directed.

Life, in any form, a seed or a soul, by the law of growth, works from its own center outward. To this center life, by every breath, perpetually inflows. It is ours fresh and new every moment; and this new life, sent forth again and set to govern itself and be obedient to its own best ideal, has the power, or by Divine grace is the power that can overcome whatever seeks to oppose its progress.

In the mental treatment of mortal ills no formula can be final; but, for example, let the thought of the healer move from a soul in need to Deity then from that recognized Source of life to the sufferer and so continuously in spheric movement and it cannot fail to arouse and increase the power of a soul oppressed and sick with consequences of ill-advised or unworthy action, yet alive with desire for progress.

In the world of nature man has built up evils. Chief among them is the spirit and intention of alcohol. Its effect is to paralyse the will. The man is then racked by war in his members. The will within, refused expression, lies back upon itself and over the outer mind the power that wastes has sway, with sorrow and pain for its later portion.

In this weakness of the will of man, persistent and unaided lies also attraction and opportunity for evil things that find subsistence in fumes of alcohol. To send to the spirit thus in bondage a current of thought, a dominant word—"turn and live ye," reminding the soul of its Father, is to awaken strength and courage even in the face of suffering, to free the soul and dissipate the force of power gone astray. In truth, under influences born of the Spirit and sent out in His Name, astral forms disappear—disintegrated, blown apart; and by virtue of human help thus given one on the plane beyond may break his bonds and go forth again to labor in some garden of the Lord.

In this law of the unity of life and the relation of man to man we find the key to the world-wide idea and practise of prayers for the dead.

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere in God's great universe thou art."

In all naturalness love prays for those departed. To put this love and prayer under the control of enlightenment and wisdom, to lift it from emotion to intention makes it a power of relief and assistance; as it is also the assuaging of grief for the suffering heart on earth, bereft, yet unforgetful.

In this world to grow is our right and our divinest duty and whatever we "loose on earth" must still "be loosed in heaven," or aided in growth, because the law prevails. We have knowledge of the law and as upon a hearth-stone one may blow smoke into flame, so a devoutly directed thought sent from a heart on earth to one in need anywhere, can bring together smouldering elements of life, waken them to activity and inspire the soul, as the flame of life reanimates, to rise and pursue its destiny.

OBSERVER.



## CALLING BACK THE LIFE.

A telegraphic account from Cleveland, Ohio, dated December 10th, relates that Mrs. Sarah Goldstein, of that city, brought back her dead child to life for a period of two hours. The child had been ill from scarlet fever for a month, and now, her body had become rigid in death. The mother was weeping at the bedside. Soon she fell into a trance, and taking the body in her arms, she muttered some words not intelligible to others in the room. The breath came back, and for two hours the little one lived again. Then the body became rigid a second time, and she passed away. The mother, however, continued in the trance, and when her words could be distinguished, she appeared to be talking to the child.

This is not so wonderful as it seems at first. That something which we know as life is by no means an absolutely individual endowment. It is a principle as extensive as being itself and permeates every corner in the universe. Each creature has a share which it participates with others. Persons near of kin, and those in rapport with each other, partake more or less of one another's energies. They often drag down by their own depressed conditions; they sustain others by their blitheness, courage and hopefulness. Individuals wasted by disease or worn out by age are thus kept alive for periods of time by the sympathy and strong will of friends. Likewise, in such a case as the one here presented, it evidently is not impossible after death has supervened, but before the organism has not become so impaired as to unfit it totally for the coming back of the principle of life. A mother whose sympathies and affections are closely allied to her child has an occult power of larger extent than is well understood. Doubtless, likewise, in many other instances, individuals are held back in life by this force in those about them, and sometimes even are made to recover. Such things are miracles in the sense of wonderful, but not supernatural except as being natural in a higher department of nature.

A. W.

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Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations. The only sin is limitation. As soon as you once come up with a man's limitations, it is all over with him.

—Emerson.

## THE PUBLISHER PAYS MUCH MORE FOR HIS STOCK THAN HE DID LAST YEAR.

To-day there is general complaint among publishers that printing paper is constantly growing dearer. In the Middle West many local papers are raising their subscription price 50 per cent in order to pay for the paper. From the time when Gutenberg first used movable type made of wood, to the present day of metropolitan papers, some of which consume the product of acres of spruce in a single edition, printing has in very large degree depended upon the forest.

In the face of a threatened shortage of timber, the amount of wood consumed each year for pulp has increased since 1899 from 2 million to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million cords. The year 1906 marked an increase of 93,000 cords in the imports of pulpwood, the highest average value per cord for all kinds, and a consumption greater by 469,053 cords than that of any previous year.

Spruce, the wood from which in 1899 three-fourths of the pulp was manufactured, is still the leading wood, but it now produces a little less than 70 per cent of the total. How well spruce is suited to the manufacture of pulp is shown by the fact that during a period in which the total quantity of wood used has doubled and many new woods have been introduced, the proportion of spruce pulpwood has remained nearly constant in spite of the drains upon the spruce forests for other purposes. During this time three different woods, from widely separated regions, have in turn held the rank of leader in the lumber supply.

Since 1899, poplar, which for years was used in connection with spruce to the exclusion of all other paper woods, has increased in total quantity less than 100,000 cords, and is now outranked by hemlock. Pine, balsam, and cottonwood are used in much smaller amounts.

New York alone consumes each year over a million and a quarter cords of wood in the manufacture of pulp, or more than twice as much as Maine, which ranks next. Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Michigan follow in the order given. Sixty per cent of the wood used in New York was imported from elsewhere,

and even so the supply appears to be waning, since the total consumption for the State shows a small decrease since 1905, whereas the other States named have all increased their consumption. Other States important in the production of pulp are: Massachusetts, Minnesota, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, and West Virginia.

The average cost of pulp delivered at the mill was \$7.21. The total value of the wood consumed in 1906 was \$26,400,000. The chief item determining the price of paper is the cost of pulp. An example of the increased price of paper is found in the case of a publisher of a daily in the Middle West, who recently paid \$1,200 for a carload of paper. The same quantity and grade of paper cost a year ago but \$800.

The chemical processes of paper making, which better preserve the wood fiber, are gaining over the mechanical process. In 1899, 65 per cent of the wood was reduced by the mechanical process; in 1906, less than 50 per cent.

All importations of wood for pulp are from Canada, and comprised, in 1906, 739,000 cords, nearly all of which was spruce. Four and a half million dollars' worth of pulp was imported in 1906, a slight falling off from 1905.

Circular 120 of the Forest Service contains a discussion of the consumption of pulpwood in 1906, based on statistics gathered by the Bureau of the Census and the Forest Service. The pamphlet can be had upon application to the Forester, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### IS THE EARTH A LIVING BEING?

The ancients held that the earth was an organic body—the body, as they said, of a great goddess. After all, are we so sure that she is only one great mass of matter; without parts or organs? May there not be ducts, channels, a circulation? A heart perhaps, and currents of life, and chords sympathetic with the rise and fall of nations, and an imagination cognate and concurrent with history, and an intimate close connection with man. We are in a live Universe, living in a live world, and whatever is around us is alive too.

*Student in "New Century Path."*

## CARD-PACK ETYMOLOGY.

The card-pack was originally symbolic and was connected with divination. The four suits constitute a quaternary, well known in the symbology of ancient mysticism. The first *swords* or *spades*, (Italian *spada*, a sword) represents Will, an active potency; the second, cup or heart, the corresponding passive potency. The Cup is a symbol of brooding, compassion and bounty. It contained the wine of sacrifice, the grace that flows from the innermost heart and cleanses from all passion and doubt. Its use as a symbol implies the belief in the eternal fountain of Divinity in the human heart, and points back to a time when men had faith in that Power and appealed to it for help and guidance.

· "New Century."

## COMFORTING CAUTION.

The railways in Scotland formerly had a bad reputation for accidents. The late Dr. Norman McLeod was about to set out on a journey when his servant who accompanied him to the station, asked him whether he had provided himself with an accident insurance ticket. He was so informed accordingly, and then said:

"Write your name on it and give it to me. They have a sad habit of robbin' the corpses on this line."

## THE BEST MAGAZINE.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is the leading periodical of its kind in the world. At all times it stands for and represents the *best* of the thought along the various lines of activity that relate to the finer forces of nature and of the universe of intelligence. It is doing the greatest work of the day, in literature. Its circulation should now be increasing by many times what it has been in the past. Many thousands are yet waiting to hear of its existence and searching for such a periodical. Nothing else fills this want.

The active support and assistance of *every friend* is urgently needed to bring it to the notice of those who would appreciate it. Its publishers will be grateful for any such assistance in increasing its circulation for the general good.

## ON THE NEWS STAND.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news-stand or in any depot or ferry-house, please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied. The American News Company is General Agent.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**BETWEEN THE TESTAMENTS, OR INTERBIBLICAL HISTORY.** By the Rev. David Gregg, D. D., LL. D., president of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

To the readers of the Bible generally, the period between the time of Nehemiah as indicated in the Old Testament, and the birth of Jesus, recorded in the Gospels, so far as it relates to Hebrew history, is a total blank. Nevertheless in the world outside, it was full of event and achievement. With Nehemiah, the ascendancy was Persian; in the time of the Gospels it was Roman. During that period Greece had won fame for art, philosophy and statecraft; and Alexander had subjugated the nations as far as India. In all that had happened, the colonists in Judea made no record. When the first Ptolemy had established his power in Egypt, he found no difficulty, one Sabbath day, in adding Jerusalem and Jewry to his possessions. This introduced them to the greater world.

Dr. Gregg describes this as providential. The Greek language was the most perfect and flexible then existing, and the dominion of Alexander and those who followed, operated to diffuse it very generally. Under the influence of the Ptolemies the Hebrew Sacred Writings were translated into it, and so became not only accessible to the Israelites everywhere dispersed, but also "Christ's Bible and also that of the Apostles and Gentile Christians." This enabled the New Testament to be produced. "If there had never been a Greek Old Testament" the author declares, "there would never have been a Greek New Testament."

But the book attempts to give a clue to the history of the Jews during the Greek supremacy. The main dependence is upon the accounts of Josephus and the *Apocrypha*. For a hundred years the Egyptian kings ruled, and then the dominion passed to the Syrian monarchs. The high priest paid an annual tribute of twenty silver talents, and administered the civil government. The book of *Ecclesiasticus*, the "Wisdom of Jesus," is an exhibition of the nature of their government. It was far different in form and character from what existed in the far-off times. A Sanhedrin or Senate, after the model of Greek commonwealths, was now established. When the supreme power had been acquired by the Syrian monarchs, a new high priest was appointed who registered the inhabitants of Jerusalem as citizens of Antioch, neglected the usual rites at the Temple, and introduced customs of the Greeks in their place. Antiochus Epiphanes attempted to complete the innovations. He took away the money and costly furniture of the Temple, placed in it the statue of Zeus, introduced a Grecian litany and other rites. The festival of Bacchus, the Syrian Melkarth, was celebrated, a hog sacrificed

the purlieus sprinkled with the blood, and processions carrying the thyrsus and ivy took place. The Jewish religion was suppressed, and the Scriptures destroyed.

The result was a reaction. The revolt of the Maccabean family was followed by a conflict of years. The brothers took the lead in turn, as fast as one perished another took his place. The high-priesthood was taken by them, the temple restored, and national independence secured. At this time, other authors declare, the Canon, known by us as the Old Testament was established. For sixty-five years Judea was an independent nation with a king and high priest of its own,—all the doing of the Maccabees, and continuing till the Romans succeeded the Greeks and conquered Palestine.

Dr. Gregg handles his subject in a way peculiar to himself. He regards the Bible as divine; that through it we deal directly with God. The Canon, he declares, never will be closed. "Human experience re-writes and re-edits it." Also, "every fresh translation of it re-writes and re-edits it." There are changes of words, and eliminations of certain phrases and sections, and there will be more. "The consensus of modern scholarship is the arbiter here." The books that remain in our Bible have been selected from among many others: "our Bible is a sifted book." But he is by no means willing to throw aside the *Apocrypha*. It is part and parcel of the Alexandrian Canon. But the Hebrews would admit nothing that was not written in Hebrew. They denounced the Greek additions in the Septuagist version, but as Greek-speaking worshippers were the more numerous, these scriptures were widely accepted. Dr. Gregg himself insists upon their intrinsic merit, declaring them "literature of no mean order," and praising them highly.

In short, the author while treating the subject carefully from the theological point of view, also presents the historic aspect in an eligible form and greatly instructive to the student.

A. W.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION: BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY. Bulletin 32. Devoted to "Antiquities of the Jemez Plateau, New Mexico," by Edgar L. Hewett, with 17 plates of illustrations.

THE INFINITE AFFECTION. By Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D. Cloth, 171 pp. The Pilgrim Press, Boston, New York and Chicago. James Clarke & Co., London, England.

WHAT PHRENOPATHIC HEALING IS. By Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., L.L. D. Paper, 48 pp. Published by the author, Bangor, Maine.

# THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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## A READING IN UNCANONICAL SCRIPTURE.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

It is the practice in the arrangement of English Bibles to distinguish the Hebrew Sacred Writings as "*The Old Testament*" and to place after them the Four canonical Gospels and accompanying compositions with the designation of "*The New Testament*." Besides these, however, there are several others, similar in tone and sentiment, and apparently of equal merit which are set apart by themselves and denominated "*The Apocrypha*," or arcane productions. In this category are included a series of works, historic, philosophic and literary, written by Jewish authors outside of Judea, and so not accepted by the authorities at Jerusalem.

The reason for this distinction appears to have relation to the language in which they were originally written. The Hebrew language in Judea had been superseded by the Aramaic and acquired special veneration accordingly. But the Greek was odious from being the speech of Antiochus and other oppressors against whom the Jews had revolted. A Jewish temple had been erected and a miniature capital established in Egypt, where the Greek language was spoken, but after the securing of independence in Judea, there was no favor to be shown. All writings not in Hebrew whatever their intrinsic merits, were regarded as secular and profane. Even the book of *Daniel* did not come up to the mark.

For a long period the ruling classes of ancient communities were hostile to the introducing of foreigners as members of the population. Greek states withheld citizenship and refused intermarriage; and the Egyptians, probably only the priests and nobles, would not even eat with foreigners. Yet we learn of no such antipathy among the peoples of Palestine. Although it was recognised that each nationality had its tutelary god,\* free intermarriage is

\**Judges* XI. 24.

recorded, and a neighborly participation in each other's religious worship. Moses is recorded as having married an Ethiopian woman; David, Solomon and others as taking foreign wives. After the planting of the colony in Judea, no such exclusiveness was developed till the introducing of the Law by Ezra and Nehemiah. After that the sentiment of isolation became developed to a high degree of intensity. When Judea became a province of Egypt, King Ptolemy caused the Sacred Writings to be translated into Greek, and the occurrence is said to have been mourned as a national calamity.

In illustration of this peculiar exclusiveness, it is recorded that when the first colony proposed to set about the building of a temple, the leaders of the colony at Samaria asked to take part in the work and were curtly refused. This does not seem to have prevented marriage alliances between the principal families, so that one of the sons of the high priest afterward became the founder of a temple and rival worship in Samaria. The work at Jerusalem was obstructed till the accession of Darius Hystaspis, some twenty years later. Little is known further of the colonists for many years. When Xerxes raised his army from the nations under his government to invade Greece there is no mention of levies from Jerusalem or Samaria. Doubtless, there was increase in numbers, and prosperity.

After the accession of Artaxerxes Longimanus there were repeated emigrations from Babylonia to the ancient home. There was also a change in the personality of the ruler. Instead of a prince of the royal lineage, the high priest had the control of affairs, collecting the tribute and himself paying a specified sum at his own installation. Meanwhile, Judaism took the form of a religious rather than a political body. The books credited to Ezekiel, Ezra and Nehemiah indicate the nature and thoroughness of this change.

The introducing of the Torah or Law is imputed to Ezra, a priest, and "ready Scribe in the law of Moses." In the apocryphal book bearing his name, he is described as miraculously inspired to give forth the book anew, part to be published openly, and part to be communicated only to the wise. The canonical record, however, declares that the priest Hilkiah, an ancestor of Ezra, "found" the book in the temple, and that King Josiah had made it the law of his government.



It is significant that scribes seem to have taken the place before held by prophets. A statute promulgated by the high priest, Jehoiada, when regent of Judah, had placed prophets under the ban.\* Though it probably fell into desuetude, it could be revived when desired.

When Ezra came to Jerusalem he seems to have lost no time in the introducing of the new regulations, insisting on a general annulling of all marriages with foreigners and a repudiation of wives and children. How far this procedure resulted in creating enmity on the part of the kindred of the discarded women, there is no record, but that such enmity did exist and led to disastrous result, is evident.

About this time Megabyzous, the viceroy of Samaria revolted and in the conflicts that ensued the Jews became involved and Jerusalem was sacked and desolated. In this condition word was brought to Nehemiah, an officer of the royal court, and he was able to procure a commission as governor of Judea. He hastened to repair the walls and fortifications, after which he set about to reform the management of public affairs. This having been effected, he then collected an assembly of the people, at which the Law of Moses was formally adopted and subscribed by such of the priests and representatives of the population as adhered to his policy. The special requirements to which the signers pledged themselves, were to observe the Law of Moses, to refuse marriage alliances with others than Jews, to keep the Sabbath and seventh year, and to contribute for the support of the temple and priests. But it was long before obedience to these regulations became general. The book of *Malachi* describes the delinquencies in worship and probity in business and conjugal fidelity. When after some years of absence Nehemiah returned to the charge of affairs, he found the old conditions still prevalent. The religious services were performed without proper diligence, and the high priest had actually formed an alliance with Tobiah, a man of influence in Samaria. Others had also permitted their children to be married to foreigners as before. The Sabbath was little regarded and devoted as in former time to labor and traffic. He lost no time in the enforcing of the former regulations. The high priest,

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\**Jeremiah* XXX. 26.

Eliashib, appears to have had little sympathy with his innovations. The regular service at the temple was characterised by gross neglect, and several members of his family had married daughters of those Samaritan leaders who had strenuously opposed his efforts to rebuild the fortifications of Jerusalem. Others had intermarried with aliens. Nehemiah called them to account and banished the recreant priest. With this occurrence the narrative abruptly ends, but other authors inform us that matters fell into the former train, and the high priests became the chief rulers. After the death of Joiada, the son of Eliashib, there was a dispute between his sons in regard to the succession, which was finally decided by the murder of Joshua by his brother Johanan.

This period was full of historic events. Egypt was in revolt, and the Persian authority was weakening, but still all-powerful. Judea was involved in the conflicts, and was overrun by the hostile armies. There was little peace till the conquests of Alexander.

A policy or a doctrine may be vehemently opposed at one period, and then become triumphant at a succeeding time. History is full of such instances. The children of the persecutors rear monuments to the prophets whom their fathers had persecuted and killed. After the overthrow of the Persian empire, Simon the Just, succeeded as high priest. He was of the party of Chasdim,\* and made an energetic effort to reinstate Judaism on a firm basis. He strengthened the walls of Jerusalem, and reformed the public worship, introducing a period which Jews long afterward mentioned with exultation. For a time the observances of Sabbath and the religious laws appear to have been unduly strict. When Ptolemy invaded Judea he took Jerusalem without difficulty, having entered the city on the Sabbath.†

A century afterward the king of Syria, Antiochus Epiphanes, became master of all Palestine. He planned to consolidate his subjects into a homogeneous people, that should speak the same

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\*It has sometimes been suggested that *Chasdim* or *Asidean* was identical with Chaldean, and Pharisa in like manner with Persia, as both these peoples had influence over Jewish manners. But it is more generally supposed that the former term signifies, puritans, as they were strict observers of the law.

†*Plutarch: concerning superstition.*

language, and conform to the same laws and worship. The temple at Jerusalem was dedicated to Zeus, and the Bacchic processions and even the Tantric rites were held. The Jewish religion was proscribed on pain of death. The high priest was displaced, and a successor appointed who was ready to carry out his orders to the letter. Onias, who had been superseded as a candidate now went to Egypt. Jews numbering over a hundred thousand had found homes in Alexandria. Here, by permission of King Ptolemy Philometor, they built a temple near Hierapolis, in a town now called the "City of Onias."\* It is not improbable that it was contemplated to make the new shrine the chief sanctuary of Judaism. Alexandria had become the mart of commerce, and its famous School was now the World's University. Learned men with their disciples from all countries resorted there. The ambition of the priest would be in no sense unwarrantable. There were Jews scattered among the other peoples, all speaking the Greek language, and so this Greater Judea might naturally regard the sanctuary in Egypt as the home of their faith.

It could not be long before the Alexandrian learning would have its influence. At an early day Aristobulus, a Jew of extensive erudition anticipating the Septuagint, made translations of selections from the Hebrew writings, and compared them with the teachings of the philosophers. He affirmed that the Jewish Scriptures when interpreted allegorically harmonised with the utterances of the Greek sages. The translation of the Hebrew canon was also made, and other writers like Jesus ben Sira added philosophic and literary contributions; all which appear to have been received with favor in the Greater Judea where the Greek language was spoken.

This does not seem to have been acceptable to their brethren at Jerusalem. Under the lead of the Maccabean brothers, a successful revolt had established a national independence for Judea. The high priest, Eliakim, was refused entrance into Jerusalem, and the Temple had been again dedicated to the Hebrew worship.

In the reaction against the policy of Antiochus and his suc-

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\*An analogy to this is found in Judea itself. The town on Mount Zion was called from its founder, the "City of David," and Jebus after the Temple was erected there, was named Jerusalem, or "City of Solomon."

cessors, and with it an uprising of enthusiasm for a stricter form of Judaism the distaste for Greek usages became intense. Not only was the obtruded worship discarded but we are told that Judas Maccabæus made a new collection of the Sacred Canon,\* and strict adherence to it was required. The Hebrew language in which the various books were written, had passed out of familiar use, and was now regarded with special veneration. Works written in it appear to have become a sacred literature, while those which were in the current Aramaic tongue now the dialect of the people would be esteemed as secular or profane. The book of *Daniel* seems not to have been originally regarded as belonging to the canonical number.

The Alexandrian Jews not only made a translation of the Hebrew works, but added treatises of their own. These were read wherever the Greek language was spoken, and were the only works familiar to the later writers of the works which are now included in the New Testament. But the Rabbis and scholarly Jews were generally Phariseest and were not willing to acknowledge the new productions as sacred learning. Yet to the common reader they exhibit similar character and merit. Some are didactic like the Wisdom-literature; others historic, as if piecing out the Hebrew works; others are stories analogous to those of Esther, Job, Ruth and Jonah.

A distinguished scholar, a clergyman in Western Pennsylvania, endeavors to arouse attention to a juster appreciation of the works included in the Apocrypha.† He regards the translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek as a providential preparation of the world

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\**Maccabees* II., ii, 14; also SPINOSA: *Tractato-Politicus*.

†This term, the purport of which is now generally misconceived, is derived from *pharis* a charioteer. The Hebrew sacred literature was denominated "Rechab," a chariot, as carrying the Law. The Scribes were "of the house of Rechab" (*Chronicles* I., ii. 55) and also Pharisees or expositors. The prophets Elijah and Elisha are designated by both terms (*Kings* II., ii. 12 and xiii. 14.) The establishing of the Canon is generally credited to the Pharisees. A party chiefly of priests and nobility, was indifferent or hostile to what they regarded as unwarranted innovations. It took its name from the reputed founder of the hierarchy Zadokim or Sadducees. The arrest and execution of Jesus is imputed to them.

‡Between the Testaments or Interbiblical History.

for the New Testament, in the same language. "If," he affirms, "if there had never been a Greek Old Testament, there would never have been a Greek New Testament." He is equally insistent that the books of the Apocrypha shall be accepted. The Greek version included them while it was received as "the Bible of all worshippers outside of Palestine." They were by far the larger number. Even now the Greek church and also the Roman regard them as "Holy Scripture." The early "Christian Fathers" made use of them and quoted from them. Bishop Wordsworth goes so far as to declare that by omitting them "the English Bible is not the Bible of Christendom."

The Alexandrian Collection, now classed as the Apocrypha, contains in the first book of *Esdras*, an attempt to condense the books of Ezra and Nehemiah and remove the discrepancies of narrative. The brief stories of Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, and the Song of the Three in the Fiery Furnace, are inserted perhaps as parables, having no historic significance. The book of *Baruch* and *Wisdom* of Solomon, delineate very well the moral conditions of society in the ancient world at the time. The *Wisdom of Jesus ben Sira*, is more philosophical, and will compare well with books of analogous character. In it we find the historic account of Simon the Just, and what he accomplished.

The book of Tobit is little else than a romance. It treats of a family of Israelitish exiles at Nineveh, and gives details of the journey of the son into Media to collect a debt. Raphael, an archangel in human guise goes with him. Sara, his cousin, has been seven times married, and her husbands killed by Asmodeus, the Dæva of Magian lore, because he desired her for himself. Tobias, instructed by Raphael, becomes an accepted suitor and marries her. He has carried the heart and liver of a fish for several days, and now places them on a burning censer. The smell is too much for the demon; he flies away and returns no more. The young man is attended by a dog, an unusual pet in those days. He emigrates from Nineveh, because it is to be destroyed, "because those things spoken by the prophet Jonah were certain to take place."

The book of *Judith* admirably exhibits ancient customs, but abounds with anachronisms, evidently employed to disguise the really historic matter. The people of Judea are described as having

recently returned from captivity, and Joiakim the son of Jeshua, is high priest in Jerusalem. Nabuchadonosa is King of Assyria and has just conquered Media. This reminds us of a comical expression of "One-eyed Daly," at Saratoga, referring to what Alexander said to Queen Cleopatra on the island of St. Helena. Judith is described as living at Bethulia, a place not on any map. She is a widow, rich, beautiful, and in every way attractive. The city is invested by an army brought together like that of Xerxes against Greece, from all the subject peoples. Holofernes is general, and menaces the city with terrible threats. Judith volunteers to go to the camp of the besiegers after the style of a fugitive. She is received and finally honored with a special entertainment, at which she finds opportunity to slay the general. The rout of the Assyrian army follows and Judea is delivered.

Historians inform us that Judea was actually invaded by a Persian army under Bagoas. A commander named Holofernes, a Cappadocian, appears to have led a part of the force. Bagoas actually took possession of Jerusalem, actually entering the temple, and taunting the Jews that he was as sacred a person as the priest who slew his brother.

The story of the Maccabees, though written in Greek, and not accepted in the Canon, can hardly be accredited to the Alexandrians. It is evidently historic, and carries the history of Judea till its independence was acknowledged, and Hyrkanus became high priest and chief magistrate. The brief century of the priest-kings who succeeded is not given, and how far the accounts of Josephus are trustworthy is by no means certain. Under his grandson Hyrkanus, the Parthians overran Judea, and afterward the Romans also took part in the local contentions. They had maintained friendly treaties with the Jews from the time of Judas Maccabæus often actually rendering beneficial help, but finally as was their usual practise, annexing the country to their own empire.

The Apocryphal books possess a merit which renders their exclusion from English Bibles, without proper warrant. They certainly compare favorably with the canonical works. But it is not our province to pass judgment. The books, if not altogether veracious, were nevertheless written for a religious purpose, and are instructive. If any one is disposed to protest that this is making

too free with inspired text a pertinent answer may be found in the words of an Indian Chief:

"The Great Spirit speaks: we hear his voice in the breeze, in the murmur of the streams, and in the rustling of the leaves on the trees; but he does not write."

ALEXANDER WILDER.

## PERSECUTION OF OPINIONS.

BY CHAS. E. CUMMING.

The following is an extract from the news items of a prominent daily newspaper of date Jan. 5th, 1908.

"A petition signed by over 200 citizens of that division of Dallas called Oak Cliff, was today presented to the city school-board, asking that the appointment of George Clifton Edwards to be principal of the Oak Cliff public school be revoked. Mr. Edwards is a socialist and two years ago was the socialist candidate for governor of Texas. The charges made in the petition presented today are that 'his services in the public schools would be detrimental to the best interests of the student body, in that his socialistic ideas would naturally be "imbibed" in the scholastic work.' Mr. Edwards is a graduate of Harvard University and a gentleman well known in newspaper circles in this state."

This, as Lincoln used to say, "reminds me of a story." An old Pennsylvania Dutchman used to send his wheat to the mill one bushel at a time. He had a round stone that weighed the same as a bushel of wheat and by this he used to weigh out the proper amount, then putting the wheat in one end of the sack and the stone in the other, with a string around the center, he balanced the sack across the old mare's back and went to mill. One day he desired his son to take the wheat to mill. The boy weighed it out, and seizing upon a new idea, divided the wheat into opposite ends of the sack and threw it across the mare's back. Then he rushed into the house crying, "O, fader, come out und see. I palanced the bag on the mare mitout the stone."

The old man came out, looked—and grabbed for a convenient stick and laid it onto the astonished boy most lustily. "I'll teach you," he cried, "to know more as your fader und your grand-fader. You puts dot stone right in again."

The newspaper extract is a thing of today: the story is a recondite "yarn" that our grandfathers perhaps told over their cider. Yet there is a wonderful similitude in the *moral* of the two. Mr. Edwards and the boy both falling under reprobation because they knew more than their fathers or their grandfathers. Both



of them saw wherein the errors of the past had resulted in the burdens to be borne being twice as heavy as they needed to be and both endeavored to point out the better and easier way. The boy and the teacher might each congratulate themselves that they escaped with but a light punishment for their temerity. Socrates swallowing his poison draught, Jesus upon the cross, Galileo upon the rack, Columbus in his chain, and a host of other martyrs have been taught how dangerous it is to know more than their fathers and grandfathers.

The word "socialist" conveys about the same meaning to the person who takes his political opinions "ready-made" from his party newspaper or the lips of the stump orator as did the word "heretic" to the mind of the priest-ridden ignoramus of the dark ages. He does not know in the least what it means; but he has been told that it was something subversive of existing conditions, revolutionary and "horrid." If the "over two hundred" citizens who signed that petition were examined separately as to what they understood by "socialism" the great probability is that no two of them would give the same or anywhere near the same definition. If they were further questioned as to whether they had read or listened to arguments pro and con in relation to the subject, or had given sufficient thought or study to enable them to form an intelligent opinion, it is more than probable that not ten per cent. of the whole number could truthfully answer in the affirmative. It would probably be found that some of them pictured the socialist as a terrible, wild-eyed, long-haired and not over-clean *sans culotte* fitted out with sword and torch and conspiring with his fellow-anarchists to set up a "reign of terror" and dynamite or execute every one who had a dollar and a half more than himself. Others would say that he was a man who wanted a general division of property, and still others that he was a crack-brained enthusiast who did not know what he wanted; but all would agree that he was a person who desired to change the present order of things.

If the existing conditions were so perfect that any improvement was impossible then would their contention have some weight—their opposition some basis in reason. But the same newspaper stated that on Christmas day the Salvation Army (to their honor be it spoken) furnished a free dinner to several hundred destitute

people of the same city. It is not a large city and is one in which prosperity is a good deal above the average, while abject poverty is far below the percentage of that of the great cities. Yet the fact is stated that there were several hundred persons there who were dependent upon charity for a meal on that day. This would not indicate that the conditions existing at the time were the best possible.

Doubtless not only the signers of that petition but many million others would fold their hands and quote the words of Jesus: "The poor ye have always with you." This was as true in his day as in the present; but neither the words of the Elder Brother nor the dictates of humanity nor common sense indicate that "the poor ye *shall* have always with you." Dire poverty, like wasting pestilence, is an evil. Permanent existence of any evil is not contemplated in the Divine Law of Love. Suffering is the result of error or of infraction of the divine law by the individual or the race. When the error is corrected, harmony with the beneficent law restored, the function of suffering is accomplished and it ceases.

Under improved social conditions such of the guests of the Salvation Army as, from disease or infirmity, were unable to support themselves, would be comfortably provided for by the public; not as a matter of charity but as their right. The able-bodied ones would have their duties assigned them and be compelled to do their share of the world's work. Disease and infirmity, (except that incident to old age) being largely the result of improper social conditions, rectification of the errors would soon reduce these evils to a minimum. The majority of mankind loves to tread in a beaten path. Though that path be crooked and rough, encumbered with stones that bruise and briars that tear them, yet because their ancestors walked in it, most men prefer it to the broad, smooth, direct but *untried* road that lies so near at hand. For the man who points to the better way, or who even suggests that there may be such, the terms "anarchist," "heretic," "traitor" are but mild epithets of condemnation, and the popular demand now, as of old, is "crucify him! crucify him!"

Doubtless the most of the signers of this petition for the removal of Mr. Edwards thought that they were really acting for "the best interests of the students," and so also thought the inquisitors when

condemning a batch of "heretics" to the flames of the *auto-da-fe* that they were acting for the best interests of *their own* religious belief. The animus in both cases is the same, springing from ignorance of the nature of the thing they are fighting and a mental indolence which renders them more prone to accept ready-made opinions than to seek a knowledge of its real character.

It is unfortunate that whenever any movement is inaugurated tending either to the physical or spiritual evolution of the race, a number of people at once spring into notice who, either through an overwrought enthusiasm or a desire to exploit the new ideas for their own advantage or profit, fly to such extremes as to make the whole matter ridiculous or repulsive to the average thinker. These extremists and fanatics do incalculably more harm to the movement than its most virulent opponents. The hermits, anchorites and other wild enthusiasts of the early period of Christianity, by their unclean and barbarous modes of life, their asceticism and their wild utterances, greatly hindered the general acceptance of the noblest code of ethics ever offered to humanity, and the propounders of unbelievable dogmas and exploded superstitions are today their worthy successors and with a like result. The frauds and wild enthusiasts who attached themselves to modern spiritualism have brought the whole matter into such disrepute that thousands of thinking people will not seriously investigate a subject that is fraught with immense interest and is of vital importance. The extravagant claims of some Christian Scientists as to miraculous results attained by them is retarding the investigation and acceptance of one of the most, if not *the* most important truths ever reflected from the Universal Mind into the mind of man—the power and influence of the spiritual principle over the health and well-being of the physical organism.

Socialism is, unfortunately, no exception to this rule; on the contrary, it has been handicapped with perhaps a larger ratio of this undesirable class. People connect certain physical images with certain words. The idea or image that the word "socialist" calls up in the minds of people like our petitioners is that of a dirty, unkempt, ignorant and indolent personage, holding forth in a beer-house about the "rights of man" and advocating a general and forcible division of all property and a social condition such

as obtained when "there was no judge in Israel and every man did what was right in his own eyes." It does not matter in the least that they see that Mr. Edwards is a well-dressed, well-educated, well-behaved gentleman, as are very many other socialists within their knowledge. He is a "socialist" and the real man disappears from their mental vision and his place is taken by the ideal monster surrounded by a pestilential atmosphere or aura which may be "imbibed" like malaria by the students whom he is instructing in grammar or algebra, and, like the enchantments of Circe, convert them from well-behaved boys and girls into such "socialists" as exist in their imagination.

Suppose that one of these honest people who desire socialists to "get off the earth" because their tenets "do not tend to the best interests" of the people is asked to define his reasons for holding this belief. His assigned reason would probably be what he remembered of an article that he had read in his party newspaper; but his real "reason," if he were sufficiently conscious of it and could be induced to state it, would probably be something like this: "A socialist is not a democrat (or republican, as the case may be) and the paper that I read and all the orators that come around before election time say that a strict adherence to the principles of the democratic(or, the republican) party is the only safeguard for the prosperity of the country and the rights of the citizen."

If by argument and the presentation of proof one of this class of persons can be convinced that a socialist is but one who desires the establishment of conditions under which each citizen should, while faithfully and fully performing his own life-duties, so regulate such action that it would redound to the benefit of the whole community, and by consequence the whole community would safeguard the rights, welfare and happiness of each member thereof; then does the opponent of socialism offer some or all of the following reasons for his opposition to this "heresy":

(1) That such a condition would, by offering no incentive for individual effort, tend to hinder evolution of the race.

(2) That the support and care of himself and his family furnishes full occupation for the working-life of each individual allowing no surplus of energy to be devoted to the welfare of others.

(3) That such conditions would be favorable for allowing the indolent and selfish to "shirk" their share of responsibility and exertion, thus increasing the burdens of the industrious and honest.

These are the objections most frequently urged. Are they valid? The socialist thinks they are not. As regards the first: we ask why such social conditions would offer no incentive for individual exertion? At present the incentive to individual effort is generally the desire for the acquisition of wealth or property; but, perhaps in the majority of cases it is not so much the possession of the mere wealth that is desired as the consideration, approbation and respect which is accorded by others to its possessor. The desire for the approval of their fellow-beings is inherent in the great majority of mankind. Under our present system the struggle for livelihood, made doubly onerous by the necessity for constant effort to guard against the encroachments or dishonesty of fellow-men, allows no time for the thought-conception—no energy for the execution of acts that would win this desired approbation or fame. But, given conditions under which each person was *assured* of a comfortable livelihood in return for his honest exertions—safely assured of this, and also that he knew that his fellow-citizens were one and all his comrades and co-workers, interested in the welfare of himself and his family instead of being careless or inimical, then what an opportunity and incentive would be opened to that man to think great thoughts, perform noble deeds that would win him approbation and fame.

The upward steps in evolution of the race are rarely the result of individual exertion. The conceptions or evolving thoughts are often reflected from the Infinite Mind into that of but one or a few of mankind; but, the manifestation of the thought in the evolution of the race to higher planes of spiritual or physical being can only be accomplished by the united will and united effort of the many. A social system under which that will and that effort could be readily and forcefully united would as surely result in greater progress in evolution than the present, as would the efforts of a well-disciplined army be more effectual than those of a disorganized mob.

As regards the second objection, relating to the care of the family. Every true socialist will indorse the saying of Paul, that "whoso provideth not for his own has denied the faith and is

worse than an infidel." The desire to protect, provide for, educate and establish the best conditions within his power for his family is one of the best characteristics of the best men. Under the present social system, however, the man is in danger of losing the means of doing these things and that from causes that are wholly outside of his control. The mechanic or laborer may lose his employment because of "dull times" or be stricken down by sickness or accident. The merchant may be bankrupted by "bad debts," bank failures or unjust competition. Even the wealthy are not safe, as any one of many causes may reduce the wealthiest to penury. So interwoven are the relations of man with man that any one of these causes of trouble affects all. The failure or even the financial embarrassment of the wealthy manufacturer, or trust, or railroad company, throws thousands of men out of work and causes the dull times, and the bad debts that bankrupt the merchant and add all his clerks and employees to the army of the unemployed. The failure of many merchants involves that of the manufacturers who have supplied them with goods and adds all their workers to the distressed classes. Under such conditions this most laudable desire of the man to provide for his family becomes a cause for selfishness, greed, and too often of dishonesty. In this respect each man is in the position of a savage and must protect his own by all means at his command against the results of aggression, competition or dishonesty on the part of others; or like the savage, he may combine with a small clique or tribe of others whose interests may coincide with his own and this tribe, "trust" or "union" again, by all means, protect themselves in their own interest without any regard for the welfare of the rest.

Under a social system which *guaranteed* to each member, in return for his well-directed industry during the working years of his life, a comfortable subsistence in healthful environment for those dependent on him, with necessary education for the children, how different would be the man's position. The motive for selfishness and dishonesty would be eliminated, and a motive for altruism and brotherly feeling substituted for it. He would cheerfully so regulate his conduct and relations with his fellow-men that his exertions for the support of his own family would also tend to the benefit of all others, because he was assured that the efforts of

all others would inure to the benefit of his own. He would willingly become amenable to all rules and regulations tending to that end. He would not consider the small amount he would have to contribute toward the support of such families as had, from disease or accident, lost their means of support, because he knew that his own in like case will be similarly provided for. Unharassed by fears for the future, relieved from the necessity of guarding against his brother-man, and regarding him as his friend and a co-laborer for the benefit of all, would not the man's capacity for effective work in whatever might be his field of effort, be vastly increased and his opportunity for giving cherishing care and attention to his family be greatly widened? The socialist argues that such would be the results.

To the last and most frequently urged objection—that, if relieved from the absolute necessity of self-support, many men would shirk all responsibility and become mere burdens upon society, the socialist says that there would be no obligation upon the part of society to provide for such persons, and that “the law of the survival of the fittest” would soon eliminate them. This law, like all other decrees of the Eternal Wisdom, admirably adapts its workings to the prevailing conditions. Suppose a company consisting in part of rough laboring men and their families and in part of students and scientists, to be permanently located in a wild country inhabited by savages. In such case the former class, on account of their physical strength, habituation to rough living, their lack of need for mental enjoyment, would survive or “persist” because the “fittest” for these conditions. The latter class would inevitably either perish or succeed in finding some means of reaching more congenial surroundings. So in a society in which altruism was the rule of life and a desire to promote the evolution of all to the highest possible planes of being, the ruling motive of those who strove most faithfully for the attainment of these ends would manifestly be the “fittest,” while the “shirker” and the selfish and dishonest would be the “unfit” and must necessarily perish or reform their character.

That the present system does not guard society from “shirkers” is amply evidenced by the hosts of criminals, sharpers, paupers and pensioners that infest all civilized countries.

There is no cause more fruitful of enmity between men and

nations than is the misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the *motives* that underlie words and actions. In this respect the socialist fares at the hands of the unthinking public as did the Jews at those of the ignorant "exhorter." He was reading the gospel to the bible-class and "expounding" as he read. Reading the account of the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, sitting upon the colt, when "the people cast their garments in the way, and cut down branches and strewed them in the way" to do him honor, the exhorter exclaimed, "Thar, my brethering, see how wicked them Jews war. Prosecution, prosecution. Trying to make his critter throw him."

A like misunderstanding of motives is what provokes enmity toward the socialist such as is described in the opening paragraph. The intelligent socialist does not seek or desire any tearing down of the framework of society, any "general division" of property, nor does he expect the sudden attainment of any Utopian condition by the race. He is but one who thinks that

"Men should not be slaves

Of a legendary virtue carved upon their fathers' graves."

He believes that the united will and effort of humanity can accomplish wondrous advances in its progress to happier and nobler conditions. He knows the advantage of organized effort continued during long periods of time over individual and sporadic attempts. He is not wedded to any special policy or plan of action; but advocates the formation of nation or race into a "committee of the whole" to formulate plans for this organization, to unite in this grand effort.

Every gain in evolution and consequent happiness for the race must be made by an approximation to harmony with the Divine Law. Knowledge of the Law is wisdom. In the General Epistle of James he says: "If any man ask wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth unto all men liberally, and it shall be given unto him." The way to "ask wisdom" on any subject is to THINK—to appeal to that principle within oneself which is a part of the Universal Mind, laying aside all prejudices and superstitions, all "saws of books" and political or sectarian bias, earnestly seeking the truth in one's own soul. All that the socialist demands of any man is that he shall ask this question of his conscience: "Are existing con-



ditions the best and happiest possible for mankind?" If the answer is that they are not, to ask again: "What is **MY** duty in aiding to better them?"

If very many men and women would do this the "wisdom" would surely come. "The Spirit of God" again would say, "Let there be light." In the effulgence of that light of wisdom all this darkness of hate, misery and fear would pass away and the "dream" of the socialist become a reality.

CHAS. E. CUMMING.

## MEDITATIONS.

### ON REVERENCE.

"Justice and reverence are the everlasting central law of this universe"—justice for all God's creatures, and reverence for all that is beautiful and good.

Reverence is appreciation of the soul of things, and is itself the soul of all true and lasting affection. Its contrapositive is that feeling which prompts to desecration. Desecration precludes or destroys love and breeds contempt of the erstwhile object of our affection. But if we reverence whom we love, then do we love them indeed. For reverential love is progressive. It expands day by day. It envelops its object more and more in a sacred atmosphere of gentleness, service and protection.

### PLEASURE.

We deceive ourselves when we imagine that the capacity for pleasure is ever without bounds, and that the satisfaction of this capacity is independent of any law. It is this idea that gives temptation its strength and breeds injurious habits and vain excesses.

### FRIENDSHIP.

I think an occasional separation, or at least one long separation in the life of a friendship is good for the permanence of that friendship. Misconceptions are revealed, meanings of things are clarified, judgments are reversed—all self-adjusted in the timeful silence of our hearts. Friendship is wine which mellows when left corked and standing quiet. The sediment of petty feelings, mutual rebukes and vexations settle to the bottom and leave the clear wholesome wine to be drawn off, ruddy with fond memories, ardent in the sunlight of present joys.

### PREJUDICES.

Prejudices, like habits, are inevitable. But we should make our prejudices as far as possible founded upon truth and not upon fiction.

A little prejudice of this kind is a good thing in its conservative tendency. It is to thought what the escapement is to the pendulum—it prevents too much oscillation and gives steadiness to the swing.

### BURIAL.

It is better to lie in a pauper's grave and have to weep at your

death one human being that you have raised and comforted, than to be buried with the pomp of a nabob and have no tear shed, but those perchance of hypocrites. In the first case there is a monument; in the last there is only a marble sepulchre.

## UNWORTHINESS.

There is no full pleasure in the possession of anything of which we feel we are unworthy. In its value and its excellence there seems a still reproach, and in its very attitude a gentle scorn.

## NOBLENES.

There should be enough nobleness in all of us to desire the happiness of those we love, even in the depths of our own misery.

## TENDER WOMEN.

Tenderness is an admirable quality, in whichever sex. But in a man it seems more a separate quality and appeals to us as beautiful only when coupled with strength; while tenderness in a woman seems to diffuse itself through her whole nature and personality. It is inherent, spontaneous, and cannot be concealed or affected. A woman's tenderness is her charity.

And by now it should be obvious, that by tenderness in women, I do not mean an indiscriminate and slipshod sentimentality such as we may discover in any weak and susceptible nature, in any romantic school girl; but something sweetly regal, of ineffable softness and dignity.

So manifest is this quality in some women that it is as if the mother instinct in them had been broadened to consider every creature in the world.

Such indeed covers a multitude of faults, and extenuates not a few sins. For there cannot be great evil in a woman who is truly tender, always at least great possibilities of good.

Truly, I think a woman's tenderness is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

## AFFECTION.

We need never be ashamed of an honest affection even though the object be unworthy. How constant and boundless is divine love, and how unworthy are we of it. Yet shall we blame God that He still loves us in spite of our perverseness and ignobleness.

I think that the love of a woman when it is sincere has in it more of this divine constancy than that of a score of men.

And how many women of the lowest and most degraded type have been lifted to surprising heights by the aspirations of an honest love in their hearts.

A love of the least for the best, of the best for the least, even a foolish love for the despicable, is worthy of reverence while it suffers, endures, and sacrifices self.

SORROW.

The great law of adjustment so orders that the sorrows which come to us are no greater than our capacities.

We may be sure that, for the most part, those who have apparently no great sorrows find their little griefs all they can endure, or that they bear their sorrows better than others, or that they have sorrows of which the world knows nothing. Still there are some who, for some reason are especially spared even from sorrow befitting their capacities.

But sorrow and suffering are imminent enough, God knows, even to the most blessed of us—or to the least blessed, if pain is a blessing. There is no joy which is not set against the background of human misery. Indeed so usual, nay so importunate, is this element of sadness in our lives that we may almost define joy as a temporary absence of sorrow.

H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

## THE HOLY PASSION.

BY FREDERIKA SPANGLER CANTWELL.

This much we know—that mind arrives at free function in man. This much we reason—that Being is purpose. This much we hope—that man *is*, to the end that he may come to *conscious immortality*.

Mind brought to individual self-consciousness in man is the bloom of the seed of life. The spirit of the shrub speaks in the bloom; for at the time of flowering the plant and tree are at their strongest, gathering substance and shaping into beauteous form with their highest energy.

We read the wonderful romance of mind in the unfolding petals of magnolia, orange bloom, lily, lotus. Man is the grandiflora of *will* out of latency. Mind has gathered and stored its material for ages out of wrecks of substance, out of each degree of decay contributing to higher forms.

One who observed and studied deeply has told us that the flower is the end and proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. We carry this still higher and conclude that the reason for man is that mind may come to its perfecting splendor of power, for an eternity of bloom. This eternity of bloom of the seed of life is conscious of itself, conscious of its power, its unfolding, its freedom.

The rose she gave him, symbolic of her love, dies while her lover treasures it. But the spirit of it is a part of that omnipotence which has spoken in the echoing aisles of man's consciousness ever since knee first bent to idol.

It would appear that if the flower is the proper object of the seed, man is the proper object of life or mind. Being is everlasting in some form, or else it is not reality. Is man that form? Is man individually that form? If not, where and what is the bloom of life—the object and end of the seed?

Man is the summit of Being expressed in Mind. Roses fade, but the rose goes on blooming forever. Men die, but man goes on living forever. Can you reach immortality by any ladder—by logic, by symbol? How long is immortality? How long is forever? Change, alone, could make it endurable to conscious indi-

viduality. If we do not carry what we love of our humanness over into the next life-experience, *we are not ourselves*. Then what is immortality? It cannot be memory, for memory has to do only with the transitory. We forget even our loves. We forget our spiritual experiences. The rapture of the supreme hour of our life becomes someday its own masquerade. But there is the sublime residuum, the spiritual bloom of these which remains with us forever. *The effect, itself, is ourself*.

Memory is kindly finite; but the soul appropriates *its own*, even while forgetting. At twenty-five what are we? Experimenters, garnering truth unconsciously. At fifty what are we? Yet harvesters; but we have turned away from the objective to the subjective; from loving, to love; from playing a part, to being that which we have evolved out of the deeps of self. Loves, successes, all dear and thrilling experiences, fade like a garden's fragrance. They were the distillations of human passion and divine yearning. Is nothing left but a dying memory? *We* are left, *we* remain. And what is this that we call ourselves? It is that everlasting passion and yearning, which journeys from material to spiritual, resigning the form for the substance. So that when we go away from this earth-life, if we carry over anything, it is that spiritual passion freed from all memory of its struggles and anguish, its vagrancy of loves and ambitions. This fondly appeals to us as possible.

Some claim they *know* that man is immortal. What we *think* we know, both by external and internal evidence, must find confirmation in the aggregate consciousness before it has a right to be classed as verity. We wait upon one another. The human idea of immortality includes memory. This is unspeakably pathetic. Not to know our dear ones, to again see them, hear their voices, fold them to our hearts, this would not be heaven. Why is human love so dear a thing to us? Because it is the very best thing we know until we discern this truth—that human love is but the dream, the rapturous dream, *the glorifying of self!* Such attempted analysis seems cruel; but the fact that human love invites it sustains us.

The rapturous dream! We prescribe our immortality to be sadly human, burdening it with memory. What a haunting ghost! What do we care for yesterday, for last year? Only for their thrill

in the spirit. That thrill the spirit assimilates and the provoking cause is forgotten. This is not memory in the human sense. But it is spiritual memory, it is evolution; it is loyalty to the highest; It is that ultimate bloom of the seed whose everlasting desire is Godward. In the spiritual growth of a man is the spiritual growth of a world. The bloom that expresses God. Millions of these perpetual blossoms come and go—the agents of Eternal Purpose.

Immortality! Robbed of its hope, we are stoics: the very sunshine is a mockery. We go to and fro—the earth no longer responsive to beauty nor enthusiasm. The glow fades out of life. We feel the despair of defeat; the frenzy of remorseless despotism; the debasement of utter nothingness. It is the idea, the hope of future life which sustains humanity, which justifies life's struggle, which has brought the world to its present splendor; for it is the seed germ of racial vigor. We are not conscious of this any more than we are conscious of silence save by its contrast to sound.

We are accustomed to doubt as much as to believe. A thing that is certain is at once commonplace. Mystery has charm. There must be the unattained; the evasive; the undemonstratable; else where would hope and faith find opportunity? It is the defiant, the obdurate, that tantalizes man and tries the temper of his soul. The verdict ends the trial.

Would electricity have interested man if it had not scourged him? Would the idea of a future life interest man if it did not scourge him—torment him through his human affections, his imperishable love for mother, wife, child?—his obdurate demands for his own rights? Electricity subjugated, man's attention passes by natural law to the coercion of other energies. He now sails the skies. And he will not rest with that victory. There are other worlds! Great feats in physics are not alone what man is adapted to. His adjustment is potentially all-comprehensive, correlated to the whole environment—all its unexplored heights and depths. He will go on and on to thousands of triumphs;—but always there must be *The Supreme*. Yes;—it is a thrilling thought! There is something too glorious for man to behold in this life; too dazzling for human understanding! We rise to-day as on wings in the sky. The subliminal is the goal. We are led spiritually, though we think we are great physicists.

As gravity holds us safely by its law to our work here on earth, so does this hope of another life bind us to a future life. Gravity is negation: Immortality is affirmation. They are the opposite ends of the pole. Something draws all manifestations of force to its own perfecting. What is that Something? Is it not the omnific power which sustains the universe? Is it not the unconquerable relation of correspondence? That which makes correspondence between Being and action, is Law. Some call it Love. That is a pleasing figure, though misleading; it is capable of a sentimentality which wearies one. This Law holds the Cosmos in that permanence of relation which guarantees to man that scientific steadfastness by which he establishes life's functions, and the significance of phenomena and their inter-relations. It is this Law which has created the state, the nation, the court of justice, the prison, the trust, the socialist, the whole world of activities and miseries. This drawing forth out of the eternal fountainhead of power demonstrates an inexhaustible supply, ensuring a continuously evolving environment corresponding to a continuously developing organism in man. Optimism has no other premise than this great fact. Man's wonderful organism is the blossom of inscrutable mind, the outcome of a force that knows no satiety. That is the "Forever," that insatiable force which scorns defeat. It says with easy confidence, "Of course there is a future life! of course we go on and on, for that is the intent, the law." Man's fine, daring capacity is subduing all energies to his most splendid requirements; thus bringing about that perfect correspondence which is perfect life.

Recall Mr. Spencer's words: "Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficacy with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge." A perfect environment is not a thing itself, it is relative. Place a savage in a civilized environment and where is he relatively? This fact so carefully stated by Mr. Spencer should bid Socialists pause. Men cannot be legislated into fitness for anything. Create an ideal environment and let humanity, *as it is*, loose in it and what would result? Man and the environment are constantly at sword's points. Men use this fact for religious, political and commercial capital, *ignoring its call to duty*. This warfare between men (not man)



and the environment makes life both tolerable and intolerable. Man must rule the environment or else environment is anarchy. We are blind indeed if we cannot see that spiritual force is the supreme, insatiable "forever" which includes and regulates all other forces: and out of it must grow all human advancement. There is nothing surer than the dependability of the supreme Law of the universe. Obedience to it produces a "gradually evolving exterior counterpart" the inevitable co-operative of its own promise.

Within the shadowy realm of the inscrutable, this Law holds its undisputed sway, beyond our vision and our following. Whatever man finds in the deeps of his own soul invincible to human discouragement, he may rely upon as truth, as verity. The idea of immortality is fixed in human thought as the very stars in heaven. It has survived the majesty of nations, and the pageantry of the world has not dimmed it. Some have laughed at it as a tremendously human idea, egotism making its most excessive demand. The psychology of it dispels this: for its very excess, and its very insistence are rooted in the soul and cry to the inner gates of heaven in the hour when human pride and vigor lie crushed, defenseless.

This insatiable desire, hope, trust, in the soul of man, native to him, created religion from the crudest to the transcendental. Primitive man cherished The Holy Passion. All the wisdom of the centuries has not taken from it nor added to it. Prophets, priests, saviors have come and gone, and it stands to-day as it stood yesterday, and as it will stand through endless to-morrows, the invincible Sphinx of this earth-life.

FREDERIKA SPANGLER CANTWELL.

## A MORAL CRISIS.

BY HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

### I.

Youth hopes to find the Gate of Happiness not merely ajar, but standing wide open, and is surprised to learn that it is only the Gate of Pleasure, that swings with every passing breeze.

A small lake sparkling in the moonlight like a huge diamond surrounded by hills of emerald; white boats gliding back and forth from moonlight to shadow, filled with graceful youths and maidens dressed in harmonious colors, with now and then a song floating over the water, gave the impression of an enchanted lakelet or a scene from fairyland. One looked for the giant's castle and hoped to catch a glimpse of the fairies themselves. One boat with two occupants engaged in a conversation which they seemed to find of interest, was nearer shore than the other boats.

"I think Max and Belle have settled matters. They were inseparable all the afternoon," remarked the girl.

"Nothing unusual about that, except that Eleanor is not with them today," replied her companion, trying to arrange his oars so that they would need no attention.

"I wonder why she did not come?"

"Office duties probably. But there they are, Max and Belle, still inseparable—in that boat just leaving the point."

"How can you tell so far away?"

"A gleam of pink across the wave. Blue eyes and golden hair, pink dress and moonlight on the water, what could be more fetching? No wonder Max surrendered."

"Don't be sentimental and don't talk slang! But really, I think Mabel's birthday boating party is a success, don't you?"

"Quite a success. No doubt two or three engagements will soon be announced. That is what you girls call a success, isn't it?"

The pretty girl sitting at the end of the boat, filling her hands with water and throwing it towards the moonlight, so that it looked like great melting pearls as it fell back into the lake, ignored the young man's question, and continued, "I wish I had command of

moonlight and summer breezes and the weather in general as Mabel seems to have. It never rains at her parties. But where are we drifting? We are too near shore. The shadows will spoil my pearls."

"Max is rowing this way. Let us drift into the shadows until they pass. Dearest, I want you to set our wedding day. Can it not be soon, sweetheart?"

"Perhaps. I think they will not care to wait long."

"They? Who? What do you mean?"

"Max and Belle."

"What have they to do with our wedding day?"

"When we were children, before Belle went away to live with her aunt, we promised each other that we would be married in church together. I rather think we agreed to marry the same man—but we have changed that part of it."

"A double wedding. So—that is why you are so interested in Belle's affairs?"

"Max has been so slow in speaking that Belle offered to release me from my promise, but I felt sure something would happen soon. Max's inheritance simplifies matters for them. His mother's illness has made her so irritable that she is extremely hard to get on with and it took all of Max's salary to satisfy her. Now there will be enough for her and Belle too. I am so glad for them."

"How will Eleanor take it?"

"She likes Max."

"Yes, I know she does. Before Belle came back I used to think it would be Max and Eleanor some day."

"I had thought of that too—but they are so near of an age. My mother says their mothers used to call them twins. Eleanor is so grave and serious she really seems older than Max. You never see her without a book in her hand. I think it is much more suitable as it is—don't you?"

"It suits me all right. Probably Eleanor is in no need of our sympathy. You and Belle must get together and discuss wedding days. And yet—I can't get it off my mind. You girls understand each other pretty well. Do you suppose that it has ever occurred to Belle that she may be interfering with her sister's happiness?"

"Never! Eleanor has been both mother and sister to Belle,

and Belle really thinks that it is Eleanor's dearest wish that she shall marry Max—and I think so too. What could be more satisfactory all around?"

"What indeed? But—how old is Eleanor?"

"Belle and I, as you very well know, will be nineteen our next birthday and Max and Eleanor are—several years older! Are you satisfied, Mr. Inquisitive?"

"Quite so, Miss Impertinent."

"What a trial it is to live in a little old fashioned town where nothing ever happens but birthdays and where everybody knows everybody else's age."

"And everybody knows everybody else's grandmother and great grandfather."

Their boat drifted quietly out of the moonlight into the shadow, as the boat containing the girl with the pink dress glided swiftly across the broad band of moonlight which glittered on the bosom of the lake, like the fairies' stairway to heaven. Max was rowing toward the shore.

"When shall we tell her," he asked.

"To-night. I never keep any secrets from Eleanor. It is not late, not more than nine. She reads until ten."

"Then we will have to leave the lake?"

"Yes, it is beautiful here, but it is time to go soon. You are very dear to Eleanor, Max. I am so glad of that. I could not bear to marry anyone that she disliked. She has often said that you seemed like a brother. She will be glad that you are to become so in reality."

"You must both have wondered that I waited so long without speaking. But it was a matter of finances. My salary was low, and mother was not willing to leave this little town where she had lived all her married life. I could not ask her to leave her friends and go among strangers when her health was failing. She is the dearest mother in the world, Belle, but she is not the woman she was a few years ago. My salary would not permit all the luxuries she desired, but now that the inheritance has come, she can have anything she wants that money can buy. There is money enough for us all, Belle. We will have a new home big enough for us all, including Eleanor. She need not stay in that stuffy office

any longer. I know she must hate it, although she never says so. She shall come and live with us."

"I am so glad you are planning for Eleanor too, Max. She has been so good to me and I have had no way of repaying her. We have been very happy together, Max, Eleanor and I—you know that."

"Yes, it has seemed to me sometimes that your life was as near the ideal as we often get in this practical money-loving world of ours. Sometimes I have felt almost guilty at thought of disturbing it. But Eleanor has always been my 'kleine schwester' as mother called her. It sometimes seemed to me that I had two mothers, my own and yours. I would not think of asking you to desert your sister—our sister! Her home must be with us. And we will have a library even large and imposing enough to suit Eleanor, and she shall select most of the books."

"All that is very delightful and Eleanor would enjoy it, but she has earned money too long to be happy without an income. She must have money of her own."

"We will make her an allowance."

"She would not take it from you—not if she knew it. She would not feel that it was her own. Eleanor is proud and independent in certain ways. She has peculiar ideas about money. When people go out of this world and can no longer use their money, she does not deny their right to give it to someone. That someone, she acknowledges, has a right to accept it. But with the money goes the responsibility of making a good use of it. She would say that an inheritance must be used for the common as well as the individual good."

"It would change the face of the world and the relations of men to each other, if that idea should be carried out. Eleanor has good ideas, and the ability to live up to them, but I am too anxious about a little happiness for myself to think too much of the other fellow's side. He must do some looking out for himself. I really think I have not had quite my share of happiness so far."

"I wonder if we all feel that way? Perhaps we do, for I have had the same thought. But we were talking of Eleanor and the money question. She really thinks people ought not to have anything unless they earn it. She thinks that everybody that is well

and capable ought to do some kind of useful work. We all ought to help towards making the world a delightful place to live in. People should be well paid for their labor, and the pay should be according to the value of the work done. But if one inherits money so that one does not need to work for a living, then one's life work is owed to the community."

"The theory is all right for those who care to put it in practice. But I confess to a longing to make my fortune increase. I shall not forget the other fellow entirely,—but I want to see the world, when opportunity offers."

"So do I. We cannot all be Eleanors. But is it not possible to arrange it so Eleanor can carry out her wishes, and be happy in her own way?"

"What are her wishes?"

"I think she would like to use her life for what she considers the common good, instead of trying to earn money with it. You know about the reading room for boys that she has started here in the village?"

"Yes, and it is a good thing, too. The pool room is at a discount now. The young boys are more interested in the magazines and games she has there than anyone supposed they would be. She shall have all the money she needs to carry that on."

"You remember her visit to Chicago last winter?"

"Yes, you went to the office, and was not considered a brilliant success at office work."

"I got things into a sad muddle—but I could learn if necessary."

"Undoubtedly—but it will not be necessary."

"While Eleanor was in Chicago, she went to Hull House, met Miss Addams and was delighted with her and the work she is doing. Eleanor often speaks of it. She would like to help in work of that kind, if she could have a little income for her personal needs."

"Perhaps it can be managed. What would you suggest?"

"Perhaps I am asking too much, Max, but I want you to think it over and see if we can afford to do it. Now is our opportunity, and there may not be another. You know the doctor has told Mr. Carver he has not more than a month to live. He sent for me the other day to talk about his will. You know father had a little

money in the business and it never was taken out. Mr. Carver said he understood from father that I was to inherit from Aunt May, and Eleanor was to have the interest in the business, and asked me if that was satisfactory to me. I said it was. He then said as he had no heirs, he should will his interest to Eleanor also. It is not enough to make her independent, but it will help. You told me that there were five thousand dollars in good six per cent. bonds in your inheritance, besides the land and mining stock. I wish we could afford to place that in Mr. Carver's hands, and let him will it to Eleanor as part of his estate. She would accept it then and feel as if it were hers. We would never tell her, and she could live her own life in her own way. When we build our house we will build rooms for her, and she shall furnish them to suit herself. She will live with us when she wishes. Max, can we afford to spare that five thousand?"

"For Eleanor, I think we can. I will see Mr. Carver. He will be glad too. I think we can arrange it so she need never know where the money comes from. I had been struggling with the problem too—how to free her from the office and yet leave her independent. This is a better way than I had thought of, although it takes a little more money at first. Yes, Belle, we will do it!"

"Thank you, Max. You are making me very happy."

"I have granted your request, I wonder if you will grant mine?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power. How could I refuse you anything reasonable?"

"Belle, dear, I wanted to ask you to marry me a year ago at Mabel's birthday party, but the financial situation would not permit. I need you to help plan and build the new house. Will you not come to me soon, very soon, Belle?"

The boat had been floating in the moonlight for some time. Belle was looking across the shining water and did not answer immediately. When she turned towards him there were tears in her eyes.

"O Max, you have been so good to us! It shall be just as you wish—whenever you please."

"Then I will row ashore immediately. We will find our hostess, take a moonlight walk and ask Eleanor to help us set the wedding day."

## II

He who walks through the Fields of Contentment will arrive at the Gate of Happiness.

"But I want to be happy too! I ask so little of life. . . . It seems hard that I cannot have that little. My world is shattered. What am I to do? How can I pick up the thread of life and go on? The thread of my life is broken . . . broken. O it is hard! it is hard!"

Eleanor burst into convulsive sobs which shook her whole frame. She was alone. She had walked out of the little town and climbed this hill to be alone. In the intensity of her emotion she threw herself face downward in the long cool grass at the foot of the tree. Why should she longer attempt to conceal her grief? There were no witnesses here except the sunshine and the wind, the trees, the blue sky, the grass and the birds. It was a bright sunny day. She had been sitting at the foot of a large tree near the top of the hill. Before her was a grassy valley threaded by a narrow stream, glittering in the sunshine. Cows and horses were at pasture on one side of the stream, and a flock of very white sheep on the other. At her right was the little lake. It was a pretty landscape and spoke of peace and contentment, but Eleanor was not in the mood to enjoy it. Her doll was broken! Not only had the sawdust come out, but the doll itself was hopelessly injured. There was no possibility of repairing it. She had said this to herself with bitter irony while she was planning her walk to the hill. And no other doll could be found to take its place, for she was a grown-up woman, and this had been the only doll for which she cared. And now it was broken. It must be put away out of sight, out of memory even. She must forget that she ever had such a doll. She must not let other people know that she had ever indulged in such a dream. Did Max Know? Did he suspect? And Belle, did she suspect? They must never, never know. Had she betrayed herself last night when they came home so happy and asked her to help set the wedding day? No, for it was not entirely unsuspected. She had felt that the blow was coming and tried to prepare herself for it. She had scarcely had time to think it over until now. An unexpected half-holiday at the office gave her a chance for this walk to the hill.



Her first attempt at serious connected thought had led to these convulsive sobs, and an outcry for her fading happiness. She had always felt that every human being had a right to be happy. In later years she had held that happiness was not only a right, but a duty; that every well conducted life brought its measure of happiness; that the inner life, not outward circumstances, was the controlling cause of that discontent which leads to unhappiness.

Where were all her fine theories now? Were they too flimsy to stand the test of real life? At the first touch of adversity would they disappear from her mental vision and leave her wandering in a labyrinth of darkness? O for a burst of sunshine to clear away these mists which were clouding her brain!

Suddenly she sat up and addressed herself with a burst of indignation.

"Am I a child unable to face things because they are disagreeable? Belle would do better. He is wise to choose Belle! I am a weakling, shaken like a reed by the first wind of adversity. My added years have failed to give me added wisdom. I must look at the situation calmly. What is my complaint against present conditions? Let it be clearly stated:

"The man I love prefers another. He has asked her to marry him, and she has consented. Their wedding day is set. And I, instead of rejoicing with them, am mourning over my own loss. Loss of what? His love? I never had it. If he had loved me he would not have chosen Belle. I deceived myself. It is easy to deceive one's self when one wishes to be deceived. I loved him so much I thought he must love me. But others thought so too. Father spoke of it before his death. He was glad that I had chosen so well. Max would make a good husband. He was right. Max will make a good husband. But—I had chosen! Max had not! To Max I was but a friend, his very best girl friend—but not his sweetheart! I can see it plainly now, but I could not see it then. My eyes were blinded instead of sharpened by my own love. And now—the dream of years has proved but a dream. I must face realities. Did Max intend to deceive me? No, I will not accuse him of that, even in my thought. Was I to blame for dreaming, for believing in my dream? Let me think it over and see just how it was.

"It began when we were children. He brought me the biggest red apples; he took me riding on his sled; he carved me a ring out of a button and gave it as a pledge of his affection the year that I was ten. I have it yet, that button ring. If I wanted to go anywhere he always took me—he had no sisters! His mother and mine, dear friends that they were, taught him to call me 'Kleine Schwester.' That is it. To him I was merely little sister while to me he was all things. My idol in childhood, my knight in girlhood, and in womanhood I believed him my calm, self-sacrificing lover, who would speak in good time. His salary was hardly sufficient for the needs of his exacting invalid mother, who was not willing to leave this little town where she had lived so many years, to go where Max could do better. I never blamed her, but thought it hard for Max—and for me! I have always associated my future with his. Now—I have no future!

"And then, little Belle came, our darling Belle, the sweetest, prettiest, golden haired child that ever slipped out of heaven to brighten the world. How I loved her, my baby sister. And Max too, was her devoted attendant, while she was still queen of the baby carriage. And later, when she had outgrown the baby carriage, she had a pretty red cart, and a sleigh, and Max and I often took her to the lake where we children waded in summer and skated in winter. And we three were always company, and never a crowd—until now! And they try to make me welcome now, but I know they would rather be by themselves. And then mother died, and Belle went to live with Aunt May in the city and I stayed to keep house for father. Belle had many advantages and she made good use of them. How proud we were of her. And when father's health failed and he could go to the office no longer, I went. Other girls tell me that my work is light and pleasant compared with theirs. But I am so tired of office work! I want a home, a home of my own—not merely a boarding place! I never expected to have to do office work always!

"And then Belle returned. How happy we were together. Max called oftener than ever. And then, when Max's inheritance came and lifted him beyond financial difficulties, how happy I was. The air castles that I built! He would speak soon! No more office work for me! A good house and plenty of books, and the new

magazines, and a music room for Belle, with a fine piano. We would keep the old one in the living room for the good it had done, and in memory of the pleasant hours we had passed with it. But Belle should have a new one. And Max would help me with my boys' reading room, and we would add other rooms, and perhaps have evening lectures and concerts. O, I had so many, many plans to help those who need help, that I felt Max would aid me in carrying out. But I can never earn enough money myself to do it. All those plans must fail, like my dream of happiness. And when we went to Europe, I intended that Belle should go with us. I never forgot to plan for her! She was a central figure in my air castles. Part of my anticipated happiness consisted in the thought that I could add to Belle's happiness. But she has no thought for me. That is part of the bitterness. I could not expect Max to plan for me more than he always has. But Belle—I did not think I was so little to her that she would forget me entirely in her new happiness. She will have it all—Max's love, the new house, the music room, the trip to Europe, and I can stay on in the office for weary years to come. Perhaps they will invite me to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with them! O Belle, I never knew you! I thought I was as much to you as you have been to me! I thought you loved me as I love you! But I was as bitterly mistaken as I was in Max's love. You loved me while I protected you from the hardships of life, but now that I am no longer needed, you forget to include me in your future! I am cast aside like an old glove that has seen its best days! But if you should happen to need me in some of the emergencies of life, no doubt you will pick me up and use me awhile. I ought to be glad to be of use, but I am hungry for a little happiness for myself. . . I did love Max. I thought he loved me."

Eleanor covered her face with her hands to shut out the brilliant happy sunshine, and again burst into sobs like a tired grieved child. She had come to the hill, one of the favorite haunts of her childhood, to have it out with herself. In the office and at home she must keep up appearances. What would Belle think if she found her crying! She did not often indulge herself in the luxury of tears, but felt that this was an occasion when it was allowable. She had said to herself that she would weep out her weep on the hill

once for all and have done with it. She would go over the whole matter carefully with herself and decide upon her future course. No one else ever came to this hill as there were others just as picturesque nearer town, so she was sure of being undisturbed. If she did indulge herself in a good cry, there would be no witnesses except the birds and the cows, and they wouldn't tell.

There was an undercurrent of shame at her weakness, for Eleanor knew well enough that crying was poor help towards straightening out the tangled threads of life. Still, while she was about it, she would cry her cry out and then she must find courage to look the situation in the face.

### III.

The Gate of Happiness is open to the one who finds happiness in the happiness of others.

The sun went under a cloud. The day grew dark and the birds forgot to sing. The hill seemed lonely and deserted. But in a few moments the cloud passed, and all the visible world was filled again with the glory of the summer sunshine. A bird lighted on a low bush a few steps in front of Eleanor, and poured forth a brilliant song. The insects joined in the chorus of gladness. All nature was rejoicing.

"Why am I not happy too? Why am I out of tune with the Infinite? Is it that I ask too much of life? That I am self-centered? Being out of harmony with my surroundings, I am a discordant note. Why? Is it because I do not rejoice in the happiness of others? These birds are singing because the sunshine makes the world beautiful. I am lamenting because the sunshine of happiness has fallen upon my sister. O, I am a weak, jealous, selfish woman! Jealous of the dearest sister in the world! Why should I expect her to plan for me? Belle is young and has not had the experiences which would teach her to plan for others. Perhaps she is planning for me. How do I know that she is not? I never told her about the air castles I built for her—how do I know how many she is building for me? They have not had time to make their plans yet, or to tell them to me. I say that I love Max, and yet I am unhappy over his happiness. Is that love, or is it only a counterfeit? Have I imagined that I was loving him when it

was only myself that I loved? Is it his happiness that I am seeking, or is it mine? He will be happy with Belle. Am I made of such poor clay that I cannot rejoice in his happiness unless he finds it in me?

"O, I can see that I am a selfish woman! I do not rejoice in their happiness. How can I? My loss is too great. It is asking too much of poor human nature. I loved Max—I thought he loved me! I thought I had read it in his eyes, in his voice. But after Belle came back there was a change! I saw it, I felt it, but I refused to acknowledge it to myself. I was always his confidant. He shared his joys and his sorrows with me—and he will yet! Belle can never be to him what I have been. Have been—there is the pang! It is hard to bear. She will be more to him in the future than I have ever been. She has youth, beauty, accomplishments that I lack. The two whom I love best in all the world are suited to each other and will be happy together, and I am lamenting over it! O, the selfishness of me! How can I look the sun in the face? The blessed sun that floods the whole world with light, and bids everyone rejoice?

"I am falling below all the standards by which I have tried to measure my life. O, I did not know I was so weak! I find myself contemptible! A slave to jealousy and selfishness! I who thought myself above jealousy! Here I am demanding of life the love which belongs to another!

"I claim to love Belle, but what sort of love is it? Is it love worth having? Am I happy because she is happy? No, I am unhappy because her happiness conflicts with mine. I do not find my happiness in hers, and that alone is true love! My love for Belle is self-love! I love her for what she can do for me. Is it possible that that is the state of the case? Is it really as bad as that? My love nothing but self-love? Would I be willing to buy my happiness at the expense of Belle's? No, that would be too dear. I could not do that! Would I be willing to buy it at the expense of Max's? No! No! That would not be happiness! I cannot build upon their loss. They must be happy too. That is essential to my happiness."

Eleanor buried her face in her hands and sat a long time in that utter silence which comes to us when the brain is too exhausted

with conflicting emotions to continue the struggle to express thought. And then it seemed as if she heard a voice, an inner, silent voice, a reproachful voice. She listened intently. What was the voice saying?

"What do you think of yourself when you come to get acquainted with yourself? Not exactly the kind of person you hoped you were—are you? Up on a hill crying your eyes out over the happiness of the two you love best! Think of it—just think of it! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Perhaps I am, but what is that to you? Why should I answer you?"

"Because it will do you good. Self analysis is profitable to the soul, but as you see, not always consoling."

"Who are you?"

"I, do you not recognize me?"

"No, I never saw you before."

"You do not see me now, but I am surprised at your obtuseness."

"Who are you?"

"Simply your Standard of Life. You adopted me several years ago. I believe you claim that you have been trying to live up to me ever since."

"I have tried, truly I have. I do not see why I could not recognize you."

"Because your eyes are blinded with the tears of passion."

"What shall I do?"

"Clear your eyes."

"How can I do that?"

"You ought to know. You do know. Conquer the lower self and live for the higher."

"I have heard that before. I am tired of hearing it. Everybody says it. Can't you tell me something new? I want to be happy. Tell me how."

"There is but one way. It is the same old road that all the human race must travel. Those who have attained the heights have traveled by this road. It has been pointed out again and again by all the great teachers of all the great nations of the world. There is no new path. There is no new method of transportation

by which humanity can ascend the toilsome steeps of the Hill of Happiness. It must be climbed step by step. Railroads cannot carry you up, nor automobiles, nor air-ships. It is still the same old road and must be traveled in the same way, and under the same guides."

"And the guides?"

"Are called Patience and Perseverance. Cultivate these qualities. Patience must be almost infinite; Perseverance continuous."

"And the way, tell me the way!"

"Remember there is but one way: Conquer self. Seek your happiness in the happiness of others."

"Self does not want to be conquered. Self wants to enjoy. I want to be happy now."

"The most of people do. They are all looking for a short easy path, but I know of none such. Still there is one encouragement; a step once gained is gained forever."

"What is the next step for me?"

"Eliminate jealousy, so that you will never feel its pangs again, and you will have climbed one step towards the Heights of Happiness."

"You are requiring much of me."

"But not too much. You can take that step if you try. Nothing can be gained without effort. The object of life is development. Never sit down and waste your time and strength whining over the inevitable, but consider the experiences of life as so much material for self-development and act accordingly."

The voice ceased. Eleanor roused herself and looked around her. She was still on the hill, but the sun was near to setting. The cattle had started home from the pasture, the birds were singing their good-night song. A gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the trees, and the low murmur of running water added to the harmony of the scene.

"Was it a dream?" she asked herself. "Or was it my higher self talking to me? It seemed like a voice, and yet there was no sound that another could hear. . . . How would a scientist explain such an experience? . . . I hardly know, now, the passionate self that came up the hill this afternoon. I feel like another person. Would a scientist say that during this struggle with bitter disap-

pointment, I had fallen under the control of the old elemental brain, built by passion and desire? And that this voice that I have just heard, is the voice of the new brain built by my later, higher, more mature self? Or was it the voice of Duty? Or was it what my Methodist grandmother would call the 'Voice of Conscience?' Whatever it is, it has helped me to see my path in life and given me strength to follow it. And it is not such a dreary path! Instead of the ideal wife, I will try to be the ideal sister. And when the children come I will be the ideal aunt! When I am too old to work in the business world, I will go to Belle and Max and they will welcome me. I shall have enough saved for my needs, so I shall be no burden financially. I will prove myself worthy of their love so that it may grow and increase with the years. I see sunshine ahead. When courage fails I will come out on the hills and gain strength. The problems of life are more easily solved out here. Discontent rides away on the wings of the wind. I have found the way and I will strive to follow it! My path leads through the Fields of Contentment—perhaps it will take me to the Gate of Happiness."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.



## JOSEPH'S VISION.

Oh Love, oh Life, oh God of Israel,\*  
Holy Spirit thou through all the ages!  
From henceforth teach thy sons to know thee well  
Through this Child, foretold in prophet pages.

Tell all the sons of Adam not to fear,  
Tell them thy Higher Law is manifest;  
That there are vital forces ever near  
When man shall learn that Love divine is best.

Lift *thou* the veil from off their earth-born eyes,  
Lighten the world's dark night by vision clear;  
By winged angel message through the skies  
Re-echo 'Fear not, Joseph,† do not fear!'

And all the wondrous vision brought to me,—  
All the heavenly voices in my soul  
I would that other men might hear and see,  
Love as I have loved, and touch the goal  
Of glory in eternity!

I would have cast her from me! She,—  
Peeress above all woman-kind,  
The purest in mentality—  
So far above the earthly mind,  
Above the gross humanity,—

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\*(Mat. I. 20) He recalls the angelic message

† Mat. I. 20.

She seemed in contact with the throne  
 On high ; royal in her dignity,  
 And yet a child ! I might have known  
 Her faith, and trust, and purity  
 Came from her soul's divinity !

*Put her away?\** Oh, bless the night  
 When daylight shone, and angel voice  
 Visioned and whispered still and bright  
 The Spirit's law,—man's final choice,  
 And bade my troubled heart rejoice !

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE VISION.†

Ever before my eyes the Vision stands,  
 Clear and distinct, I see it now !  
 Two pearly gates swing open.‡ Two angel  
 Forms in obeisance bow their heads,  
 And bend to earth a vivid sword of flame.  
 Beyond—outspreads the common world,  
 The world of pain, of sorrow and of joy.  
 \*The tree-of-knowledge-good-and-evil  
 Grows without, shading all the landscape o'er,  
 Great forest of all earth-born life ;  
 Born from one seed deep hid within itself  
 Charged with unawakened Spirit :  
 Force of all life unconscious but in *Man*—  
 Image and the end of spirit !  
 Man, the cap-stone of the old creation,  
 The meeting-place of Law and Love,

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\*Mat. I. 20.

† He resumes, recalling the Vision.

‡ Gen. III. 24. (The Angels at the Gate in Eden who guard the Tree, armed with a flaming sword.)

\*Transplanted into the human world by man himself.

Whose sense of dignity and righteousness  
Claims the primal law of Spirit—  
A generation new to manifest  
Upon a higher plane of life,  
Pure and exalted far above the beast.  
Image worthy of the Spirit!  
Being worthy of the Spirit's power!

Thus my soul is charged, enlightened,  
And mine eyes illumined by the Vision.  
Things within grow clear and brighter,  
Things without pass by in hideous dream.  
Volcanic peaks far distant blaze,  
Blasting the sky and earth, like lurid hell  
Poured forth upon the changeful scene.  
Echoes of war, and horrid tumult rise,  
To still the choir of souls angelic  
Voicing and harping clear celestial sounds  
Within the gates. A path untrodden  
Leads from out this maze of earth's confusion.  
Thick shade, and intersecting branches  
Of wild Nature's rugged growth primeval  
Obscure the way to Life Divine,  
Itself safe-guarded by the blinding *Light*.

In silent haste the jeweled portals swing.  
Two snow-white doves\* like couriers guide the way  
In sweeping circles. Emblems sweet,  
Symbolic signs of Life since Adam's fall;  
Signs of the Spirit's Highest Power  
Steadily, unconsciously, advancing.  
Dove-notes fill the air in concert:

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\*(The dove was the offering for purification which poor women brought.  
There were *two*, a pair, male and female. Emblems of the Spirit.)

Like white-winged clouds the messengers arrive  
As one, from out Man's history  
To greet their honoured guests in Heaven's name,  
And bid them enter through the Gates  
The Promised Land! The whirling sword of flame  
Rests low in Angel hands, its light  
Eclipsed by Day Divine now dawning,  
The Day of Vital power and love,  
The bright eventful Day of joy and peace!

Love-borne, a man and woman come  
Along the path. Love-bound, enthralled, enwapt,  
Unconsciously they near the Door:  
Now—sweetly thrills the low angelic whisper  
In waves of music clear and still—

Hail highly favour'd blessed pair!  
    Glory in the Highest!  
The Gate of Life is open wide  
    Enter ye in Spirit!  
In Spirit taste of Life's fair Tree,  
Behold Life's hidden mystery,  
And show to all posterity  
God's image in his purity!  
    Hail Mary! Hail fair Maid!  
Hail Joseph! Be not thou afraid:  
God's will is done in Heaven above  
On earth is sown the Seed of Love!

BLAND MCLEAN.

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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## DOCTOR BOOCOÏCK'S NEW THEOLOGY.

Doctor William H. Boocock, has been pastor of the First Reformed Church of Bayonne, New Jersey, for the last eight years. For a long period he has been in a condition of doubt and uncertainty in relation to the standard doctrines of the current Calvinism. He finally after a prolonged mental conflict, resolved to speak right out what he now believes.

Upon the subject of the virgin parentage of Jesus, he remarks that scholars are threshing it out, and it would not make a great deal of difference if the conclusion should be finally accepted that there was no such thing. Real Christianity, he declares, does not depend upon the personality of Jesus, but upon what he said and did.

The Old Testament, most of it, he believes to be little more than traditions and folk-lore permeated with a spirit thoroughly religious, very valuable and helpful at the present day, but subject to the possibilities of error that all folk-lore and traditions are subject to in any country.

Daniel in the lions' den, the opening of the Red Sea before the fleeing Israelites, and all these impossible things are "mere flub dub," he declares, "and expressed in very exaggerated and figurative language at that." The prophets of olden time were seeking the best means of conveying to the minds of the people then living the religious spirit. But the things that were vehicles of those days cannot be vehicles of to-day. The prophets of those days could make the olden people believe these things. But we are a different people. We cannot make the young men of to-day believe them, and to keep on trying to do it is stultifying.

The dogmas of Protestantism were made by men in the days of the Reformation, for the needs of those who were then living. The present Church system is a heritage from a past age. In its beginnings it was necessitated by the conditions of the time. In its maturity it rendered a noble service; but in its old age it is becoming an intolerable burden. It is full of dead spots, and unless the signs are misread, it is clearly dying. This does not mean that Christianity is dying; for on the contrary it is being born again with a new and more vigorous life.

"If any Church representing Christianity is to live, it must touch the life of the people at all points. Let us away with the thought that the pastor is to talk about nothing more than the Divinity of Christ, the infallibility of the Bible, and so on, with endless firstlies, secondlies and thirdlies *ad infinitum*. Let us get out of the idea that religion is associated with black coats and Sunday."

Prayer meetings meet with no special favor. "I have told my congregation," says the Doctor, "that if they are to continue having prayer meetings, they must attend them. It is foolishly wasteful to have these things which they show by their action that they do not care for. Cut them off if they are not wanted and do not answer a real need. Cut off every part of the ancient system that is not really needed."

If Dr. Boocock is taken to task for his utterances it will probably be, not because he thinks them, but because he says them. But heresy trials are more of a jest than a terror, and sensible people are finding it out.

#### DEVISING THE MARCONIGRAPH.

A boy of fourteen was observing the tricks of a conjurer. The man was using an electrical apparatus. The thought came to him to try something equal to it. He fastened tin biscuit-boxes to poles at different heights, one being connected with an electric transmitter, and the other with a receiver that he made himself. In this way he achieved the invention of wireless telegraphy. That boy was Guglielmo Marconi. When he became twenty-one years old, he made his way to London, and exhibited his discovery to the scientists of England.

## A LONG JOURNEY.

Professor Thomson, the English savant stated that a pinch of radium, would give out sufficient force to propel a ship across the Atlantic ocean. But it would require two thousand years for the voyage.

Meanwhile, the radium would be decomposed into lead, helium, and several unnamed elements.

## NOT NEWTON'S DOG.

Sir Isaac Newton having worked out an abstruse problem, discovered too late that his favorite dog had destroyed his notes. "Ah, Fido," he exclaimed, "thou hast no knowledge of the mischief thou hast done."

But this story is fairly supplemented by another from the *Saturday Post*. There were two clergymen, who always read their sermons without protest from their congregations. One Sunday they exchanged pulpits. The morning that he was to occupy his neighbor's pulpit, one of them found that his dog had been playing with the manuscript sermon and chewed it past legibility. He was compelled to preach extemporaneously, but prefaced it with an apology, laying the blame on the dog. He spoke with vehemence and conviction, fluent to his own surprise and charming all by his eloquence. As he descended from the pulpit at the close of the exercises, an aged sister hurried forward to salute him. As she extended her hand she exclaimed: "That was a noble sermon." Then taking a breath she added: "If that dog of yours has pups, I wish you would send one to our minister."

## HOW TEXAS WAS NAMED.

In 1833 a party of horsemen crossed the Sabine river, for adventure and new homes. As they were riding along, two of them struck up the two improvised lines:

"When other States reject us  
This is the one that always takes us."

The last two words became "Texas," which was for long years simply a region of refugees.

## A JEW MAYOR OF ROME.

Ernest Nathan has been elected Mayor of the City of Rome. There is some commotion over the occurrence, but the choice in the matter of merit is excellent. The father of Mayor Nathan was a warm friend and supporter of Giuseppe Mazzini, and widely praised both as a patriot and philanthropist. The vote in the City Council stood 60 in favor to 12 opposed; the opposition being chiefly sentimental. The transition has been a slow one. Imperial Rome was foremost to consign the Jews to a ghetto for residence; the Eternal City leads all Europe in placing a Jew at the head of its government. Some seventy and more years ago, however, New York had as Mayor, Mordecai M. Noah, a leading publicist and editor.

## SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The number of persons killed on railroads during the year ending June 30th, 1907, exceeds five thousand. The number maimed and otherwise injured is counted, of course, by the tens of thousands.

The losses by fires in the City of New York for a single year is over eight million dollars; those from burglary during the same period exceeded fifteen millions.

## A CONVERSION.

A clergyman was preparing certain of his parishioners for the ordinance of confirmation. One was an old woman excessively ignorant and at the same time difficult to make comprehend an idea. He finally had begun to hope that his labor had not been in vain. She seemed to understand. Just at the beginning of the ceremony, he, to make sure, asked her:

"Do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?"

Dropping a courtesy and smiling, she replied: "Aye, thank'ee, I do now; and thank God, I heartily renounce them all."

## ANCIENT INDIAN TREATMENT OF DROPSY.

In the work entitled by Charaka, there is a treatment prescribed for abdominal dropsy which is declared to result in its actual cure. The patient is first to be tapped, and the accumulated fluid drawn



off. Afterward "the patient must fast; and then take a thin water gruel of corn or rice, particularly avoiding fats and salt. For the next six months he should live on milk only. For the next three months he should live on the aforesaid gruel mixed with milk. For the final three months he should live on boiled rice and milk, still carefully avoiding salt." The writer declares very positively: "Conducting himself thus for one year, one may conquer abdominal dropsy, even when very pronounced."

### HER MISSION.

The little incident I am going to relate will in all probability be scouted by the incredulous as the constructive imagination of a morbid brain, or a veridical hallucination of a mother, mad with grief. But those who believe (as we of the supersensible world do) in psychic phenomena,—that a disembodied soul can communicate with the embodied one, will no doubt listen with interest to another confirmative proof of the continuance of life beyond this sphere, and the desire and ability of those who have gone there, to help us for the good.

To the former, I wish emphatically to state, that I was never more rational, or in sounder mental health than when it occurred; and if I live for a hundred years, I shall not forget the apparition, (the divine illumination, I would rather call it) or the lesson it taught me.

Since then, I have become a firm believer in supernaturalism and the spirits, and look upon it all as a revelation from the Unseen.

I will not describe in detail, the pathos of the death scene of my only child—a beautiful girl, of nearly five years; old for her age, owing to her constant companionship with me, while sharing the shame and misery of a drunkard's home. Frequent quarrels, complaints and bickerings, which are the inevitable outcome of habitual intemperance tended to crush the merriment that should live in the soul of a little child, consequently she was old beyond her years. At that time, noting all of this, I was becoming bitter to what seemed to me to be a cruel world. The father, through the unlimited sale of liquor, becoming absorbed by the influence of the bottle, ignored the divine spirit of his child as well as the comforts of his home. The mind of the child instead of being stunted by

the discord that surrounded her, overgrew it—the mind of the child outgrew the body and the body died.

During her failing health, not long before the time of dissolution, she admonished me often in her childish way, never to leave her father, which I had often threatened to do. "Don't leave him, Mother," she would say, "he'll be a good pap some day, poor old pap! God bless him." Tears would well into my eyes on hearing her. I could not bless him, so that whole duty fell upon her and she knew it.

Words cannot express my anguish as I watched her in my solitude—her peaceful passing over to another realm.

As I implored her to speak to me once more, her lips moved with an endeavor to say something, but no sound was audible; and so she left me for a while with the words unsaid.

Some days after her demise, in the evening, I was sitting alone in the half light; the glimmer of the street-lamp opposite my window lent a ray to the room that otherwise would have been dark. I was in a reverie, sitting swaying myself backward and forward, thinking of her, wondering if her departure was a sad, sad dream; for I had not then come to the higher realization of the truth, though at the time I knew full well, that I erred by grieving, that my weeping eyes should be dried and brightened by the knowledge I should possess—the knowledge that the little spirit had been called to a happier region, and that my continual mourning disturbed and marred the peace of that little pure soul, and so I swayed backward and forward, with my eyes on her empty rocking chair, which remained in its usual place, where it had always stood during the time she was with me.

With my gaze intent upon it, I was gradually conscious of a slight noise as the *little rocker began to rock*. Though I could hear the beating of my heart and my breath came quick and fast, I was not alarmed but awed, as I arose and walked over to where it stood, then gently placed my hand on the arm of the rocker to still it. Within a minute or so I released my hold of the chair, when it again began to move as before.

By some unseen force I was impelled to leave the house, directing my steps toward the church we had been in the habit of attending. I can see her now in fancy as I saw her then in the spirit

before me, when I reached the corner of 91st Street, dressed in the little velvet frock and white lace cap, with her golden curls hanging beneath. She ran ahead of me as she always had done,—leading the way, skipping in her childish play along the stone-border to the grass-plot facing the old people's home, then turned the corner toward Saint Agnes on Ninety-second Street. I hastened on and reached her as she knelt on the steps of the church; I peered into her face, but it was sad as the face of death,—and—the vision was gone.

I accept it, as I believe it was intended I should. Until then, I was wavering between the slough of unbelief and absolute faith. I prayed for guidance, and my prayer was answered—so far. But the sadness of her face I could not forget. It haunted me.

However, notwithstanding her wish, I soon after left my husband on account of his intemperance, with the determination that the separation should be final; and so I hid myself in a part of the city where I believed he would never locate me. But he had as firmly resolved that we should meet again and be reunited. As time went on I was becoming disconsolate through my grief, and though the separation of her father and myself added to my unhappiness, I would not at the time admit it. Knowing that work is a great solace for one's grief, and not being overburdened with money, it became necessary that I should obtain employment; therefore, one Sunday morning I picked up the paper to look over the advertisements, when to my surprise, almost the first one I found suited my abilities; it called for a lady as secretary and companion. I mention the nature, or quality of the advertisement, because it was the very one in the paper that I considered myself adapted for; therefore, had I not been directed by some unseen force to that particular one, I should not have taken the subsequent journey that led to later events.

I at once rode up-town, with the intention of answering it, but arrived at the house just too late, the advertiser was suited. I then got into a car in order to return to my abiding place, when, as I reached One Hundred and Fourteenth Street a sudden thought occurred to me—an old friend of mine lived near there; I would call upon her (for convenience, I will call her Mrs. B.). I got out of the car and reached the house of Mrs. B, at twenty minutes to

one. I sat and chatted for a while, then, ten minutes later I arose to leave.

In the meantime, my husband had gone to the morning service at Saint Agnes, with the prayer that he might be directed to find me. In the middle of the sermon he was conscious of a voice, saying: "Go directly to the house of Mrs. B.; she whom you are seeking will be there." He did not wait for the sermon to end, but arose at once and left in all haste for that abode.

At ten minutes to one, he reached the door of Mrs. B.'s house and entered. At that same moment I reached the door also, but on my way out. We met. His prayer was answered. He had found me. By whom was he guided? Is this latter incident not another evidence of telepathy?\* Can we not say with St. Luke: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?"

ISADORA H. DIX.

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Men are not influenced by things, but by their thoughts about things.

—*Epicetetus*.

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No man is ever hurt but by himself.

—*Diogenes*.

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We ought not to quit our post without the permission of Him who commands; the post of man is life.

—*Pythagoras*.

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Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself?

—*Thomas à Kempis*.

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Whether the pitcher strike the stone or the stone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher.

—*Proverb*.

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\*Yes, and the entire experience is explainable on the ground of the natural operations of the mind, when moving under the impulse of overwrought emotions. There is no occasion for hasty conclusions in favor of supernaturalism or for spiritualistic interpretations of these common experiences in abnormal mentality. This is what confuses thinking and prevents calm scientific examination of such phenomena. All of this sort of action in experience is common to the mind and is easily called into action by giving way to the emotions of human personal life.—*Ed*.

## A MEDICAL CUSTOM.

When Lockjaw ensues upon vaccination, there is a speedy hastening of medical scribblers in effort to create the impression that the vaccination was not the cause of that result.

## THOSE WHO REVOLT, NOT THOSE WHO CONFORM.

What builds a Nation's pillars high,  
And its foundation strong?  
What makes it mighty to defy  
The foes that round it throng?

Not gold, but only men can make  
A people great and strong;  
Men who for Truth and Honor's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly;  
They build a Nation's pillars deep,  
And lift them to the sky.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## NOT SWEARING.

The minister at a golf club in Scotland was reproved by an elder of his Kirk for the oblique scriptural language which he had used respecting a bad stroke that he had made. He replied:

"Weel, David, I was nae sae mich swearing as merely embellishing my feelings."

## GOETHE DICTATING.

When Goethe dictated *Wilhelm Meister*, his secretary describes the task: "He dictated with a certainty and rapidity which made one fancy that he was reading from a printed book. If this had been done in quiet and without interruption, I would not have marvelled so much. But while the work was proceeding, there came the barber, the hair dresser,—Goethe had his hair singed every other day and had it dressed daily—the library servant, often the former

secretary, his clerk, all of whom had access to his study unannounced. Friends called, the barber gossiped, the librarian told about books newly received, some member of the family would enter and join in the conversation, and finally when all was quiet again, I would read the last sentence, and the dictation would proceed as though there had been no interruption."

EXCERPTA ILLUSTRATIVE OF FAMILIAR LIFE.

It may be law, but it is not justice.

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Only in service is there any advance in spiritual life.

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"She's had enough of things as they is. It's time now for things as they isn't."

---

I will do everything I know how to do, and I will not worry about any one's caring.

---

The dreadful thing about it all is that the ones that work the hardest have the very least chance.

---

Take your chances and be very certain you've more than earned every one that comes to you.

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"I know so little myself. I only wonder."

"That is the first stage of action," he said.

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It is the first time, I guess, since the world began, that the people who are to be benefited are the ones consulted as to how it had better be done.

---

"It is always what people think you want that you have to take; because they always suppose that everybody must care for any thing they do, and do not have sense enough to see that everybody isn't alike."

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She seemed to hear voices speaking to her, and often her mother was by her and they talked softly together, and she told her wonderful things of that other country to which she had gone long before all this trouble began, and from which she was now sent to comfort her.

## THE SOUL AND THE BODY.

It is known that all things, universally, relate to good and truth, and that there is no single entity in which there is not the relative of these two. Hence it is that there are two receptacles of life in man; one that is called the will, which is the receptacle of good; another that is called the understanding, which is the receptacle of truth. And as good is of love and truth is of wisdom, the will is the receptacle of love, and the understanding is the receptacle of wisdom. That good is of love is because what a man loves he wills, and when he performs it he calls it a good; and that truth is of wisdom is because all wisdom is from truths,—nay, the good that a wise man meditates is truth, and this when he wills and does it, becomes a good.

He who does not rightly distinguish between these two receptacles of life, the will and the understanding, and does not form for himself a clear notion of them, will seek in vain to obtain a knowledge of spiritual influx. For there is an influx into the will, and there is an influx into the understanding; into the will of man there is an influx of the good of love, and into his understanding there is an influx of the truth of wisdom. \* \* \* \* These two receptacles, the will and the understanding, are as distinct as heat and light; for as was said above, the will receives the heat of heaven, which in its essence is love, and the understanding receives the light of heaven, which in its essence is wisdom.

There is an influx from the human mind into the speech and into the actions. The influx into the speech is from the will through the understanding; and influx into the actions is from the understanding through the will. They who only take cognizance of the influx into the understanding and not at the same time of that into the will, and who reason and form conclusions from it, are as those who are blind of one eye, who only see the objects that are on one side and not at the same time those that are on the other.

The soul flows into the human mind, and through this into the body; and carries with it the life that it continually receives from the Lord, and thus mediately transfers it to the body, where by the closest union it makes the body, as it were, to live. From this and from a thousand attestations of experience, it is plain that the spiritual united to the material,—as it were a living power to a dead power,—enables man to speak rationally and act morally.

It appears as if the tongue and lips speak from some life in themselves, and that the arms and hands act in like manner. But it is the thought, which in itself is spiritual, that speaks; and the will, which likewise is spiritual, that acts; and both through their organs, which in themselves are material because taken from the natural world. That it so appears in the light of day, if only attention be given to this consideration:—Take away the thought from

speech; does not the mouth instantly become mute? And take the will from action; do not the hands instantly cease?

\* \* \* \* \*

Looking from a higher (region) into a lower, or what is the same, from an interior into an exterior, is called influx; for it is effected by influx. It is as the interior sight in man. Unless this flowed continually into his external sight, or that of the eye, it could never take in and distinguish any object; for it is the interior sight which, by means of the eye, takes in the things that the eye sees; and not the eye, although it appears so.

From these principles it may be seen too, how much the man is in the fallacies of the senses who believes that the eye sees; when yet it is the sight of his spirit, which is the interior sight, that sees by means of the eye. \* \* \* \* \* It is his spirit that sees, not the eye; but it is through the eye. The same may also appear from dreams, in which a man sometimes sees as in the light of day. But further: it is the same with this interior sight, or that of the spirit. This does not see of itself, but from a still more interior sight, or that of its rational mind; nay, neither does this see of itself, but there is a sight yet more interior, which is that of the internal man.

—Swedenborg.

#### PRAYER ANALYSED.

In the petition for help to resist temptation the mental implication and attitude is weakness. To need help is to be weak; to ask for help is, on the hither side, to impress the mind with the sense of weakness. Whatever the success of the prayer, the mind is in some degree left negative, sounding less clearly the note of manhood. Suppose, then, instead of—"Give me help," the petition ran: "*Give me to know the strength that is mine.*" Is not that better for the mind.

But the third form of prayer is no request at all. It is almost unaccompanied by words. It is a rising nearer to the divine, and then feeling the strength which that nearness brings. By it the whole moral and spiritual strength is necessarily called out; and by repetition of the work there is no difficulty that will not be dissolved, no remoteness from the divine that cannot be bridged. \* \* \* This is the rising above the clouds into the sunlight, where we were meant to be and are wanted to be. The other modes of prayer are in truth the formation of barriers to this latter.

—Student in "New Century."

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Who could pin down a shadow to the ground,  
And take its measure?

—Dr. W. Smith.



## THE MIND OF MAN.

The mind of man is his spirit, and the spirit is the man; for the mind means all things of man's will and understanding; and these in principles are in the brains and in derivatives in the body. With respect to their forms they are all things of the man. Because it is so the mind, that is the will and understanding, actuates the body and all things belonging to it, at will. Does not the body do whatever the mind thinks and determines? The mind incites the ear to hear and directs the eye to see; the mind moves the tongue and lips to speak; impels the hands and fingers to do whatever it pleases; and the feet to walk whither it wills. Is the body anything but obedience to its mind? \* \* \* \* All things of the mind refer to the will and understanding; and the will and understanding are receptacles of love and wisdom from the Lord; and these two constitute man's life.

—Swedenborg.

## THE UNIVERSAL SOUL.

The Universal Soul was neither generated nor did it come hither, for it was not in any particular place from whence it could come (but everywhere), but body approaching to participated of it; hence the soul is not in body—nor does Plato say that it is—but body is in the soul. Other souls have an origin, for they came from Soul itself. Moreover, they descend and transmigrate; they also reascend to the Intelligible Region. The Soul of the Universe always dwells above, where its essential nature is. The Universe is subject to it; it is vivified by its proximity to it, like a body under the Sun is illuminated by its rays. A particular soul is illuminated when it ascends to that which is superior to it, for there it meets with True Being itself; when it declines to that which is inferior to itself it falls into non-being; it does this whenever it descends to its lower self. For desiring to become acquainted with itself it produces that which is inferior to itself, viz.: an image of itself, which we call non-being (the body). It falls as it were into a vacuum, becomes indeterminate, and the image of this image (matter) is indefinite and entirely obscure. For it is absolutely devoid of all rational and intellectual nature, and it is most distant from real being. The soul occupies an intermediate region (between Intellect and body) which is its own proper domain; when it again looks to the inferior region by a second glance of the eyes as it were it forms an image (the body), and, delighted with this image, enters into it.

—Plotinus.

*Translation by Thos. M. Johnson, editor of "The Platonist."*

## QUACKS IN CONNECTICUT.

A telegraphic paragraph from Danbury tells of a singular arrest made in that place. A Mr. Cornell, a florist, went out one cold morning in the middle of January, to feed his ducks. They were floating in the pond as usual, but did not hurry this morning to their feeding. The pond had frozen over, and they were fast in the ice. When, however, the whole fifteen saw their master coming they set up a vigorous screaming, like a group of partisan medical men seeking more legislation against "irregulars." It was the slang characteristic of both: "Quack, quack, quack."

Mr. Cornell speedily procured help and with axes the birds were extricated from their awkward condition.

## A DISTINCTION.

A man running past the philosopher was followed by another in full chase.

"Stop him, stop him!" cried the pursuer.

But the philosopher did not move.

"Why did you not obstruct him?" the man demanded. "He is a murderer."

"A murderer! What do you mean?" the philosopher asked.

"A man killing another."

"Ah, a soldier."

"You fool! A murderer is one who kills in time of peace."

"You mean an executioner."

"You stupid dolt! A murderer kills another individual at his home."

"Exactly," said the philosopher—"a physician."

With an execration, the pursuer resumed the chase.

## HEADED OFF.

"My wife," began Hicks, "dropped in to see me at the office today, and—"

"Sorry, old man," interrupted Wicks, "but my wife held me up before I left home. I can't lend you a cent."

—*Catholic Standard.*

## GOOD ADVICE.

Let us cease our morbid talk about microbes and rise to condition of things in which we can lead healthy lives, and be possessed of pure, clean bodies, so that we can bless our babies with our kisses and caresses, instead of hovering over them with gloomy forebodings of disease and death, thus stamping out the joy of their little lives, and rendering the realm of babyhood a curse instead of a blessing.

—*Wilhelmina Logan.*

## INDUSTRIAL PITFALLS.

The word "industrial" covers a multitude of speculative sins. It is used to good and profitable advantage by the promoter with individuals who have a prejudice against mining stock, but who do not stop to realise that the "industrial" swindle is sometimes worse than the mining fake.

During the past few years more "wild-cat" industrial schemes have been floated in this country than during a great many years preceding. In one way they grew out of the great prosperity of the people who had a good deal of money to invest. These schemes include inventions of many kinds, electric railroads, musical instruments, time and labor saving devices, rubber plantations, and the usual and ever-present oil well. Most of them are labelled "safe investment," but the real truth of the matter is that they are, for the most part, speculations of the worst kind, and the very propositions that the investor with savings should avoid.

With these pitfalls, as with many others, the way of the promoter is the same: he cloaks his scheme in the most glittering phrases, makes impossible promises of big and quick profits—and the investor does the rest.—*Philadelphus, "Saturday Post."*

## NATURE EVOLVING.

To the questions perpetually recurring of "Why?" "Whence?" and "Whither?" some little information can be gleaned in reply concerning the direction in which Nature, so far as we know of it, is now moving, namely: toward the evolution of mind, body and character in increasing energy and co-adaptation.

—*Sir Francis Galton.*

## THE REAL PROGRESS.

The Over-soul from which they come is the foundation of men's brotherhood; and because while coming "from" it, they live *in* it, every unbrotherly or brotherly thing done by any one is secretly felt by every other. They have free-will as the basic condition of progress, that which makes them men instead of conscious dice; and their individuality once won is eternal.

—*"New Century Path."*

## BREAKING THE NEWS.

"Pat," said his wife, "the doctors say that you are very sick."

Patrick was a patient in the hospital, and his habits had taxed his wife's patience almost past endurance. Yet he never failed to recognize her superior worth.

"What do they really say?" he asked. "You will not hurt me by telling the truth."

"Well, Pat," she whispered, "they say that you cannot live."

"Don't you believe it," said he, "doctors make a habit of holding out hopes to the last. They are only breaking the news to you gently. I am going to get well." —*Philadelphia Record*.

## SOMNAMBULISM.

*The Vicar*.—I was surprised to see your husband walk out in the middle of my sermon last Sunday.

*Mrs. Jones*.—You really must forgive him. He is a somnambulist, and walks in his sleep.

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Nasr-ed-Din was in want of money and obtained a decree from the Sultan to collect a penny from every man in Turkey who was afraid of his wife. Some months later Nasr-ed-Din came back with four mules laden with gold. He had brought a Georgian girl for a present to the Sultan.

"Hush," cried the monarch, "do not let my wife hear."

He, too, had a penny to pay.

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Tomato plants are said to have attained in California a height of thirty and even forty feet. What is more incredible, it is declared that they have flavor.

## BORROWED DOCTRINE.

It is well known that Christianity has at various times borrowed elements right and left from all kinds of sources usually denominated "pagan" and transformed them into Christian doctrines and institutions.

—*H. B. Edge, in "New Century."*

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A minister in New Hampshire announced from the pulpit the funeral of the sexton at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon. He then added: "Thanksgiving services will be held on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock."

## ROBERT OWEN'S CREED OF DUTY.

The whole duty of man is to attain the object of his existence, which is: to be happy himself, to make his fellow-beings happy and to endeavor to make the existence of all that is formed to feel pleasure and pain as delightful as his knowledge and power, and their nature will admit.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Our English is a growth and commingling from two dissimilar sources, the Germanic tongue of the lower orders and the Romanic of the ruling classes. At a certain period in the amalgamation in the Middle English many things found themselves with double names, one from each source, neither of which had obtained complete and general currency. Thus it facilitated intercourse, to employ both terms, and so from this period have survived double phrases. This principle is strongly marked in the English Prayer Book. For example the Romanic "assemble" is immediately illustrated by the Saxon "and meet together," evidently for the catholic object of meeting every understanding, among the laity. —*N. Y. Sun.*

## THE BEST MAGAZINE.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is the leading periodical of its kind in the world. At all times it stands for and represents the *best* of the thought along the various lines of activity that relate to the finer forces of nature and of the universe of intelligence. It is doing the greatest work of the day, in literature. Its circulation should now be increasing by many times what it has been in the past. Many thousands are yet waiting to hear of its existence and searching for such a periodical. Nothing else fills this want.

The active support and assistance of *every friend* is urgently needed to bring it to the notice of those who would appreciate it. Its publishers will be grateful for any such assistance in increasing its circulation for the general good.

## ON THE NEWS STAND.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news stand or in any depot or ferry-house, please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied. The American News Company is General Agent.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

**SKELETAL REMAINS SUGGESTING OR ATTRIBUTED TO EARLY MAN IN NORTH AMERICA.** By Ales Hrdlicka. Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

**LIVING IDEALS.** By Eugene Del Mar. Cloth, 131 pp., \$1.00. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

**LOVE THE SUPREME GIFT.** By Henry Drummond. Paper, 41 pp., 35 cents. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

**THE CELESTIAL LIFE.** By Frederic W. Burry. Cloth, 139 pp. The Balance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. and L. N. Fowler & Co., London.

**SCHOLASTICISM OLD AND NEW. AN INTRODUCTION TO SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY MEDIEVAL AND MODERN.** By M. de Wulf, LL.D. Translated by P. Coffey, D.Ph. Cloth, 327 pp. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

**THE ESSENTIALS OF THE UNITY OF LIFE.** By Sheldon Leavitt, M.D. Cloth, 102 pp., \$1.00. Progressive Literature Co., New York.

**RADIANT ENERGY AND ITS ANALYSIS.** By Edgar L. Larkin. Cloth, 335 pp. Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

**SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1906.**

The contents of this interesting volume include: Modern Theories of Electricity and Matter, by Mme. Curie—Radioactivity, by Franz Himstedt—Recent Advances in Wireless Telegraphy, by G. Marconi—Revisions of the Theory of Electrolysis, by H. S. Carhart—Recent Progress in Astronomical Research, by C. G. Abbot—Astronomy on Mont Blanc, by H. Radau—Iron Ore Reserves, by Charles Kenneth Leith—The Eruption of Vesuvius in April, 1906, by A. Lacroix—Iceland: Its History and Inhabitants, by Herr Jon Stefansson—The Recently Discovered Tertiary Vertebrata of Egypt, by C. W. Andrews—Polembriony and the Determination of Sex, by E. Bugnion—Heredity, by L. Cuénot—The Origin of the Slavs, by Prof. Zaborowski—The Role of Chemistry in Painting, by Eugene Lemaire—International Science, by Arthur Schuster, and many other good articles, together with 41 plates of illustrations.

# THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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## THE METAPHYSICS OF MATTER.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

Direct reasoning on the subject of matter always leads to the hypothesis of "the atom," considered as the unit of the element. This "unit" becomes a necessity to the mind, for without it no process of thinking about the *construction of the element* can be evolved, and little will be known of its right uses in life. Therefore whatever the atom may be—whatever its nature, substance, character or ultimate size—the idea of such a unit of matter will retain its position in the mind as a fact, so long as the element remains as a subject for investigation.

The question is therefore not whether there is an atom, but what is the nature and what are the qualities and the functions of the "unit of matter." Whether it be the unit or atom of the ether, or on further examination appear as the atom of magnetism, radium, or some as yet unsuspected substance or body still finer in construction, does not seriously affect the problem. A "unit" of some kind must be recognized.

It now remains to be determined whether this comprehension of the necessary unit can be carried, logically and mathematically, to the ground of a finer substance, or a smaller atom than the present ethereal hypothesis. The numerous facts recently established, that point in the direction of such an accomplishment, suggest that science may soon determine a subdivision, or possibly subdivisions, of the present atom of comprehension, that shall yield a smaller atom, a more concentrated unit and disclose a finer substance in matter, possessing a higher state of activity, greater force, and a more extended field of usefulness, though still associated with the theory that matter is substance. In all the various modes of finer and higher activity that have been recently discovered such atoms are stated to be present.

There is also reason to believe that in the ancient Eastern philosophies the action of the prime units of the elements is referred to under names not familiar here in the West; as, for example, in the Vedic "fires" and the Tattwic "forces." The evidence all points toward the fact that the discoveries of the day are mainly rediscoveries of permanent laws that were understood far better thousands of years ago than they are to-day. Possibly *we* may be the "slow" investigators, after all. While these facts may not greatly encourage our conceit they will perhaps, if well understood, aid our mental assimilation of some very useful ideas.

Philosophic thought easily goes beyond the material hypothesis. But the world demands mathematical demonstration, and a force usually must exhibit "killing" qualities and powers before it receives serious consideration. "A force that does not kill cannot be real" would seem to be the materialistic conclusion.

But strange as it may be, this atomic unit, so materially real, when submitted to advanced and searching investigation, yields up the bulk of its supposed solidity and weight—its most material characteristics; for it is now declared to be hollow, as well as round, and its center is described as a vacuum. Even the "Vortex Ring" theory appears to better satisfy some of the more serious investigators.

The "force" of a round body is universally conceded to rest in its center. This view is equally clear with regard to the theories advanced about the force of the atom. But the center of this little body is a vacuum, where matter is entirely absent. Is its force, then, material? If it possess a surface or shell, as well as a center, that surface must be held by an attraction of the center, else it would immediately disintegrate and vanish. The force of the atom consists in a power of attraction. All its modes of activity demonstrate that fact. Is the surface or shell which is something, attracted and held by a center which is nothing? The "center" certainly is not material.

Sense cannot dictate to reason with sufficient force to compel the postulate that the atom is composed of solid matter. On such an hypothesis its chief known characteristics would be impossible. Disclosure of these and similar facts has compelled the more advanced hypothesis of the non-material center. It demonstrates as an irre-



sistible attraction to all the universe. Its higher qualities also attract and hold the reasoning powers of the mind, in an equally irresistible influence; for the mind invariably goes to the center of the unit of its subject, before attempting to describe its qualities or its powers.

The center of the atom is the one energizing force of unity that holds all things together in one reality, regardless of the determined self-will of separate thought. Wherever and however it may function, divine reality holds itself always whole, regardless of illusory influences or selfish desires. Personality can never control Divinity. This is the one saving clause in the text-book of personal life. Reason always leads straight to the inviolable wholeness of the unit, and in its final analysis resolves its speculations into a unit that is whole in every respect.

The living and real attraction of the non-material center—the center of consciousness of the unit, the soul of the atom—holds the atom together as a whole thing or a body of reality. The innate power of its inviolable wholeness irresistibly attracts all else to itself. This maintains the universe always as a whole; for the operation of the atom, moving under the same law, is the same in all places and at all times. Thus the law applies to the entire body of atomic ether. This keeps it always whole, and always in activity in both power and substance, as well as universal in character. In all ways it is literally ONE.

The usual separateness of the more external materiality, and of material things, does not inhere on the ethereal plane, although it is usually postulated of the atom itself, and of its immediate combinations. Each coarser element, however, disappears from view under the more comprehensive recognition of the substance of the next finer grade.

Simultaneously with the attraction of the center of a moving body, the revolving motion seems to cause a tendency to move outward from all points equally, producing expansion of the body in its substance. This law is also operative in the higher forms of thought-action, and it may be recognized in many of the processes of reason. It is especially true of the operations of perception, in all its higher forms. It is a metaphysical, not a physical law.

The elasticity that accompanies all material concepts of the atom

fairly illustrates the prevalence of this law throughout the mental realm. Under the names of "attraction" and "repulsion" everyone is familiar with the two chief modes of operation of this law. The two, operating in unity, produce motion, which is the soul of matter. Thus motion, as viewed in external life, is a dual *condensation* of the activity of spirit.

If the outer encasement of the atom be conceived as composed of solidified material, while the center is non-material, we may suppose that motion, operating within it, would cause it to throw off parts of itself, and so, in time, bring about its own destruction. But this cannot occur, because atoms do not change in any of the ways that would be required for such a result. The mind, using its reasoning powers, cannot hold to any of these phenomena of separateness and also rightly conceive the idea of a unit of matter.

If the atom were a solid material thing, possessing physical parts that could be thrown off, it could not be considered ultimate, for ultimate reality cannot be reduced or destroyed. The final unit of any element must be ultimate in its nature. Furthermore, in the event of such a subdivision any one of the detached and discarded parts would be nearer to the qualifications of the unit, because nearer to the final measurement. The actual unit can have no separate parts, and the "Ultimate" cannot be divided.

In whatever light the subject may be considered, therefore, the fact remains unalterable, that if the atom be declared material every important constituent of its nature and being must be given up and every ultimate feature must be abandoned. The "ultimate" cannot be qualified other than as infinite and absolute. It is entirely self-contained. Those who argue for a "material atom," therefore have not reached the ground of the *real* atom in their comprehension of things and of laws, and do not yet understand the metaphysics of the subject.

If the idea of such a separate atom as this (conceived, as it is, in the inverted imagination) were true, it would signify another element or body of matter, existing between the molecular or gaseous and the atomic, ethereal or non-materialistic. The difficulty, here, rests in the fact that the reasoner, having advanced in his understanding beyond the sense-measurement of things, but not beyond belief in the evidence of the senses, carries his senses with

him back to the plane of reason and intuition, and endeavors to use them there, instead of recognizing the different conditions under which he must work on the more advanced plane of understanding, and leaving the now useless instruments behind.

While this atom of will-consciousness occupies our attention as a separate thing, and sense continues to tempt the reason with sophistries about independence, etc., the fact still remains to be recognized that the real atom itself is the whole; the absolute all. Every fundamental thought, idea, or conception that we have of matter, substance, and activity in external life, has already been invested in this real atom, and is fundamental to its nature. After all speculation, therefore, the atom stands as the ultimate as well as the beginning of the subject.

This also is further shown by the fact that the mind invariably postulates infinity of the number of atoms in existence and universality as regards the space occupied. This means that the idea of the atom, in its completeness, stands in our estimation for the infinite all of universal reality—its shape, the whole; its substance, the all; its activity, every conceivable movement; its force, powers, endurance, purpose, application and causative energy all that can be conceived—all these things are given irretrievably to the atom of reality. If we comprehend this decision rightly we have found a “whole” instead of an atom, and we are face to face with the Infinite, perhaps, without knowing the fact. Here, again only the metaphysical philosophy can satisfy, or even explain the seeming mystery.

All of these things are true with regard to the atom, because, in the hypothesis it is invariably conceded that each atom stands for the unit of its own element. The unit must necessarily contain the fulness of the element which it represents.

If we state that every atom of a given element is exactly like all the others—and this is precisely what science does say about the atoms of ether—then we must admit that each one contains all there is in all atomic members of the body. “All,” in this sense, does not mean measurement of substance, but inclusiveness of quality—every quality, characteristic, and feature that goes to make up the being of the subject contained equally in each and every atomic unit. This is the statement intended.

To test the statement, single out one atom from the body of atoms, and conceive this one as possessing certain of its definite characteristics, but not all of them. Some one quality or feature of the entire all of the element is *not in this atom*. In that event it must be in some other atom, because it is A QUALITY OF THE WHOLE. If any of this is true, then all the atoms are not alike, as stated, and no one of them is the unit. This forces the conclusion that if there be a unit of construction, and if an atomic theory be true at all, then each atom of a given body or element must be exactly like all other atoms of the same body. This compels recognition of THE WHOLE in every atom, and the atom itself as the whole. And again metaphysics has the field.

After all arguments have been presented, therefore, the seemingly separate entity and singleness of body of the theoretical atom are but inverted and sense-limited illusion with regard to infinity. The separateness rests only in the inverted sense of selfhood. Even there it is hypothetical. The infinity of the subject dwells in the comprehensive recognition of all qualities in one principle; and this is purely a metaphysical concept.

The atom, then, considered as a *separate unit*, many of which comprise a body, is an illusion. It has no separate substance, or parts, therefore there is nothing to combine. All of it is ONE, and that is its wholeness, which never was separate in parts or in numbers. It exists only in its qualities, and each of these is whole in every conceivable way. No one is independent of others. Withdraw comprehension of this "quality" from any one atom and it no longer exists for any atom.

Man has already endowed the single atom with every quality, power or element of value conceived as belonging to the entire body of the universal ether. Still it would appear that he does not half realize what an infinite and supreme idea this tiny member of activity stands for in the inexorableness of logic and the ultimate evidence of reason. He has reached the infinite, but still expects to count its numbers on his fingers. He has apprehended the ultimate but expects to measure it with the most finite of instruments—the sense-calculations of personal thought. He has comprehended allness and included it in one round body. He rolls this with satisfaction before his mathematical eye, and is pleased with the perfection

of its form—all the more so because of its diminutive size. Then after expatiating upon the wonders of its “allness” he lays it aside and proceeds to look for more, without even suspecting inconsistency in the act, or lack of logic in the thinking involved.

The fact is that the discovery of the atom by science is the result of the irresistible impulse from beneath the sense-consciousness, of the superconscious knowledge of the wholeness of reality and the perfection of truth. Only man’s proneness to rely upon sense-evidence and so allow it to vitiate his judgment, prevents him from discarding the separateness of the atom and accepting all of the conclusions that have been reached about it as embodying the infinite qualities of the ETERNAL ONE.

The eternal one never was separate from itself, and there is no other. It never had any real “parts,” therefore there is nothing for combination. It never possessed numbers, for its number is ONE; therefore it never need be counted, calculated or estimated, it need only be recognized. As one of many the atom is an illusion. It is THE ALL OF THE ONE; and as such it represents the divine reality of the infinite comprehension of truth.

If the modes of action that are involved in this line of reasoning are recognized, and the psychic faculties duly considered, it is not difficult to conceive that the ultimate atom of any element must be spiritual in essence, universal in substance and perpetually active; for the mind, once rightly started, will not stop its processes of logical reasoning on such a subject until an absolute position is reached and the last possibility demonstrated. Hence, the final result of the last analysis is not an atom at all, in the sense of being one part separate from others; but rather it is a centralization of thought, through the processes of reason, to gain a comprehension of what wholeness of activity may be. Its seeming solidity is the natural result of faulty reasoning, based upon the condensation of wilful thought, rather than on an expanding consciousness of a universal activity that is open and free to the use and enjoyment of all. Every narrow feature of thought indulged in the examination of a subject extends also, in our estimation, to the *nature* of the thing or the subject under observation. This attitude will certainly obscure the mental vision and prevent the recognition of the truth.

In the exercise of reason for the gaining of evidence in subtle

and unknown lines of investigation, the connecting link between extreme lines of thinking is the power possessed by the will to condense its action through self-purpose. The liability of the psychic faculties of the selfhood to see as real whatever the mind determines upon as a fact, is also a factor in determining the balance of evidence. If these two phases of action in the mind be recognized and rightly judged, we then may see that spiritual activity can so operate as to produce a spiritual atom, which would be merely a concentration of active force for individual action. With this as a unit of substance an entire spiritual universe could be constructed, with nothing lacking; yet it would contain not a thing—not even an atom—that could appeal to any external sense. This would be a universe of Active Reality—a metaphysical fact in the mind of man.

This, we claim, is the true state of affairs in the real universe. The mind that sinks its personal self-purpose in the divine purpose of the Infinite, will see, enjoy and live in this superb state of reality, in full comprehension of its changeless and everlasting though always active “things” of being.

But the mind that sees more in itself than in the rest of being, thereby self-centers its vision and attempts to exercise its own powers of will, to gratify imaginary self-desires. Instead of concentrating its spiritual intelligence for the purpose of operating WITH THAT WHICH IS, it withdraws and condenses its thought in the personal lines of an obstinate self-will, based upon what is *imagined* as present. This “condensed” thought is supposed to be a substantial reality. With this mere illusion as a supposed unit, it proceeds to build a full supply of the objects desired for its own self-purposes. Then all things formed in separate thought-action appear as real and tangible before the psychic faculties, which are the imaginary inversion of the true faculties of intelligence. This is the physical as opposed to the metaphysical view of the universe.

Thus an external universe of seeming reality is constructed in appearance by the race-thinking of those who, being sensuously inclined, continuously indulge the notion of separateness. The false and inverted opinion arrived at is the natural result of ignoring both the *substance* and the *principle* of the subject; therefore it contains neither of these qualifications so essential to all truth and to every reality. No *real* faculties were involved in the producing of the

opinion, therefore it can contain no reality. It is an hallucination of the inverted imagination. It exists as a supposed "reality," only in the minds of the self-dominated members of the human race. But there are still enough of these misguided mortals to keep the fires burning. Their minds have not yet reached the metaphysical understanding.

Observation shows that all external things vary with the vision of each observer. To each one the material world and its objects are just what he sees them to be. No two see alike, and no one knows how a thing looks to another person. If *he* were not present in this state of seeming life the things would not exist to him; and if no member of the human family were present to hold the illusion in thought or in psychic action, none of it would exist for anyone or for any purpose. It is a personal matter in the general sense and with each individual it becomes a matter of self-consciousness, based upon the desires of the personal selfhood. Remove self-purpose entirely from the problem, and there would be no purpose whatever bearing upon the subject. Then there would be no operation of the will, no thought about material things, no imagination, deception or even illusion; for consciousness would be entirely occupied with other affairs. Under these conditions, existing universally, there necessarily would be no solid matter present in this mode of life. But something would remain and occupy the attention of consciousness. What could actually remain after all matter had ceased to appear as substance? We answer—THE WHOLE. The absolute all of reality, ultimate in all ways and permanently true.

This ultimate realm of absolute reality is man's natural home and his legitimate inheritance. When he turns within, and away from the delusions of "solid comfort" to be found in the gratifications of self-desires, he will recognize this fact. The more he looks for solidity, however, the more dense his thought becomes. Then matter appears to him correspondingly solid. The idea of density, when entertained as fact, coarsens all thinking, dulls the eye of comprehension, and produces the illusion of solidity, even where otherwise it would not be suspected. Truth flies from such a mental atmosphere as this, and no genuine discovery is ever made under these circumstances.

For each individual, reality is a state of consciousness within

himself. A clear and intelligent comprehension of the fact of reality as a subsisting entity in the universe, and of the infinity of its necessarily divine nature, impregnates his thought with the spirit of reality which then becomes the *substance* of his thinking; and all the activities of his consciousness combine to produce pure understanding of truth. The chambers of infinity are open to one so fortified in his thinking processes. He is in touch with Infinite Intelligence, and its ceaseless activities flow through him as a pure medium of its expression. The blessings of the father, Wisdom, must rest upon him who willingly yields his intellect to such holy guidance; and the immaculate truth will express itself through his every thought.

The first material result that can be postulated of the condensation of thought about life and being into a self-willed determination, is the atom, which is called material and supposed to be solid as well as round. It is the image of condensation. The idea represents the closest condensation of action that is possible in the inverted comprehension. It beautifully illustrates man's inability to create any new thing or to withdraw from the infinite laws of reality, for, when properly understood, the atom is a representation of THE WHOLE. Try as he may he cannot "condense" his thought on any other form than the sphere, and he cannot conceive any other than a *perfect* sphere. He thinks invertedly about it, but it remains right. He wills to have it in parts, but it remains whole. He persists in attempting to see it solid, but his investigations lead straight to the vacuum and the entire absence of substance at its center—a postulate that is entirely necessary in order that we may be able to account for its known phenomena. He thus thinks he will be able to view it as an immovable, real thing, solid in substance; but it remains in a state of activity. Indeed it must continue perpetually to move at a tremendous rate of activity, as the sense-mind measures movement, in order to retain its position, or produce its most common results.

We cannot get away from infinite activity and still retain the idea of an atom. Indeed nothing whatever has been accomplished, in the dream of separateness, except the temporary condensation of thought, and that has produced, in the form of the atom, an illusion of solidity in its activity. Even the most persistent determination of



the will does not enable man to hold to the illusion either of solidity or of lethargy as reality.

The atom will not entirely materialize. The idea is whole, and wholeness cannot be put into physical form. The infinite number of the atom results in the immeasurable body of the universal ether; and this always proves incomprehensible to the materialistic mind. In the present density of sense the atom cannot be seen. In its highest state it is the unit of the Luminiferous Ether; and in the next outward state of the conception it is the unit of the atomic ether. The Luminiferous Ether is the first recognizable materialization of man's conception of the infinite activity of spiritual consciousness.

As the atom stands for the unit, the idea of it cannot be divided, in reason, in philosophy or even in imagination; for as soon as divided it ceases to be the unit and the idea removes further back to a single foundation, again. The atom persists in remaining whole and refuses to be seen in the density of sense-action; therefore with sense alone we never can find it or deal directly with it. The only act seems to be the combining of atoms on various bases of number to produce coarser bodies. Of these the molecule is the first psychic evidence. It is considered more material than the atom, but it contains only atoms and "number," united and operating together. The combining of atoms does not give to them any different constituents as atoms, or substance as molecules, except in imagination. The external man cannot change the nature of the atom, create any new substance for the purpose, or withdraw the atom from its own realm, the Ether, to produce a new or different body.

The molecule appeals more to the imagination as a material entity, and is one step nearer to the materialization of activity, yet it possesses the form and action of wholeness. It can be constructed of atoms only on a definite mathematical basis of number. Therefore, unless Reality comes forward, in the metaphysical nature of mathematics, no physical result whatever can appear in the use of the molecule. The material features of solidity and lethargy are not the real features either of the atom or the molecule. The character of both is metaphysical and the soul of each is spiritual activity.

The same rule of construction holds good with regard to every

stage of materialization, from the atom of Luminiferous Ether, outward, through the entire realm of materiality. Each element has its unit composed of atoms which fundamentally are all alike. In no instance has any other substance been added.

No mode of activity not fundamental to the original atom itself can be found in any molecule, mass, body or thing. No mathematical principle or geometrical form not already included in the constitution and make-up of the atom can be found anywhere else. Only variations of the same law are to be observed. The only other difference is in the illusion of the various degrees of activity; mainly in speed or rapidity of movement, and degrees of density of the seeming substance. Sense revels in these, and the material mind finds delight in classification. But all that it sees or handles is illusion, while the reality of the thing is beyond the reach of the senses, externally trained as they are, and does not respond to instruments of material calculation. The reality of every entity is entirely metaphysical. It can only be known through its qualities, which are composed of pure spirit.

The atom idea is used in combination, in man's basic thinking about the materialization of action, to form any sort of a molecule for any desired purpose. Molecules again are combined on any numerical basis required to produce the particular kind of a "mass" desired; and masses are joined together, still under mathematical law, and by any rule necessary to produce the body and form that will answer to the purpose. All of this is subconscious action carried on in the realms of self-being. The waking consciousness of daily material life cannot enter here or investigate the action involved.

This operation, as recognized externally, is pronounced to be "chemical action." Its varieties of movement are commonly presumed to be spontaneous physical activities.

The principles of chemistry, however, are spiritual activities. The laws of operation are all mathematical, therefore spiritual in nature, and every reality that permanently endures in the realm of chemistry can be proved to be purely spiritual. Conversely, by every test of reason, all that stands as material proves to be illusion, as soon as it is thoroughly examined. The only things that endure, in any element or under any serious investigation, are its nature,

character and quality, and these are unmistakably metaphysical.

The only reality there is to the body of any material thing or object is its activity; and this is not appreciably present in sense-action, or discoverable by the use of sense-instruments. Of this reality sense remains forever oblivious.

The "reality" of matter, then, is the non-material activity of spiritual principles. Even the most persistent inversions of sense-action with regard to principles and ideas does not change them an iota. Change goes naturally with illusion, but it has no possible affinity for reality.

Metaphysics is the Science of Reality in the Universe; and the REALITY OF METAPHYSICS is the only possible foundation for an intelligible study of reality of any kind, when associated with individual life. The metaphysics of matter is its only scientific ground.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

Languages are no more than the keys of Sciences. He who despises one, slights the other.—*De La Bruyere*.

Perhaps no dialect ever spoken by human beings has been subject to more criticism and even censure than our own. It has to be learned by arbitrary recollection, and the words of which it is constituted are as varied in their etymology as though they had been selected from the languages at the building of the city and tower of Babel. No foreigner learns it without stumbling at the accents, the proper pronouncing of words, and the better term to select in uttering a thought or sentiment. "The language is a *yargon*," I once heard a German declare.

All this is, doubtless, unqualifiedly true. But with it all we have it constantly with us, and have no choice but to make the best of it. And this, for one, I am perfectly willing to do. It is a language fuller of merits than it is of faults. It may not be as stately as Latin, or as facile and ready for handling as Greek, and may lack for musical purpose as other tongues. But like the smith in the arts, it stands in humble mein at the head. It has a copious fund of terms which it is constantly increasing by importation from the different foreign dialects, which are speedily adapted to domestic requirements, and there is little hesitation to add to the store from the slang which is heard in one place and another.

The English speech is extending all over the globe as no other language ever did before, since the dawn of history. When the Assyrian monarch was the "Great King," the Semitic dialects did not extend far from the Mediterranean and river Euphrates; the conquests of Alexander and his successors made Greek known over the East and in Egypt, but failed beyond the Indus; the Latin penetrated into western and northern Europe, becoming the language of law and literature, and the French has been a language for courts and fashionable society in several countries of Europe. But they all have had their day, and must yield to the coming speech. By colonisation and commercial intercourse the English language already holds the lead in the civilised world. Great

Britain, Canada, the United States, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, are all peopled by English-speaking populations. It is not necessary to enumerate other regions where also it has a firm foothold. Enough that where it has penetrated, there it has come to stay. It is the language most used in commercial transactions, and by the electric telegraph. With all its faults thick upon it, these agencies are operated to best purpose with its use.

"Speech was made," says Lloyd, "to open man to man and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it." Indeed man owes his superiority in the scale of physical existence to the animal races to the possessing of this faculty. He is not confined to uniform sounds to express corresponding wants; he gives to each sound a defined meaning which constitutes it a word. It so happens, therefore, that as the specific meaning of each word is generally arbitrarily established, different individuals and peoples make use of diverse sounds to express similar meanings. It has not been enough to attach a particular meaning to each sound. The next step after fixing the specific sense to a term or concept, is to provide for its perpetuation. This is effected by writing it down. Accordingly, as each sound has been agreed upon by common consent to represent a word, so characters have been devised by which to represent words and sounds. Thus man is superior to animals in the possession of vocal speech as well as in the knowledge of fire.

It is not in the nature of language to be fixed and unchangeable. Being essentially human in its developing it is as various as human beings themselves. Two nations do not speak alike; even individuals change their modes of using words at different periods of life. Languages, like men, develop after different ways, grow old, and die out from use. With the completeness of our English speech few of us can read Shakspeare or the common version of the Bible, and take the sense exactly; and the poems of Chaucer, and English composition of an older period are past the common understanding. The English that is spoken nowadays, though of the same framework, is, nevertheless, so far unlike as to be another evolution. It has taken into its collection thousands upon thousands of terms from foreign sources, and dropped off many hundreds that were familiar with our predecessors. If an individual were to make common use of words that were employed some three cen-

turies ago, he would be chided for eccentricity, if not misunderstood together. With us to "let" does not mean to hinder; to "prevent," to precede. "Conversation" is now discourse and not behavior. "Justice" is not quite synonymous with "righteousness." Hence our old books that contain matter of real worth, need to be compiled anew for the later generations.

One transformation incident to the language consists in its varied modes of spelling. This is the weak spot, the place where a remedy is most needed and hardest to apply. In olden times when language had prescribed vocabularies that were substantially all their own, like Latin, Greek and Hebrew, there could be simple terms for the specific objects, and others would come into existence to express relations. But now, there come innumerable introductions of new terms from different climates, peoples and literatures; and, so while the vocabulary has been enriched beyond measure, there has not been a corresponding assimilation. As many tens of thousands of emigrants from Europe have yet to be transformed into Americans, so the innumerable foreign terms which have been adopted into the language are still heterogeneous, not to say alien and barbarous. It grates harshly on the ear of a cultured person to hear an untaught individual pronounce.

In order to make a beginning in the way of remedying these conditions, there has been a movement set on foot to procure the adoption of simplified spelling for some three hundred words. Many of the changes, however, are but a returning to the orthography of Addison, Bacon and Shakspeare. Later lexicographers, it seems, had tried to establish a standard of regularity in etymology, which has led to the using of more letters to spell the words than are necessary in denoting the sound. But this seems to be in vivid analogy to the five barley loaves and two small fishes for a repast for five thousand men. It needs a miracle to make it answer much purpose. There is need for something radical. There should be a vowel for every sound, and no consonant should have more than one service. A vowel like *a* in *late*, *hate*, *ball*, *part* and *what* is a monstrosity. Yet when we borrow words from other languages, and continue their pronunciation with the original spelling, what can the common reader do? He hardly knows how to sound such words as *debut* and *ennui*.

Proper names are especially atrocious. The English monarch, pedant though he was, who required the Gaelic and Irish names to be spelled with an elimination of superfluous consonants, did an invaluable service. If the Magyar and Slavonic names could be conformed to some better way of spelling it would be a priceless boon. I remember well my perplexity in boyhood when reading an account of the achievements of the Polish commanders in the struggle of 1830 for independence, how I was puzzled at the name of Skrzynecki. Not for years did I know that it was to be pronounced Skrejanetski. It was like writing Solomon and reading Nebuchadnezzar.

I have my doubts whether the difficulties can be solved by a single nation. Yet the concept of a consensus of peoples in the matter seems visionary, if not preposterous. There are not only habitudes and prejudices to overcome, but also capitalists with their funds invested in dictionaries. Yet it would be a long step in the world's civilisation if there could be an agreement to adopt a common alphabet with a uniform sound for every letter. Then we would need but one more step in this direction. Every word could be spelled as it is sounded or sounded as it is spelled. Years of schooling that are now employed in committing words to memory could then be employed in actual learning.

But we cannot afford to spend time and labor upon such a Utopia. Probably it is little more rational than it would be for Mr. McAdoo to tunnel the Atlantic Ocean, even if he were to live as long as Methuselah. So let us content ourselves to work at home.

It is sometimes pleaded that when we simplify the orthography we drift away from the original derivation, and so make it more difficult to take the sense. I acknowledge that I am very fond of tracing etymologies. But this is a minor consideration. Few persons think of derivations when talking or writing. It is not in their province. Besides this, words are like tools and clothing, not only in wearing clear to obsolete, but in regard to their form and structure. This occurs in other languages. Who would think to derive the Spanish term "hijo" from the Latin *filius*, or the Italian "chiesa" from the Greek *Ekklesia*? Yet words wear into untraceable shape in that way, and it will not pay to attempt to prevent it.

If we would speak to be understood and not in an unknown tongue, we must use the terms that are current in speech.

While, therefore, feeling that three hundred words do not amount to much in the way of simplified spelling, it may be well to adopt them for all that they will effect. It is not well to despise the day of small things. Indeed many of the changes that have been included were made by Noah Webster a century ago, and have been adopted already in this country. Those of us who learned our spelling in the old "American" or the later "Elementary Spelling Book" have written "honor," "error" and the like as our emendators now instruct us, and also "defense," "pretense," and the like. We may wince at some of the proposed alterations, like "thru," but can get used to it. Habit is a kind of becoming born over again.

Individually, I would prefer the use of the letter *s* to *z* in all verbs where it belongs to the last syllable. This is a French idiom, I am aware, and most of the words to which I allude were from the Greek and Latin. But at first such words were introduced from the French language, where the change had already been made. As there are other terms, like "apprise," "enterprise," which were French at the start, the adherence to that form of spelling would assure us a single mode to learn instead of two.

It would be no great loss if the letters *c*, *q* and *x* were eliminated altogether.

But why may we not change the letters when we take in a word from a foreign dialect? We have changed "*leçon*" to *lesson* with greater advantage to everybody. Why not do it with "machine," "debut," "debris," "beau," and others of that sort? If the letter *i* is sounded like *e* in Europe and the classic languages, why should it not be so pronounced by us? This adopting of alien terms with alien sounds and barbarous orthography, constitutes the greatest difficulty to the foreigner who would master the language. Sam Weller's parrot had a right to complain at being compelled to learn English.

It is apparent from the present indications that our language is in a fair way to become the universal speech. The lover of knowledge, the well-bred and highly-cultured, will desire it to be learned and used correctly. By no means let it degenerate into a slum dialect or a pigeon English. A debased form of speech implies



a lowered standard of morals. If the maxim holds good "handsome is that handsome does," then it must include the way of talking. Good thinking demands language equally good to express it aright.

With such views of the subject, and with the belief that such are the ends in view, we are warranted in giving our support and our example to the changes in English orthography which have been proposed. It is hardly a valid objection that they are too few or incomplete. We must bear with our child, nurse it carefully and judiciously, in the hope of what it will become at maturity. It will be no slight gain to shorten the period of elementary learning, so that the pupil can devote more time and earlier years to the acquiring of necessary knowledge. We may not compute the benefits which may thus be afforded. Perhaps it is enough to sum them up with the affirmation of the accomplished writer of *The Guardian*:

"Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to Virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another."

ALEXANDER WILDER.

## FETICHISM.

BY CHAS. E. CUMMING.

The difference between the most ignorant savage and the most highly evolved human being is the measure of their capacity to trace events and phenomena to their true causes. This is not only the difference but the cause of the difference. The search for and discovery of the causes leading to any result is science, whether that result be the eccentricity of a planet's orbit, the troublous condition of a nation, the diseases of men or animals, the explosion of a steam boiler or the breaking of the needle in a sewing-machine. The discovery of the true cause leading to any result is of inestimable value to mankind, and this whether existing results are desirable or the reverse. If desirable, the knowledge of the causes of which under immutable law they were the result, will enable us to perpetuate them, and, by setting in motion like causes, enlarge their sphere of usefulness. If existing conditions are disastrous we can, by eliminating or ceasing to set up causes that have been found to lead to such results, allow the results of those of the past to wear themselves out, or we can set in motion another set of causes the results of which may ameliorate the conditions arising from our past errors while the wearing-out process is being accomplished.

Regarding events or phenomena as the result of chance, or ascribing them to the whims of some mutable controlling being, or to wholly disconnected or impossible causes, is fetichism. This has been and still is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of man's evolution to higher conditions and attainment to that measure of harmony with the Divine Law by which only he can attain to his real "salvation."

As long as a disastrous, painful or miserable state of things is ascribed to other than the true causes there is neither opportunity offered nor effort made to eliminate the true causes; and as the existing results of the real causes become in turn causes for still further disastrous results, the undesirable conditions are constantly being increased. If beneficent and desirable conditions are ascribed to other than the true causes there is then no inducement to multiply

or duplicate the causes of the good and make their effects more far-reaching and general.

While it is true that the meaning usually attached to the word "fetichism" is the selection by savages of some material object of worship, yet as such worship involves the idea of obtaining results by means of wholly impossible causes, the word may properly be employed to describe any ideas or superstitions of a like nature.

The origin of the fetich idea in the savage mind is easily traced. His daily and life-long experience is of incidents and phenomena of widely different character, the occurrence of which he is unable to foretell. He is in a condition of perpetual suspense as to whether the day will bring him plenty or want, sickness or health, danger or safety, life or death. To these things he sees himself and his fellows constantly subjected from causes which are to him unaccountable; yet it is inherent in the nature of mankind to seek a cause for every observed effect. The savage measures everything by the standard of himself; he has no other rule to guide him. He is conscious that he is a thing that *wills*—that at some times he desires to hurt or destroy another or to take from that other something that he possesses, while at other times he desires to protect or help or benefit some one. He loves or hates or fears, and his love or hate—his desire to benefit or injure—are usually governed by the sense of the benefits he has received or hopes to receive in the one case, or the injuries he has suffered or fears he may suffer in the other. This being his knowledge of his own nature he ascribes this same attribute of will to *all* other things, animate or inanimate; and so imagines them as endowed with like powers to confer benefit or inflict injury as is possessed by himself, and to be governed by like motives in the use of these powers. He does not reflect that while his physical attributes are such as to enable him to give effect to his will the objects of his fear or veneration are destitute of such means of manifestation.

Such being the mental status of the savage it requires but the occurrence of coincidence to make a fetich out of any object. Some sailors made a landing from a boat on a wild part of the African coast. They accidentally lost the boat anchor, and, after their departure, a party of natives found it at low tide and dragged it ashore. Here was an article the nature and use of which was an

utter mystery to them—it might be capable of anything. One of the men, bolder than the others, broke off and possessed himself of the ring. On the next day this man died suddenly. The anchor became at once a most powerful fetich. The man had injured it. He died. Therefore the article had power to punish those who were inimical to it and probably to benefit those who treated it with respect.

No matter how low may be the mental status of a tribe there will be always one or more among them of sufficient cunning to take advantage of the superstition or fear of the others for his own benefit. Such an one claimed that he had established friendly relations with the anchor, and with a “thus saith the—fetich” commanded them to build a hut over it and protect it from the sun and bring food and drink for its use. By claiming that he had influence with the fetich and could induce it to inflict injury or confer benefit, he acquired a supremacy of power over the tribe from which the king himself was not excepted. Thus the ascribing of a man’s death to a false cause led to the establishment of an idolatrous religion and a venal priesthood, both of which would again act as causes for unnumbered errors and consequent evils in the future.

The savage or unevolved man often bases his judgment on even more insufficient grounds than these. Bastian says: “A plague broke out in Molembo soon after the death of a Portuguese. The native connected the two incidents in the relation of cause and effect.” The consequence was that whenever any European showed any indication of illness he was at once expelled from the country.

Wonder is often expressed that any people can be so densely stupid as to worship idols or fetiches. The reason for their doing so lies in this tendency to ascribe to everything the same qualities as those that characterize themselves. It requires time and infinite patience to arrive at any conception of what goes on in the mind of the savage, because it is but indistinctly defined to himself and also because his language is so powerless to express abstract ideas,

A negro was placing food and palm wine as an offering before a tree that was his fetich. He was asked why he did it, as the tree could not possibly use the food or do him any harm or any good. The tree was a fetich, he said, because his father had chipped it with his hatchet one day and was immediately killed by the bite of

a serpent. But the tree could not make the serpent bite him, he was told. After much questioning and by the use of many round-about phrases he made it understood that the spirit (Mbuirri) that dwelt in the tree had induced the spirit that was in the serpent to avenge him. "But you can see that the tree does not use the food and drink you bring," he was told. "The spirit in the tree eats the spirit there is in the food," was his reply in effect. They construct an idol and worship it; but the power for good or evil is believed to be in the spirit that comes to dwell in the idol. Moses understood this trait of unevolved humanity—that it required something objective upon which to center its conceptions of the abstract—when he built the ark for the Israelites, and Aaron was but complying with it when he constructed the golden calf.

In all ages fetichism has been the bulwark of priestcraft and priestcraft the builder and protector of fetichism. In fact, priestcraft could not exist for a day were fetichism eliminated from the minds of men. The most baleful of all forms of priest-fostered fetichism has been that of the offering of sacrifices as atonement for sins committed, or a bribe for benefits desired. In this we again observe the man investing his fetich, idol, or god with his own characteristics. He can enjoy revenge or be propitiated by gifts, therefore it can be, likewise. That there can be no possible connecting agency between the set up and the effect he desires is something he does not consider. The witch-doctor, the medicine-man, or the priest has told him that sacrifice is efficacious and he takes it for granted that it is so. Yet the consequence has been the immolation of countless beings, terrible suffering, and perversion of the noblest and purest feelings of humanity.

Diodorus tells us that in the temple of Saturn, at Carthage, stood a brazen image of the god with outstretched arms to receive the children offered to it. Mothers brought their children in their arms, and as any manifestation of reluctance would have made the sacrifice unacceptable to the god, caressed and fondled them till they handed them to the priest who placed them in the arms of the image, which was so contrived as to drop whatever it received into a glowing furnace underneath it. This seems almost impossible of belief till we look into the cause of such unnatural cruelty. The priests had taught these people that at one time the great god El

himself was exposed to extraordinary peril and had taken his only son, attired him in royal apparel, placed him as a victim upon the altar and slew him with his own hands, whereupon the danger to himself was immediately and miraculously averted. If such cause could produce such result on the part of a god it should surely be equally efficacious for mortals; and there is sad evidence that the example was freely followed.

Porphry tells us that the Phœnicians, when suffering from any great calamity, pestilence, famine, drought or defeat in war, chose a number of those most dear to them and sacrificed them to Saturn. After the victory of Agathocles two hundred noble youths were sacrificed at Carthage; and at least once every year, at the same place, a number of human victims were chosen by lot and sacrificed to expiate the sins of the people. Yet the Carthaginians were by no means savages; so we see how the fetich idea persists in the minds of men. The rites of the Druidical religion involved the slaughter of thousands of victims. In fact almost all of the ancient races offered human sacrifices.

That the Hebrew race was not an exception is shown by the episode of Jeptha's daughter; by the reproof of the prophet that they made their children pass through the fire to Baal; and the words of David: "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" The Hebrew institution of the scapegoat (Lev. XVI: 19 et seq.) is a perfect example of pure fetichism. The idea that the goat could carry away with him into the wilderness the sins of the people seems to be too ridiculous to have been entertained by sane people; yet the ordinance commanding it is gravely read in our pulpits to-day as part of "the lesson of the day" from "the word of God."

Fetichism has its root in selfishness—the desire to obtain benefits which have not been earned or to avoid penalties which are deserved; ignorance of the laws of cause and effect fosters it and occasional coincidences give it new strength and vitality. If, on one occasion out of ten, a victory over the enemy, the cessation of a plague, or a needed rainfall followed a sacrifice, the people forgot that in the other nine times it had proved useless, or the priests told them that the failure was due to the sacrifice being insufficient.

A traveler in equatorial Africa was surprised to find that on two

occasions a heavy rain followed the incantations of the "rain maker," Much persuasion and promise of inviolable secrecy could not quite induce the old fellow to tell the secret of his success; but the offer of a powerful magnifying glass with which he could light a fire from the sun-rays, the possession of which would make him the most powerful and venerated "fetich-man" in all that country, was a bribe he could not withstand. Leading the white man into the forest he showed him a certain plant. "When it will rain within a day," said he, "the leaves of this plant will open out; but when there will be no rain they keep closed as they are now. When they open I 'make rain.'" "But when the people demand rain and the leaves are closed what can you do?" asked the white man. "Then I tell them that the fetich is angry with them because they have not brought enough offerings to the fetich-house, or that some witch is keeping back the rain who must be killed." "How are you going to select your witch?" was asked. "I used to find him by 'casting the bones' (the magic bones in his fetich-bag); but now, *when the plant opens*, this glass will burn him if he is the witch." And the old rascal winked horribly. Here you have the essence of fetichism and priestcraft.

Belief in the efficacy of vicarious atonement for sin by sacrifice, in the scape-goat, in the gifts to the temple, persists in some form in the mind of mankind to this day. (In fact an implicit belief in the efficacy of atonement by means of human sacrifice is claimed by the orthodox to be absolutely essential to salvation.) The result is what the attribution of any result to an impossible cause must always be: It deters the race from seeking the real causes of the evils and troubles that afflict them; from eliminating them and setting up other causes that would result in happier conditions. It practically nullifies the efforts of the great teacher, the essence of whose teachings was absolutely free from fetichism, and their observance would have set in motion true causes tending to most beneficent results to the race.

The Divine Law, being the Infinite Wisdom in manifestation, is perfect and self-fulfilling. Its intention is happiness, harmony and peace. Whenever pain, sorrow or misery obtain they are the result of infraction of or lack of harmony with some ordinance of the law on the part of the individual or the race. True religion con-

sists in seeking to discover and eliminate the cause of the trouble; fetichism assigns a false cause and prescribes an impossible remedy.

The persistence of fetichism can be traced in many channels from the most barbarous up to the most civilized races. The African savage, when accused of witchcraft, is tried by the ordeal of poison. He is compelled to drink an infusion of the root of a poisonous plant, prepared by the fetich-man. If he survive, he is innocent; if he succumb, he is dead and therefore guilty. His guilt or innocence depends upon the enmity or good-will of the priest, who makes the infusion strong or weak as he desires. In higher civilization we find the ordeal of walking over hot plowshares, the temperature of which was indicated by the color caused by fire or red paint at the will of the attendant priests. The trial by combat, the casting of witches into water to sink or float according to their guilt or innocence, the oath by kissing the Bible are all but modifications of the fetichism of the African "witch-finder." They all looked for a result that could not be attained without a miracle from the causes set up. Indeed some of our modern trials might be classed as fetichism, for the results bear no relation to the facts set forth in the evidence.

The fetich medicines of the ancient practitioners, the dried toads, adder broth, powdered mummies, wolves' gall and many other horrible things which could by no possibility act as curative causes, are succeeded by the equally horrible fetich remedies used by many believers in "home treatment" at the present time. I have known people to swallow a mass of earthworms in a liquid stage of decomposition as a remedy for asthma; skunk's grease and the kidney fat of dogs for consumption. A boy applying for work a short time ago was asked why he ran away from home. He replied: "Because my father wanted to make me drink sheep-dung tea for the measles." But perhaps no stronger evidence of the persistence of the fetich idea can be cited than that of the men who carry a potato in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism, or a buckeye or horse chestnut as a remedy for hemorrhoids. In all these and hundreds of like cases the fetich idea deters the sufferer from seeking the true cause or active remedy for the trouble. Here, too, an occasional coincidental recovery outweighs the evidence of a hundred failures and fixes more firmly the belief in the efficacy of the fetich.



A vast number of civilized people recognize the moon as a most powerful fetich. To some it is the regulator of most of the affairs of life. Certain kinds of plants they believe will only mature if planted at one phase of the moon, certain others require a different moon-phase. They will abide as closely by these rules as a Polynesian by the "taboo," regardless of cost or inconvenience to themselves, and despite the fact that they see the crops of those who pay no regard to the fetich thrive equally well. A single failure of the crop planted in the "wrong of the moon" serves to fix their faith. Others insist that the meat of pigs killed at certain stages of the moon cannot be cured, although they know that the great packing houses kill and pack successfully during the whole month. One of the duties of the writer's boyhood was the manufacture of the family supply of "soft soap" from the carefully saved wood ashes and hoarded grease of the household. He was carefully instructed as to the proper phase of the moon for this work and solemnly informed that the soap would not "thicken" (saponify) at any other time. For a while he believed it; then he began to wonder what connection there could be between the moon and that lye and grease. Determined to solve this if possible he tramped six miles into the town where there was a soap factory. He asked one of the employees if they made soap all the time. "Sure," said the man. "And does it always thicken?" "If it didn't, how could we make it, you fool." The conversation stopped abruptly at that point and so did the boy's belief in the interference of the moon in sublunary things. He returned home and despite the almost tearful remonstrances of his mother and grandmother made his soap in the "wrong of the moon" and it thickened.

In the most trivial affairs of life is the influence of the moon-fetich recognized. The weaning of the baby, the cutting of hair or corns or toe-nails, the making of yeast and numberless other things are all regulated by the state of the fetich, and sometimes is its power recognized by people who would seem to be far beyond the stage of evolution in which such superstition could obtain. A lady of culture, intellect and no small measure of occult knowledge, was recently asked by another lady how she prevented her hair from falling out. She responded gravely and earnestly: "I clip the ends on the first Friday after the new moon each month." She

insisted upon the efficacy of the process or "rite," because it had stopped her hair from falling"; but did not reflect that the clipping of the ends would at *any time* have equally invigorated the growth of the hair.

In all such cases the belief in the moon-fetich is harmful, as it deters the person from seeking the real cause why the crop planted in the "wrong of the moon" failed, or why the pork did not cure properly, or what caused the corn to grow on the foot or the hair to fall off the scalp, and by finding the real causes obviate the like trouble in future.

Another fetich belief is that in lucky and unlucky days. Jesus was executed on Friday. What possible cause could be found in this fact for the wrecking of a vessel that sailed on Friday? Yet so prevalent was this belief among sailors that in the days of sailing ships, ere the regular sailing of steamers had to some extent weakened it, the attempt to start a vessel on her voyage would have been almost certain to have provoked a mutiny of the crew.

The possession of a caul—the membrane that sometimes covers the face of a child at birth—would not seem to be a reasonable cause for eloquence on the part of its possessor; nor would it seem an adequate protection from death by drowning. Yet some public speakers (lawyers and clergymen) are said to still wear one about them for the former purpose, and I have known a seaman (an officer at that) pay the whole of his earnings during a long voyage for a caul as a sure protection from death by drowning. The origin of these fetiches must have been in coincidences. Some man or men possessed of cauls must have been eloquent—some holder of a caul made a wonderful escape from drowning. The cause of these was sought. In each case the person was the possessor of a caul; therefore a caul made men eloquent—a caul preserved men from drowning. This was poor logic, but as good as that on which most of the fetich beliefs are founded.

A little brig with a Portuguese captain and crew were sailing southward on the east coast of Africa. A heavy blow from the west came up and as they had scant sea-room the situation was somewhat dangerous, but nothing beyond the management of good seamanship. There was an image of a saint in a little niche forward and nearly all hands knelt in front of it, praying and making vows

of offerings if it would still the storm. The storm still continuing, the captain took the saint from his niche, threw him face down on the deck and laid on about two dozen hearty blows with the bight of a rope. He then replaced him and renewed his vows. The shore was close a'lee by that time, but the squall died away as suddenly as it came and the evening "land wind" common to those latitudes made all safe. "Ah ha!" said the captain, with great complacency, "I thought that would bring that fellow to mind his business." Here was coincidence—the image was whipped—the storm stopped: If that vessel encountered rough weather after that the saint would have but little paint left on his back.

Seeking for the real cause of all good or evil conditions is search for knowledge of the Divine Law. Most of our sins and errors with their consequent unhappiness arise from ignorance of this law or from the idea that by some form of fetichism we can evade the punishment. Every improvement in the condition of mankind—every step in evolution has been by the discovery of the real cause of incidents and phenomena. The conditions to which mankind may yet attain are as far superior to those now obtaining as are those of the most enlightened race of the present to the condition of the most savage.

In the future as in the past the improvement must be gained by learning the laws that govern his being—the true sequence of effects to causes. Every fetich that can be abolished, whether in religion, politics, medical science, law, business, or the most ordinary affairs of life, opens the way for the discovery of real causes and brings us nearer to harmony, to the law. The Elder Brother truly said that "an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit nor a good tree corrupt fruit." It is not possible for good results to accrue from falsehood or error, no matter how long-standing or time-honored they may be. And the final result of the knowledge of a truth must be beneficial.

Within the past century mankind has, by discovering true causes and eliminating fetich ideas, made vast improvements in his physical condition, and by harmonizing his efforts with the law as he learns it attained wonderful mechanical results. The laws of cause and effect governing his spiritual being, his spiritual privileges, powers and possibilities of attainment, are of vastly more impor-

writing we have learned what were their habits and customs, their manner of embalming, their methods of inflicting punishment and their trades. Here art was their literature and literature was their art.

In Greece we find the poet and the artist vying with one another to picture historic scenes. On the walls of the temple at Delphi the artist pictured the return of Agamemnon, thus aiding the poet to preserve and hand down the record of this triumphant scene. The originality, the character and perfection of the Greek mind is seen in Greek literature and art. In the ruins of the buried city Pompeii, the excavator has found the sculptured story of the flight of Helen, as well as that of the confessedly mythical visit of Orpheus to Hades in a vain effort to rescue his beloved Eurydice. Thus in prehistoric days both painter and sculptor united with poet to preserve to posterity the tales and myths which were a part of the literature of that ancient people. Greek art is a visible and ideal representation of Greek mythology. Thus we see its affinity to Greek literature. A country may die, its literature be lost, but its art will remain to be ever a clue to the character of its people.

We may learn concerning the habits of a country from three sources—tradition, language and monumental or artistic remains; but tradition can rarely be relied upon for historic truth; language undergoes change in the lapse of years, but the art of the architect and builder, of the metal-worker, of the sculptor and of the potter endures throughout the ages and relates to us stories which have faded from tradition, and which language has failed to transmit. And so if we would search back into the myths of antiquity for the tales of human activity and civilization we find that art and literature are one. But to take leave of ancient days and come down to more modern times, we find many examples of a blending of art and literature one with the other. The fifteenth century saw a wonderful revival of human thought and activity, a period which we know as the Renaissance. For a thousand years the world had lain crushed and dormant, the result largely of the barbarian invasions which had devastated Europe. But now came a new birth, an awakening of the human mind and conscience, which displayed itself in a revival of letters and of art in an era of discovery and of invention, and in a religious rehabilitation, the effects of which still sur-

vive. In this great awakening literature and art went hand in hand. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio are names not less famous than are those of Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian, Donatello and the Della Robbias. Indeed, we find one of these names not only great among the sculptors and architects of the age, but by no means forgotten among the poets.

Again, descending through the centuries, we find upon the walls of England's temples of fame a name which is destined to endure throughout the ages. It is true that Shakespeare makes scant allusion to the arts of painting and sculpture, although the art, or more properly science of music receives frequent attention. But the artists of the past century have found in the plays of Shakespeare abundant material for the exercise of brush and pencil. If we pass over the several interesting, although in some cases doubtful, portraits of the great dramatist we find, following the portrait painters, a host of illustrators, many of whom have left behind notable examples of their work. Benjamin West has powerfully depicted the Heath scene in *King Lear*; James Northcote of the Royal Academy, the scene in the Tower of London following the murder of the Princes; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the weird scene of *Macbeth* and the witches; Fusili, the appearance of the ghost of Hamlet's father; while Cruikshank's illustrations of *Falstaff*, although less well known, should not be forgotten. Sir Frederick Leighton has given us exquisite portraits of *Desdemona* and *Viola*. The perennial character of this theme is shown in the successful efforts of more than one modern illustrator, in the ever occurring editions of the great dramatist.

In more recent times there have been many who have united art and literature. Of these Ruskin is easily the foremost. Himself both artist and man of letters, he has made a deep impress upon modern literature and upon modern thought. John Keats has made art the subject of some of his charming poems, among which is his "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

"Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale, more sweetly than a rhyme;  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In temple or the dales of Acady."

Robert Browning, who lived and sung in Venice, breathing the very atmosphere of art, has transmuted into verse the aroma of that beautiful city. This is especially shown in his poem, "Youth and Art," and in his ascriptions to Andrea del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi.

At least two artists of modern times following the example of Michelangelo have in their own works united art and literature. Washington Allston whom Oliver Wendell Holmes, seeing in a crowded assemblage, described as appearing like an angel of light, was at once painter and poet. "To Allston," says his biographer, "Michelangelo was alone, peerless, unapproachable." His sonnet to the great artist of the Renaissance is a wonderful tribute of a master who himself recognized his master.

"Thou stand'st alone, and need'st not to shine  
With borrowed lustre, for the light is thine  
Which no man giveth; and, though comets lower  
Portentous round thy sphere, thou still art bright;  
Though many a satellite about thee fall,  
Leaving their stations merged in trackless night,  
Yet take they not from that supernal light  
Which lives within thee, sole and free of all."

We find also Story who stands high in the eyes of modern artists has left behind many essays on art. He also was an admirer of Michelangelo and a lover of his works. In speaking of his death he said: "He peacefully passed away, and the great light went out. No! it did not go out; it still burns as brightly as ever across these long centuries to illuminate the world." And so through all the ages from the remotest antiquity to the latest day with the single aim and purpose, art and literature have gone hand in hand; together they have preserved and handed down the records of the human race; together they instructed, elevated, ennobled mankind. Twin brothers of civilization, what can be higher than their aim, nobler than their purpose, more complete than their success.

F. H. CARPENTER.

## HAPPINESS AND DESIRE.

BY H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

"We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there."

Speaking broadly, unhappiness is always the difference between what we desire and what we actually possess. Take an apparent exception: a man is unhappy because he has done wrong. Is it not because he desires his self-respect or the respect of others which is now lost to him?

Yet happiness lies not so much in the acquisition of what we desire as in being content with what we have. To be content it requires that one want nothing beyond what he has. If he desire more, he is to that extent unsatisfied, and therefore unhappy.

At intervals during years of unrest and general discontent, and perhaps in connection with some trivial pleasure, there may come to us moments when we feel strangely reconciled to our condition. What are these but moments when the desire for things sleeps within us—moments of real, calm happiness.

Ecstasy of joy comes at times when our condition far exceeds our expectations and therefore our immediate desires, and we are deliciously lost in the adjustment of our sensibilities to the situation of pleasure which has in a way overwhelmed us.

I know a man who occupies a fair but humble position in a certain country place. His courtesy and integrity keep for him the respect and good will of the whole community. He is a man of intelligence and industry, and all who know him would admit him capable of a higher and more lucrative position. But he smiles and is content. He has enough to maintain a comfortable little home near his work, to properly feed and clothe his wife and children, and without doubt a little now and then to lay by in case of incapacity or old age. He has no ambition but to maintain this pleasant state of things. Content with the pleasures and faithful to the duties and responsibilities of his little world, he desires not that earthly state which great effort might bring him. Many of those who hurry on in the feverish race for fame and fortune would look with pity, perhaps contempt upon this man; but I often

wonder whether any of them is half so truly happy as he—whether he has not discovered the secret of happiness which so many seek with tears and find not.

We might expatiate here on worthy and unworthy discontent, but the psychology if not the ethics of them is the same; and it is undeniably true that, "The desire of the moth for the star" is fundamental of much of the world's unhappiness.

For there is more or less illusion in the things we desire. Remoteness or the difficulty of attainment lends them an extent of charm which they do not possess and obscures those qualities which else might give us pause. The distant mountain peak in the sunlight looks roseate and elysian, which a nearer view finds bleak and desolate. Alas! how often do our desires lead us to an unhappiness greater than that we sought to remedy by their fulfilment. For when they procure for us deprivation instead of advantage, we must desire more than ever—not now a mere addition but that which we have lost.

But whence these desires, which bring us so great unrest and discontent? Are they not the voicing of needs, real or imagined; some very clearly defined, others vaguely realized—needs not less importunate when they exist only in the fancy?

And what of needs? Our needs are in proportion to our capacities: to create tastes is, in a sense, to create needs. A respectable hand-to-mouth existence—mere necessities, no margin of resources—is wellnigh as intolerable to one of luxurious tastes as abject poverty to one of limited requirements. To him who has always had little, a fair amount is plenitude. The capacity is small. We often fail to recognize this principle in our consideration of the destitute. In most cases much less than what our sympathies suggest would suffice to make them comfortable.

No less important is distinction in the quality of tastes. A ship's larder being depleted of ordinary provisions, the crew had to be supplied from the officers' rations. The men subsequently depreciated the tenderer viands, declaring them unsatisfying as compared with their own fibrous meats. True, there are some reduced from affluence to indigence whom time has seemed to compensate with an apparent indifference. It is because their tastes so long unstimulated and unsatisfied have become dormant. It is better



for these so long as their poverty prevails, that their desires for the material things of this life should know no reawakening.

So we see that our needs are greater or less or different, and indirectly our capacity for unhappiness, according to our training. Those of simple tastes ask for the necessities of life, while their soft-clad, pleasure-loving neighbors cry: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities."

But we must now return for a moment to this matter of worthy and unworthy discontent. A worthy discontent, that is to say, a desire for laudable things, is the radical force of progress. If we believe that absolute happiness is lack of desire, and therefore incompatible with progress and development, we feel that we ought not to be so happy, that somehow we must choose between progress with its restlessness and discontent, and contentment with its more or less narrow circle of activities. Our friend of the country of whom we spoke, is happy, but he will never be great. On the other hand he will do no harm. It is better to be a negative good than a positive evil, as he might be if he desired much beyond his reach.

But how far is discontent worthy? When are we rightly ambitious; when do we presume? Questions of golden mean, very vital to us, and such as we should surely know how to answer.

I have in mind the vague remembrance of an old fairy tale. It relates that a mermaid became woefully discontented with her lot, being greatly enamoured of a prince who dwelt in a castle near the sea, and whom she could see from time to time, walking on his terraces, or upon his balconies, or sailing upon the waters. He was now surrounded by courtly men, now in the company of fair women, now careless, now merry, and at all times to her altogether adorable. And there came upon her a terrible sadness and despair which she was helpless to resist; a great envy of those women who might delight in his royal grace and kindness, and an impotent jealousy of him whom she worshiped from afar, who was free to woo and marry whom he chose, while her love was unrequited and unknown. She hated that half of her body formed as a fish's tail, because she had not feet wherewith she might then leave the water and walk upon the land; doubtless there to mingle with those that were near him, and to enslave him with her love and beauty. Continually she

inveighed against the cruel fate which had caused her to be born a denizen of the sea which was now detestable to her.

Finally, distraught with her ambitions and desperate with her misery, she importuned a certain witch of the deep, and besought her to deliver her from a condition which was no longer tolerable, death being preferable to further unhappiness. The witch promised her not only feet to make her equal with the dwellers of the land but also the love of the prince, if she were willing to endure one condition, which was, that every step she took, it should be as if she trod upon the edge of a sword. This must she be willing to bear, for she could not otherwise order her wish. But the maid with tears assured the witch, as indeed herself, that such pain were ease to the suffering she now endured, and readily offered the old woman thrice the price of her magic, so eager was she to assume the change and obtain her heart's desire. And thereupon the witch transformed the fish's tail to limbs and feet, and left her upon the marble steps which led into the water where were moored the prince's pleasure craft. And there his highness found her, and straightway enraptured with her exceeding grace and loveliness led her to the castle. And though every step she took pained her as if she walked upon swords, yet made she not a murmur, but was filled with joy that at last she was near him she loved.

And not many days after, their betrothal was proclaimed and there was feasting and dancing and great merry-making. But whenever the maid danced or walked by her lover's side, it was as if she trod upon swords; so that while she laughed, she inwardly wept, and while she was happy, she endured exquisite agony.

On the night of their marriage the prince and his bride embarked and put to sea; and while the prince slept, the princess beheld her sister rise from the water and flash a knife in the moonlight. And she called to the princess, "See, sister, I have given the witch all my beautiful hair for this knife. You have only to plunge it into the prince's heart and let his blood flow upon your feet. Immediately you will regain your proper form and may be restored to the sea and to us again." And she flung the knife onto the deck of the ship, so that it fell at the feet of the princess. But taking up the knife she made answer, "Rather than be even tempted to slay him whom I love better than all else, I will kill myself." Accord-

ingly she plunged the blade into her own breast, and with her last strength flung the knife back into the sea. And the prince awaking found her dead, having made her last sacrifice for love of him.

"What a truth in these old fables," says Carlyle, and it seems to me that this one is very illustrative of life, showing how much pain and misery we may bring upon ourselves by attempting to live out of our proper spheres, and procuring for ourselves what was never intended for us. For in the life of each of us there are some positions, some spheres for which no manner of development will ever entirely fit us, though by great effort we secure them. They require a change in our temperaments and innate capacities. The fish can never be comfortable on dry land, nor the flower bloom plucked from its native stem. How many of us are undone by our ambitions and ruined by our very successes, because we cannot discern the limits of success, being led astray by our dreams from a great discontent to a greater suffering; from a great unhappiness to a greater misery, whence there is no escape; except at as great a sacrifice as any we made in going thence; except at the loss of all we have learned to love, all we have suffered and do suffer to possess.

Yet we are not saved pain in the mere renunciation of our dreams; for what man can peacefully relinquish his heart's desires, or bid them depart forever from his sight? Will they not always lie in ambush to surprise him, to strike at him when he is least able to resist? Will all his philosophy suffice to crush them?

Truly I am convinced, that we need not so carefully watch our conduct, but rather the fabrications of our minds and hearts. Indeed from what I can see, it behooves us to have no very great desires for this life's welfare; but to strangle at their birth all inordinate ambitions, lest they grow and become our masters, making us miserable either in the restraint of them, or in the results of their materialization.

It is conducive to contentment to remember that new pleasures and possessions bring new cares and new possibilities of misery. "The gods sell us all the goods they give us." And granted, that absolute contentment is stagnation; granted, that whatever precludes unhappiness should properly not hinder true progress and development, still, the ability to adapt oneself to necessary or unavoidable

conditions, to make the best of what must be, is the one essential to a constant, cheerful attitude toward this changing life.

H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

### THE SIGN OF THE PROPHET JONAH.

A little article which I contributed to the Magazine for February has brought me some inquiries from friends who penetrated behind my *nom de plume*, and who have taxed me with calling attention to a symbolism used by The Master in Matthew XII: 39-40, and not attempting to explain what He meant by it. The inner meaning of the symbol seems so plain to one who reads allegories in the light of symbolism, or as Swedenborg terms it, "*the science of correspondences*"—that it did not occur to me, to attempt its elucidation. However, as this light which has been thrown on the inner meanings of that greatest of all books, The Bible, by the Swedish seer, and it seems to me with *greater* effect, by mystics of equal inspiration since, as well as before his time, has an ever increasing interest for thinkers, I will try to indicate the bearing of this parable on the life of to-day.

And let me remark *en passant*, that my suggestion that others have been "illuminated" so as to be able to corroborate or supplement the revelations of Swedenborg, does not detract from the veneration that a student of the Bible has for him, however much it may militate against the fast disappearing belief of some of his devotees, that throughout the ages THE DIVINE WISDOM has found none but him who could be made able to open the seals, and that there will never arise another. I cannot find it in my thought to attempt to throw any such limits about DIVINE OMNISCIENCE. It is a fact that some of the supposed revelations of Swedenborg are ante-dated by years in the writings of that grand old Mystic, Paracelsus. And there is another parallel between these two great ones—both were for a time smothered under the débris of false systems which they attacked—Swedenborg by theological dogma and Paracelsus by medical ignorance and prejudice. Enough of preface.

Many people, especially theologians, explain this allusion to Jonah's experience by The Master, as relating to His own entomb-

ment. But if we accept the New Testament record (and the writer unequivocally does), the burial was on Friday evening, and only part of that night, the whole of the 7th day, and a portion of the ensuing night elapsed during the time of sepulture. For the women came to the sepulchre "while it was yet dark," and found its occupant gone. However, what this thing *does not* mean is not the purpose of this paper, but what it *does* mean in the light of symbolism is the point of interest.

It is well to premise that the objects of this material world are used to represent principles and things pertaining to the unseen world. Some of these correspondences lie so near the surface that a simple glance reveals their meaning. And as to the literal truth of a legend which forms the framework of an allegory, it is not of any consequence whatever. The strange stories of Mythology carry a hidden meaning; every one acknowledges that fact. And the same is ingrain in the Bible narratives to a far greater extent.

Suppose we consider the sea as the symbol of the sum of a man's knowledge—all *he knows*, or thinks he knows. If so, everything that belongs to the sea is connected with this knowledge, whether it be a ship that sails over its surface, or a fish that swims in its depth. Jonah represents the man as to his soul, who has a call to warn against certain evils of life, and it may be that *he himself* is the Nineveh he is to warn. He tries to escape this call, and takes ship for Tarshish, which stands for mere external, natural good, with no thought or care for the inner development that alone is real growth. But when a man takes counsel only of his own conceptions and experiences from a mere outside standpoint, he finds himself apt to be the centre of a cyclone, and tumbles over into his own ratiocinations. It will lengthen this paper too far to pursue this allegory further, so we will see what use The Master had in view.

Day and night represent states and conditions of the mind, and as the mystic number three is connected with the symbolism, it stands for the whole life—its three planes of natural, psychic and spiritual. The Son of Man is the Divine Truth as it relates to the human being. The Master speaks of Jonah as three days and nights in the belly or stomach of the fish, using the Greek word *κοιλία*. This represents a digestive process—the *intellectually* digesting and working over his deductions and experiences; and Jonah's utter-

ances after he got out of this place lead one to imagine that the process is not unmixed with some discomfort.

But the Son of Man must be three days and nights in the *heart Kapsia*—of the earth. The Truth must permeate all planes of the life, as something *loved*, and not be merely an intellectual reception that looks only to external effect, or means of selfish advancement or renown. And this is the "SIGN OF THE PROPHET JONAH."

I will add just a few words in conclusion. Verse 41 indicates that in matters of life, and relations between man and man, "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." That is, in the external relations of life, the pursuit of gain, fame, a great name, seems to be conducted with more method than the inner interests that bind us to the *soul* of humanity. The men of Nineveh, who represent those who follow the fallacies of the senses in the obscurity of an unenlightened understanding and in ignorance, stand as a forcible rebuke to those who, with greater light, let opportunities slip by them. We are too fond of trying to make "things higher" work out for some material gain. The greater opportunity of spiritual development and power, far exceeding the limit of mere intellectualism, counts for little with the scribes and Pharisees of our day. And who of us does not find himself sometimes standing with this crowd, looking for a sign which shall never be given in this way? For confronting us stands a sign of more vast proportions and greater moment—"THE SIGN OF THE PROPHET JONAH." And this subject is capable of a wide application.

Θυρωρός

### THE DAY STAR.

Out of the night Christ Child—out of the night  
Through the dim centuries there comes a light  
Of highest magnitude blinding the sun,  
Drawing all rays that shine—blending as one,  
Sending them forth again—exceeding bright—  
Out of the night Christ Child—out of the night.

Sweeping in glorious sheen round the whole world,  
Steadily rolling on, cloud-rifts unfurled,  
Gilding the mountain peaks, lighting the vales,  
Kissing the forests old, dancing o'er dales,  
Reaching all lowliness—touching each height—  
Out of the night Christ Child—out of the night.

Thou bringest a message out of the night  
Chanted by Angel Host in the Starlight.  
And glory divine brings peace on the earth,  
Love's Highest Law is revealed in thy Birth;  
Mankind responding to true life and light  
Are claiming their heritage—choosing the right.

Out of the night Christ Child—out of the night,  
Thy mystery stands, unveiled in the light;  
Blind eyes are opened, and deaf ears unsealed  
For the Highest meaning of Life 'is revealed!  
The old "Good and evil" are separate—quite,  
Out of the night *Christ Child*—out of the night!

BLAND McLEAN.

## THE EMPLOYER AND THE EMPLOYEE.

BY J. A. WINKLER.

Bayard Taylor has said: "To Truth's house there is a single door which is experience. He teaches best who feels the hearts of all men in his breast, and knows their strength or weakness through his own."

The above quotation states the qualification that should be possessed by anyone desirous of writing or of speaking upon the subject of the problem of the employer and the employee. The subject is worthy of unprejudiced treatment. Experience as an employer as well as that of an employee is necessary to a considerate and intelligent treatment of the subject. Historical theorizing about The Thirteen Colonies affords no conception of the state of the Union as it is to-day. Historical theorizing about the estate of the employer and the employed in centuries past does not throw as much light upon this subject as vital contact with present-day facts and conditions.

Differences between Employer and Employed, or Capital and Labor, exist; strikes, lockouts, boycotts, bull-pens and black-lists attest this. Many *isms* are being hawked about as panaceas for the ills afflicting this department of political economy. There is ever-present the unrest from which upheaval springs. There is marching and counter-marching; many are the voices crying "Lo! here!" "Lo! there!" Labor thinks the times propitious for the appearance of a Moses, who, while a member of Pharaoh's court, has a peasant's heart responsive to the cry of his countrymen in distress, and wisdom to secure their release from bondage. On the other hand, Capital seeks to perpetuate its advantages and maintain its priority. Abraham Lincoln said: "Labor is prior to and above Capital and deserves the first consideration." While much contention is possible concerning the relative importance of Labor and Capital, the writer's idea is embodied in the following quotation: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."\*

Capital has rights which must be respected and maintained. It

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\* I Cor. 21.



has its duties and obligations to the community and the State. It is entitled to rewards when it legitimately fulfils its mission. It must pay penalties for failure to do so. Certainly, it has a right to exercise itself—to make investments and go on ventures. It has a right to do all in its power to keep the flag of enterprise floating on the way of progress. It has a moral right to do that which Labor unassisted cannot do or do well. But it has no right to take from Labor its opportunity or self-appointed task, or abridge its privilege of legitimately elevating itself. Capital is entitled to a fair and just reward, but it must maintain a conscience in order that it may be satisfied with that. "Business is business," and "There's no sentiment in business," must not be plead as demurrers to the charge of exaction and duress. It is the duty of Capital, a duty it owes to the community and the State, to afford all who are able and willing, opportunity to labor, but it has no right to take such opportunity away.

To that Government under which Capital exploits itself it, no less than Labor, owes the fullest measure of pure patriotism, for both are members of the one body politic. To the Constitution and the Law, Capital must be obedient, else with hypocritical pretense it declaims against the lawlessness of Labor. Capital must recognize the fact that the "Strong arm of the Law" it would raise in its defense or for its preservation requires the proletariat, which is its nerve and muscle, to give it power. Capital must afford the brightest possible example of loyalty and patriotism, and respect for Law and Order. It can do this better by respecting the rights of Labor than by singing odes to Liberty or apostrophising Freedom. Capital claiming precedence, should be preëminently patriotic, and give Labor every opportunity and occasion to be the same. Capital can be nothing without Government; Labor is nothing without Government. "Back to the Constitution" is no unmeaning cry.

There is a flag which is something more than a piece of bunting. It stands for Liberty, Equality and Justice, and woe to him who causes the love of any to wax cold toward it by creating the impression that it floats only for the favored few. Under the Stars and Stripes, under its prestige, there may be conspiracies, but if they be of Capital, Labor must not be denied the same right.

Capital cannot seek paternalism in Government for itself alone. It has no right, no Constitutional right, to seek it at all. It is the duty of Capital to foster a sane patriotism—good citizenship with all it implies. Capital must not love the dollar above the dollar's day or it will have to pay the penalty. In order to foster and expand a fervid love of country (and not to do so is treason) Capital must be considerate. This is its right, this is its duty.

Not only must the employer give his head to his business, but his heart to his employees. The employer who is all head for his business, but lacking heart of sympathy and considerateness for his employees would have won distinction in the days of Slavery as an overseer. Considerateness can find expression in various ways. It can take care that the employer's plan for a palatial residence shall not by comparison too sharply accentuate the plainness of the employee's home. Considerateness can dispel all ideas of caste or clan, that the employee may have associated in his mind with respect to the social status. For, with a public school system affording a reading and reflecting employee, in whose breast there are aspirations, in every way worthy, and ambitions that have been incited by rostrum, press and pulpit, disappointment and discontent must follow if Labor, intelligent and self-respecting and brought to a state of reflective self-consciousness, should see itself under an inconsiderate system put on a level with the peon of Mexico, the peasant of Europe, or the moujik of Russia.

Capital has a right to intelligent and capable service. It has had it and if it wants that kind of service it will always have it. Considerateness will recognize the equality of man, and willingly concede that an employee is something more than one of the few or many machines in operation in shop, mill, or factory.

The principles which have been popular with employers, and they have sought to make them effective, are Coöperation, Concentration and Conservation. To these they should add Consideration. If Capital in its investments, ventures and development of the resources of the country, seeks to make possible the highest type of civilization to benefit mankind, it will also be considerate of the individual's welfare. Human life must be held in reverence. Capital has a right to have an object in view; it has a right to have an ultimate aim, but if that object, that aim, is its own aggrandise-

ment, if it seek only the dollar, then it must expect to have the hostility of those who are made to feel its predatory power.

Only in a state of ignorance and superstition must Labor find itself under the complete domination of Capital. To desire, on the part of the employee complete subservience to the demands of the employer, to expect him to be easily satisfied, to demand that he shall be satisfied with what estate Capital may allow him, is simple treason to the race.

Recently, in order to better understand to some extent, at least, the situation of the workingman, the writer found employment in a large industrial plant employing hundreds. He was given work requiring some technical skill and was placed under the espionage of a sub-boss. Work began promptly with the blowing of the whistle and no slaves on Southern plantations were ever so driven. At no time was the sub-boss satisfied with the amount of work done. At frequent intervals he would appear and set a pace for "the gang," as we were called, to follow, which, had he kept it up for a few hours, would likely have resulted in his death. For \$2.25 per day or 22½ cents per hour, the writer did an amount of work which years ago would have paid him twice the above amount, and occasioned him much less bodily fatigue. It was interesting to hear the workmen, with tensely drawn faces down which the perspiration freely ran, comment upon the system under which they were compelled to labor; a system of drive, hustle, push to the limit. Indeed, the foreman of one of the departments was discharged because "he did not get enough work out of the men under him." It was very evident that the shop was not run on philanthropic principles. "Not how much, but how little can we pay in wages" seemed to be the watchword.

Surely the principle that "one ought not to expect to get something for nothing" applies to all. Shylock wanted only his pound of flesh. The workmen with whom the writer toiled were intelligent, and some possessed natural ability and capacity which had opportunity afforded would have enabled them to rise. Association with different groups of workmen during the brief resting season at noon time, and engaging them in conversation, revealed to the writer much unrest, and dissatisfaction with the present conditions. There was a strong undercurrent of discontent, a feeling that there

was something wrong with the entire industrial system. "Prosperity" was to them an empty, meaningless term, as the cost of living was far in advance of wages. Many of the workmen detailed to the writer their circumstances, and to him it is not strange that Labor should endeavor to improve its estate. Unionism was favorably regarded by the majority; some, however, had little faith in it.

One impression remains with the writer and that is, Labor can compel improvement through either one of the two older political parties by independent action, by forming a third party even though it should never acquire strength sufficient to triumph at the polls. Labor, its followers think, cannot compete with Capital to any extent for high political honors. There is the floating vote, more or less a purchasable quantity, which makes success scarcely possible. Labor needs wise leadership. Capital by consideration can avoid a crash. It must condescend.

If Capital will insist upon the dependency of Labor, then it must give Labor a good and sufficient reason for the failure of its support. The writer's fellow-workmen were, with few exceptions, readers and thinkers; moderate in their expressions; believing that a remedy for existing conditions will be found, but unwilling that it should be too radical.

The writer is convinced that given fair and just compensation, and treatment as a fellow-man and not as a mere hireling, Capital will find Labor willing to go far on the way to perfect understanding and happy coöperation. The writer's experience in the shop closed on a "pay day" when for the second time he was obliged to fall in line under a drenching rain and wait patiently for a full hour until it came his turn to approach the paymaster's window and receive an envelope containing his wages, which was handed to him with an air and manner which implied that he was the recipient of a great favor from the company. While there as a workman to get the workman's views and enter into the workman's feelings, and not of necessity, he could not help feeling that the wages paid him were insufficient. The amount of labor performed entitled him to much more, and the memory of his aching arms and weary limbs might at this time incline him to be unduly favorable to Labor's cause did he not desire to present his views and facts impartially.

Labor has rights and also obligations. It has responsibilities to

bear and must pay penalties and receive rewards. accordingly as it meets its obligations or repudiates them. Labor has a right to seek employment, and this right is collective and individual. Labor has a right to combine, and may legitimately influence its following to concert of action. Labor Unions are here to stay as long as Capital or employers find the Trust, Monopoly or Syndicate advantageous.

No organization of employers has a moral right to compel, in any way, any employer to join it against his will, neither has any such organization a right to dictate what kind of labor he shall employ or what wages he shall pay. On the other hand, Labor has no right to prevent any employee working for whomsoever he desires, or for such wages as he may be willing to accept. If Labor esteem itself as prior to and above Capital and deserving of first consideration, it must prove its estimate, or justify it, by results. An assumption of superiority must be proven by something more than assumption.

Labor is doubtless superior to Capital in a primitive or pioneer state of society, but immediately upon development, enterprise and progress make Capital a necessity. The development of a community or State shows that Labor is indeed the medium through which Genius and Capital find practical expression. The Hudson River tunnel was a thought of Genius. Capital made possible the entertainment of the conception, but Labor gave it material existence. Thus we are made to note the fact that Genius is as concrete a force in the development of a State as Labor or Capital. Capital claims too much in assuming preëminence; Labor is vainglorious in its assumption of superiority; without Capital its estate must remain primitive at best. It never can join in triumphs, or have part in them, of mind over matter. Capital without Labor ceases to exist, but its non-existence makes Labor Nature's subject, and progress ceases. Genius may suggest, but Capital must exist to receive the suggestion and Labor must lend itself to give the idea, born of Genius and fostered by Capital, opportunity to evidence its practical utility; by Labor's assistance it must attain to the material proportions.

Labor, Genius, Capital are three Graces, each essential to the other. They each must exist to develop the State and enable it to fulfil its mission. Labor, therefore, has a right to all that will en-

able it to be most effective to maintain an estate of self-respect. It has a right to go forth to its appointed task well rested, well fed, and with heart full of hope and cheer respecting its future. It has a right to demand recognition as an integral part of the State and stand on an equality with Capital. It has a right to paternal consideration by the State if Capital receives it. Otherwise, it must be content.

Labor must be loyal to the State and if it would deserve well it, as well as Capital, must remember that there is something yet higher than effort to maintain precedence and that is, the common good, the preservation of National unity.

Labor disliking caste, class or clan, must not think of itself as separate and distinct from the whole body politic. Its life is a part of the Nation's life.

Labor no more than Capital can seek its own regardless of its obligations to the State. It must stand justified or condemned according to its measure of Patriotism. "He loves his party best who loves his country best." Labor has demonstrated its patriotism in the past. The Nation's battles have been won by the men who left the plough, the plane, the pick and shovel; the men who left the shop, the mill, the factory and the field. Thousands of its representatives have borne arms in defense of the Union, and for its preservation have suffered hardships for insignificant pay.

It remains for Labor to seek amelioration of its condition, its advance and its elevation, but not in a way to weaken the foundations upon which the Republic was established. It should be the champion of law and order, while insisting upon its privileges with no lessening of faith that the Genius which established the Republic upon the brotherhood of man and made possible a government "of the people, for the people and by the people," still abides and will arbitrate all differences, and prove that patience, prudence and patriotism must have a place in all the councils of men, be they employers or employees.

J. A. WINKLER.

### PROGRESSION.

Lead Thou, O Infinite Love, my wandering soul  
From out life's darksome vale, where evil would control,  
To sunnier heights, unto a happier goal,  
    Lead Thou, O Light Divine.

A weary pilgrim on earth's cold, dark, unlit shore,  
Amid life's raging storms and conflicts ceaseless roar,  
My storm-swept soul moves on and humbly doth implore,  
    Lead Thou, O Light Divine.

Into life's better path, though it shall be the one  
Where battles must be fought, that progress may be won—  
Where duty sternly gives its orders to march on,  
    Lead Thou, O Light Divine.

March on, O struggling soul, though dark may seem the way,  
Life's clearer heights beyond reveal a better day.  
Whatever be the cost prove the hero in the fray,  
    And Lead, O Light Divine.

Press on and falter not as trials hard you meet,  
The soul is oft most blest when it is made to weep;  
The diamond, rough, is cut, to make its worth complete;  
    Lead Thou, O Light Divine.

The night will soon be past—the storm will soon be o'er,  
And bright will be the morn of vict'ry on life's shore,  
And stronger be my soul for the struggle than before.  
    Lead Thou, O Light Divine.

Unto my spirit grant the strength, the will to be  
In thought, in word and deed, reflecting more of Thee,  
More growing in the light of Love's sweet harmony  
    The Light that is Divine.

M. F. BROOKS, D. D. S.

## SHADOWS.

We are shadows all, and shadows we pursue. This business of life which we make believe to take so earnestly—what is it but a moth-chase or the play of grotesques on a child's magic lantern? A sudden helter-skelter of light and shade, a comic jumble of figures thrown for a moment on the screen, and then—darkness! \* \*

We are shadows all, living ghosts, so slight of memory and consciousness that we seem to die many deaths ere the final one. The illusion that we name life is intermittent—hardly can we recall what happened day before yesterday. Even the great events of life, as we phrase them, do but feebly stamp our weak consciousness. By a fiction which every one knows to be false, we make a pretense of feeling much and deeply. 'Tis a handsome compliment to our common nature, but the truth is, we rarely *feel*—our substance is too thin and ghostlike.

As shadows we fly to each other and are never in real contact. This is the profound deception of love, the pathos of the human tragedy. The forms we would clasp make themselves thin air; we strain at a vacuum and a shade; \* \* in the very rapture of possession we feel the eternal cheat.

Yet whilst we lament ever that we cannot lay hands on those we love, shadows that we are, no more sure are we of ourselves. This shadow of me eludes even myself as I am eluded by the shadows of others in the great phantasmal show around me. I know this shadow of me volatile, uncertain, ever escaping from under my hand; and if I were not so busy chasing my own shadow, the evanescent Me, I should have more leisure for hunting other moths and shadows. The old Greeks figured this change and vagacity in the mythic Proteus, but they missed the deeper sense of it.

I would not care to recall these shadows of myself, even if I had the power, as I would not wish to live my life over again without leave to change it. He is a fool or liar who says otherwise. But I may confess to a weakness for one that vanished years ago leaving me too soon—a shadow of youthful hope and high purpose, that could do much to refresh the jaded heart, dared I but to look upon it. I know it dreamed of a holier love than I have realised. of nobler aims than I have had strength to reach; or crowns and triumphs that I shall never claim. It believed only in good, and since it left me, without any cause that I can remember, I have known much evil. Yet it is still the essential Me, soul of my soul, spirit of my spirit, and so must it be throughout the eternities. I cannot be separated from that Brightness, that Innocency, that Hopefulness, which once was I. Call it back for but an instant to give peace to my soul!

Vain appeal—a shadow calling to a shadow.

—*Michael Monahan*, in "The Papyrus."



## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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### CREDULITY OF WILFUL DISBELIEF.

Sir Oliver Lodge, of the Society for Psychical Research, reports that he has had communications from three of his fellow laborers in that field, who have "passed to the majority." One of them, Dr. Hodgson, had declared that he would hold such communication if he could find it possible; and he seems to have kept his word. Mr. F. W. H. Myers endeavored to furnish a test of the matter which should be conclusive. He wrote a message and sealed it up, and proposed to make a communication which was to be recorded and compared with the written paper. This, too, we are informed, proved fully successful. The spirit of Mr. Myers imparted to the medium, Mrs. Piper, similar matter to what had been written. This, however, does not convince disbelievers. More credulous in their stubbornness than the veriest spiritualist, it is suggested that Mr. Myers while alive impressed his thoughts upon the mind of the medium, and so that she simply reproduced them. No evidence has been given to show that such thought-transference had occurred, and we are relegated perforce to the declaration in the Gospel anecdote: "And he said unto him: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'"

### MAJOR ANDRÉ AND THE CLERGYMAN'S DREAM.

Just before embarking for America, in the Revolutionary War, Major André paid a farewell visit to Miss Rebecca Seward, a lady living in Derbyshire. While there it was arranged by the lady to introduce him to several friends in the neighborhood. Among these was a Mr. Newton, and Mr. Cunningham, the curate of the parish. Before she arrived with her guest at the place of rendezvous, Mr. Cunningham told Mr. Newton of a dream that he had the previous night, which affected him very deeply.

He appeared to be standing in the middle of a forest that was entirely strange to him. Gazing about him a few moments he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed. As he came near three men who seemed to have been in ambush, sprang from their covert, seized the bridle of the horse and compelled the rider to dismount. They searched him and led him away. His face, figure and bearing made so deep an impression on Mr. Cunningham's mind that he awoke.

Presently he fell asleep again and had a second dream. He was now with a throng of spectators, when he saw the same person whom he had dreamed of before brought out between a file of soldiers, who marched him to a gallows and hanged him.

When Miss Seward came with her guest Mr. Cunningham recognized Major André as the man whom he had seen in the dreams.

While on service in America, Major André wrote a poem making sport of a military movement of General Wayne. He lampooned the General unmercifully, winding up with lines suggesting that General Wayne might "hang the poet." General Wayne was actually in command in the district in which the execution took place.

#### AN ANTI-SUICIDE BUREAU.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, a year ago established an anti-suicide bureau. It has compartments in London, Berlin, New York, Chicago and Melbourne. The officers are guided by three leading principles: inviolable secrecy, consultation and advice free, and no financial help guaranteed. During 1907 no fewer than 1,125 men applied to the London bureau alone, and an equal number sought help at the other branches. They chiefly belonged to the middle class. Clergymen, missionaries, doctors, lawyers, journalists were in the number. Only ninety women applied at the London bureau. Many who applied were persons who had a "superior" education that rather unfitted than qualified them for the kind of work within their reach. About 54 per cent. of the cases in London were individuals distressed by financial worries or hopeless poverty; 11 per cent. were troubled by drink, drugs or disease; 9 per cent. by melancholia; 5 per cent. by crime; and 21 per cent. from general causes. Melancholia seemed to have the sense of loneliness as its

general cause, especially in the case of women. The feeling of being friendless induced brooding and brought on the pursuant condition and its allurements.

#### BOYCOTT AN UNLAWFUL RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

Among the prosecutions and convictions for restraint of trade, individuals and corporations have been compelled to bear their responsibility for the offenses. The Labor organizations are also taking their turn. Two suits had already been against them in the Supreme Court of the United States and now a third decision still more sweeping, has been made. It was delivered on the third of February by Chief Justice Fuller, all the Justices concurring. The firm of Dietrich Loewes and Company, Danbury, Connecticut, had been proscribed by the United Hatters of America for refusing to join the "union," and entered suit against Lawler and 200 other members of that body. The Circuit Court dismissed the case on the ground that the "Sherman Act" was not broad enough to cover inter-State transportation. The Court of Appeals affirmed this decision, but without delay or investigation, and certified the case directly to the United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice Fuller declared the opinion of the Court that the objection was not tenable. The Sherman Act prohibits any combination whatever to secure action which essentially obstructs the free flow of commerce between the States, or restricts, in that regard, the liberty of a trader to engage in business.

The statute in question contains this provision:

"Any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other person or corporation by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by this act, may sue therefor in any Circuit Court of the United States in the district in which the defendant resides or is found, without respect to the amount in controversy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, and the costs of suit with a reasonable attorney's fee."

The Court held that the combination of Hatters fell within the class of restraints of trade which were aimed at compelling third parties and strangers involuntarily not to engage in the course of trade except on conditions that the combination shall impose. It quoted from the work of Chief Justice Erle on Trades Unions, that "at common law every person has individually, and the public has also collectively, a right to require that the course of trade should be kept free from unreasonable obstruction."

Out of eighty-two manufactories, seventy had acquiesced in the requirements of the Hatters' Union. Mr. Loewe refused, insisting that his rights of trade should not be limited by a company of men in which he was not represented, and which had no regard for his interests.

In this decision are involved the rights of wage-workers, who are not members of a union, but against whom the principal blows of the organization are directed.

The Circuit Court is now charged with the duty of assessing threefold damages against the United Hatters. The suit is for \$80; and every member of that organization is liable for the amount awarded.

#### SOMEBODY TO LAY THE BLAME ON.

President Jackson had required the public money on deposit in the United States Bank to be removed to other institutions. The action was doubtless high-handed, and the Whig journals and orators were eloquent in denunciation and prediction of disaster. The writer was in his boyhood at the time and remembers a newspaper article purporting to be by an Irishman, relating his personal experience. He could not get paid for his work, because his boss pleaded that money could not be obtained owing to the removal of the deposits. Patrick presently found this pleading everywhere. No work, no money, but a general complaining. One day his wife broke her arm, and during the excitement he got drunk and was arrested. When he was arraigned in court and asked for his defence, he replied:

"Your Honor, it is all owing to the removal of the deposits."

"You, too, are a sufferer. That unjustifiable action has ruined us all. You are discharged."

"Long life," cried Patrick, "long life to your Honor, and God bless the good man that removed the deposits, for he has given us somebody to lay the blame on."

Not many years afterward, there came a real disaster, short crops, bank failures and wholesale bankruptcy. The financial calamity was more severe than any which has since occurred. Mr. Van Buren had just been inaugurated as President, and was held accountable. A political overturn took place all over the country

and the Democratic party was driven from power. There was plausibility in the pretext, but extravagant extension of credit was the cause.

In 1857 was another occurrence of a similar character, but this time the President was not assailed.

The catastrophe of 1873 is still fresh in general remembrance. Speculation had run wild; and every enterprise, public and private, seemed to be honeycombed with jobbery and speculation. The Republican party was in power, and was held responsible. The political majority in Congress was overturned, many prominent individuals were relegated to private life and the next presidential election exhibited a set purpose for an overturn which was with difficulty prevented.

Another occurring of stringency took place in the second term of President Cleveland, and the usual endeavor put forth to impute it to his policy. But the men who had been displaced from power and who were in the opposition party in Congress were as much to blame, as they had succeeded in obstructing his efforts to place the financial condition on a proper basis.

The present Chief Magistrate is now the target for attack. Having declared that he would not be a candidate for reelection, many assail him who would not have done so under different conditions. He has boldly exposed and sought to punish individuals and corporations that were disobeying the law in their management, and procuring dishonorable advantages over their competitors, and for so doing is accused by the culpable individuals of having disturbed and arrested the course of national prosperity. Like King Ahab, who when his evil deeds were exposed, accused the prophet of being an agitator, they seek to create the impression that the President has caused the panic and obstruction in commercial business, which they had been creating. They would have us believe that the publishing of the procedures which have been ferreted out and exposed, the felonious methods, were the sole cause of the troubles. It is about as reasonable as the reputed logic of the Irishman.

One night when the mercury had fallen below the zero mark two adopted citizens were walking up Broadway. Before one of the buildings they saw a thermometer silently registering the temperature.

"Ah," cried one of them, "here is the divel that makes the weather so cold."

With a blow of his stick he demolished the instrument.

A. W.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER and HEALTH REVIEW has just completed its twenty-ninth volume. It is justly entitled to the meed of "Well done, good and faithful servant." As a watchman it has been wary and far-seeing; as a counsellor, sagacious and careful; as a leader, forceful and discreet. It has accomplished much, and is in a fair way to effect more. As the expositor of error, and the unfolders of artful falsehood and misrule, its service is beyond estimate. It does not make mistakes or deal in subterfuge.

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"What is your business?"

"I am a gardener, madam."

"Are you married?"

"No, ma'am."

"But gardeners ought to be married. The first gardener of whom we read was not long in the garden when he took a wife."

"But, ma'am, I read that it was not long after that, that he lost his job."

#### ENERGY DERIVED FROM WILL.

The *Monist* for January contains three papers devoted to the discussion of the force of will. Mr. W. F. Aytoun Wilkinson insists that there is absolutely no escape from the conclusion that consciousness originates energy. Mind, he affirms, mind *directs* the motions of matter. "Think for a moment, 'I will move an arm or leg, this way or that,' and you find that you can do it. Can we possibly attribute one of these instances to a mere coincidence that the motion of the arm or leg happened to occur just at the same time as the desire for the motion? The desire influences the movement. Thus the matter is plain that the will-power generates energy.

"The total amount of energy in the universe is constant, but it is also infinite. It exists in two forms: (1) spiritual, and (2) material, or mechanical; that is, measurable in terms of matter and motion. Reason shows that spiritual force is constantly passing

into material force. But if the total quantity of each throughout the universe is infinite, then this incessant transformation will make no difference to either. \* \* \*

"If undivided will-force is derived from an infinite universal source, then, reasoning by analogy, it is natural to infer that the universal will-force is employed in the grand affairs of the universe in the same manner as individual will-force is employed in the smaller affairs of animals and men—that universal evolution is also under guidance. Thus from the individual will we advance to the idea of God. This is not strict argument. But it is a reasonable hypothesis which serves the purpose of providing a place in universal philosophy for the proved truth of individual will-force."

Professor Carus insists that "neither in volition nor in will is there any procreation of new energy, but simply an imparting of direction to energy held ready for the purpose." Yet he seems to admit mental processes take place in space—"that the thinking process takes place somewhere within the body of the thinking person."

"Yet," he adds, "if we do not speak of the process of thinking, and bear in mind only the ideas that are being thought, we may very well insist that the ideas themselves do not depend upon time and space. Moral ideals, for instance, such as justice, truthfulness, manliness, wisdom, etc., are eternal norms; just as the theorems of geometry and arithmetic are true anywhere and everywhere outside of the thinker's corporeal personality. They are not material, not corporeal, not concrete, for their very nature is generality, which implies that they are independent of time and space."

"Considering the fact that all rational thinking consists in utilising generalisations, and attempting to actualise for our own benefit the eternal norms of thought, we must grant that all abstract thought contains an element that is above time and space. All higher thought soars into the realms of the eternal, the universal, the superspatial relations."

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The Rev. Dr. Scudder of Jersey City, remarks that the pulpit teaching of the present time has more regard to individual duty than to effete doctrinal problems. "Hell," he adds, "hell is not so hot as it was forty years ago."

## SUICIDE.

The increase of suicides in Europe is arousing attention. The number in one year exceeded six thousand. This country, however, is in a fair way to keep up, already exceeding a thousand in a year, and steadily increasing. A writer in *The Examiner* imputes this increase to the lack of the fear of God, and the undue value put upon worldly possessions. We will not dispute this, but will state the reason in simpler terms. The question is whether the individual finds life for himself to be worth living. No person in ordinary health who was permitted some part in the interests of human life, is eager to end his existence.

## PRE-EXISTENCE.

Downward came a spirit bright,  
From a lofty home of light,  
To this world so sweet and fair,  
Even shadowed by grim care.  
    Here it hoped its love to meet,  
    And heaven-born friends again to greet.

First in beauty's mask arrayed,  
It laughed, and sang, and idly played,  
And sought its love among the flowers,  
As gayly sped the fleeting hours.  
    Long it journeyed far and near,  
    But naught of love, or friends could hear.

Still in resplendent garments drest,  
In Fashion's halls 'mid throngs it prest,  
Where lovely forms with faces sweet  
Whirled through the dance with flying feet.  
    But vainly gazed into each eye,  
    As fairy beings flitted by.

O'er rugged heights it wandered on,  
Fearing its loved one may have gone  
Still downward away from its native sky,  
In grief and sin alone to die,  
    When joy and hope no more are near  
    The sorrowing, sinking soul to cheer.



Seeking its love in sun and shade,  
This spirit to a work-shop strayed,  
And there in poverty and moil  
It found its love in roughest toil;  
    Abandoning its royal pride,  
    They joined in labor, side by side.

Pointing beyond the starry way,  
It passed in work each weary day,  
Entreating that none farther go  
Lower to regions dark with wo;  
    Where few regain the power of flight  
    To arise above their withering blight.

Descent is smooth, easy the way,  
To depart from that realm of endless day;  
But to re-ascend to celestial skies  
Is a task performed alone by the wise,  
    Whose souls are purged from earthly dross,  
    By bearing in love life's heaviest cross.

On the journey earthward the wings decay,  
And heaven's memories are washed away  
In the Lethic billows, whose ceaseless roar  
Drowns every voice from that distant shore.  
    For Oblivion's waters roll between  
    *This* world of sense, and *that* world unseen.

—*Julia Palmer Stevens*, in "School and Home Education."

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There must be something queer about any faith that needs perpetual defending.

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The man that has no critics is doing nothing of any account in the world.

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The only health regime of any intrinsic value consists in the having of something to do.

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Receiving a new truth is the adding of a new sense.

—*Liebig*.

## MEDICAL SUPERSTITION.

The history of medicine is a continuous revelation of amazing superstitions. The fantastic conceptions of the doctor in every age have been more outlandish than the dreams of the religious fanatic. The common sense of the people, however, has stepped forward and stopped the religious crank in his cruelties and monstrous invasions of human liberty, but the development of medical superstitions goes merrily on.

It would certainly be funny if it were not so serious, to read of the many cases of frenzied medical science that are taking place in all parts of the country. The study of bacteriology has opened a wonderland, peopled by the imagination of each doctor with all sorts of bugaboos, spectres, devils and invisible enemies, exceeding all the distorted visions of the Spanish Inquisitors. It is the history of the Spanish Inquisition repeating itself.

—C. S. Carr, in "Health."

## RELIGION AND PLAY.

It is as much a religious duty to play when one is in the midst of great labors as to secure good food when one's strength is taxed by great exertions. There is as much real education in the playground as in the school-house; as much vital contribution to one's talk in recreation as in toil. If one would face the darker aspects of life and keep his sanity, let him forget disaster and misery in the novel, the play, the garden, the golf course, the walk in the woods. If one would carry a great work to a great end, let him see to it that he plays as devoutly as he toils. The world needs laughter as much as it needs preaching, and humor humanises truth and makes it companionable. As tired men and women love to hear the shouts of children at play, so do those who are carrying great burdens and performing heavy tasks find refreshment and strength in the sight of strong men at play.

—Lyman Abbott, in "Outlook."

## FROM "THE PAPYRUS."

When a man experiences the Cosmic Birth he becomes for the first time conscious of his relations to the All—not the altogether, but the Wholeness, the Oneness, the Unity of things. . . . When the Cosmic Hour strikes, the man is new-created; his narrow personality falls off with all its petty aims; his little two by four soul shrivels up and blows away; he gets a larger soul, a grander personality; in short, he is transformed into and remains a world-man.

On the whole, the way of the Cosmic life is a thorny road to travel. Of course, it has its alleviations and even its inspiring features.

I cannot say that genuine Cosmics were happy in proportion to their uniqueness, and I should think the Cosmic habit a bad one to pass around—it surely would spell trouble to the average man. For as no birth can be without travail and anguish, so the Cosmic process of re-birth is very painful to the person directly affected and especially to his domestic relations, if he have any. Here in truth is the sore spot. The Cosmic One has to face his old environment with a new soul, new dreams, new ambitions, new pretensions, and the Environment cannot look at him with a straight face.

### STAND TOGETHER, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Dr. E. G. Wald, of Lake View Hospital, Chicago, recently performed an operation upon little Mildred Hansen, and by an awkward stroke severed the jugular vein, causing instant death. He turned to the nurses and physicians present, saying: "This is a time when you must all stand by me, for I was not in any condition to perform the operation, but my practice was run down." The medical profession did stand by him, and he was held blameless by the courts. Similar cases are happening all over the world, for so completely is the dominance of our legal machinery by this profession that the people have no appeal from medical whims and blunders.

—*Journal of Man*, January 18, 1908.

### THE BEST MAGAZINE.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is the leading periodical of its kind in the world. At all times it stands for and represents the *best* of the thought along the various lines of activity that relate to the finer forces of nature and of the universe of intelligence. It is doing the greatest work of the day, in literature. Its circulation should now be increasing by many times what it has been in the past. Many thousands are yet waiting to hear of its existence and searching for such a periodical. Nothing else fills this want.

The active support and assistance of *every friend* is urgently needed to bring it to the notice of those who would appreciate it. Its publishers will be grateful for any such assistance in increasing its circulation for the general good.

### ON THE NEWS STAND.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news stands or in any depot or ferry-house, please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied. The American News Company is General Agent.

## DEMOCRACY A RELIGION?

When democracy is sovereign, its doubters say nobility will form a sort of invisible church; and sincerity and refinement stript of honor, precedence and favor will have to vegetate on sufferance in private corners. They will have no general influence. They will be harmless eccentricities.

Now, who can be absolutely certain that this may not be the career of democracy? Nothing future is quite secure; states enough have inwardly rotted; democracy as a whole may undergo self-poisoning. But, on the other hand, democracy is a kind of religion, and we are bound not to admit its failure. Faiths and Utopias are the noblest exercise of human reason, and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture. The best of us are filled with the contrary vision of a democracy stumbling through every error till its institutions glow with justice and its customs shine with beauty. Our better men *shall* show the way and we *shall* follow them, as we are brought round again to the mission of the higher education in helping to know the better kind of man whenever we see him.

—Prof. Wm. James, in "McClure's Magazine."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL. By Floyd B. Wilson. Cloth, 247 pp., \$1.00. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

Mr. Wilson's admirers will find much interesting matter in this, his latest contribution to metaphysical literature. In his Foreword, the author says: "An attempt is made herein to reveal the plane progressive man has obtained on his ascent toward freedom, and to throw light on the path leading through Mysticism to the discovery of those unused powers within the soul which, duly appropriated, give expression to the divine in man."

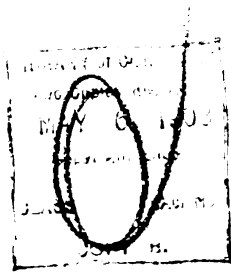
## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

NEPHILIM. By William J. H. Bohannon. Cloth, 236 pp., \$1.50 postpaid. Reeve A. Silk, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

WAS JESUS AN ESSENE? By Dudley Wright. Paper, 57 pp., 40 cents. Unity Publishing Society, Kansas City, Mo.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Monthly, Volume I, 1907, Nos. 1 to 12. Volume II, 1908, Nos. 1 and 2 (January and February). Annual subscription, \$5.00; single copies, 50 cents. The Society's Rooms, 519 West 149th Street, New York.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Volume I, Parts I, II, III. Publishers, Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston, Mass.



# THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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## THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE; OR, FROM MONAD TO MAN.

BY W. J. MURRAY.

The business of science is to investigate and search after the facts of nature and to enunciate the truth when ascertained. Men of science, having long learned to respect nothing but evidence, believe their highest duty lies in submitting it to the impartial judgment of mankind however it may jar on their old-fashioned theories or their individual inclinations. In the rapid advancement of Scientific Knowledge with ever increasing ratio during the past thirty years especially, as well as in the results of what is known as the higher Criticism of the Scriptures, more particularly the Pentateuch, many of the things which we were taught in our childhood in all good faith as literal truths, have since had to be abandoned as being no longer consistent with the known facts of Astronomy, Physics and Geology.

It is not so very long ago since Moses was regarded as the supreme and only reliable authority on these matters, and anyone who ventured to question the accuracy of his views on Geology was regarded as a subject of *Anathema maranatha*. Now, however, the voice of reason and common sense has at length prevailed, and it is recognized that whilst Moses was a great Law-Giver and Leader of the Israelites, and a man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," his Cosmogony is hopelessly at variance with the most elementary facts of Geology and Physics. Then take the case of Joshua, who although a successful General, seemed to have no more idea of the laws of Physics and Mechanics governing the heavenly bodies than the most unenlightened of his fellow countrymen. The 13th verse of the 10th Chapter of the Book of Joshua reads: "And the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people had avenged

themselves on their enemies. So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven and hasted not to go down about a whole day." Now as our Sun is in reality what is called a "fixed Star" shining by its own light, it seems superfluous to state that it stood still in the heavens. Commentators have endeavored to explain that it was in reality the Earth which stood still, but this view at once raises insuperable physical difficulties.

The circumference of the Earth is something like 24,000 miles and a single revolution on its axis is completed in 24 hours. The rate of progress at the Earth's surface being about 1,000 miles per hour. Should it be suddenly stopped, the arrested motion would be instantly converted into heat and the earth would immediately become a glowing incandescent ball of fire, in which both the Amorites and Israelites alike would be promptly roasted alive. So that there is no escape from the conclusion that Joshua cannot have been inspired in his astronomy. It is well indeed that the foundations of pure religion and morality are quite independent of belief in such childish narratives as the fabrication of Eve from one of Adam's ribs. The destruction of the world's inhabitants save eight persons by a universal flood. The story of Jonah surviving his sojourn in the whale's stomach for 72 hours. Samson slaying 1,000 of his enemies with such an indifferent weapon as the jawbone of an ass. These and many such like legends have ever proved stumbling blocks to many earnest seekers after truth and spiritual knowledge, and it is only in these latter days when the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is no longer insisted upon that such stories and legends take their natural place among the folk-lore of every people and country in the world in which ideas have been committed to record.

Before we deal with the origin of man on this earth, I think it is right that we should first consider the origin of the earth itself, from which man has undoubtedly sprung. The first attempt to account for the origin of the world by Physical and Mathematical laws was made by Immanuel Kant in the year 1755, and dealt with subsequently by Humboldt in the first volume of his *Cosmos*. Meantime the famous French mathematician and astronomer, Pierre Laplace, had arrived independently at practically similar views to those of Kant, and he placed them on a mathematical basis in his "*Exposition du Système du Monde*" in the year 1796. The similar features of

the Cosmogony of Kant and Laplace consist in the mechanical explanation of the movements of the planets and the inference drawn therefrom that all the Cosmic bodies originated by the condensation of rotating nebulous spheres. This theory, which is called the "nebular hypothesis," has been much improved upon and supplemented since, but it still absolutely holds the field as the best of all attempts to explain the origin of the world on Monistic and Mechanical lines.

It has recently been abundantly confirmed and enlarged by the theory that the Cosmogonic process did not take place all at once but is periodically repeated. While new heavenly bodies originate and develop out of rotating masses of nebula in some parts of the universe, in other parts old extinct suns come into collision and are once more reduced by the heat generated by the impact to the condition of nebula. Such was the condition of our solar system before the earth and all the other planets were cast off as rings of nebula at the equator of the rotating solar mass, and gradually condensed into separate and independent bodies. After gradually cooling down to a certain stage, the glowing ball of the earth was formed out of the nebulous mass, and finally as the heat continued to radiate into space, there was formed at its surface the thin solid crust on which we live. When the temperature at the surface had gone down to a certain point the water descended upon the earth from the enveloping clouds of steam, and in this manner the first condition was secured for the rise of organic life several million years ago. Probably more than 100 million years ago the formation of water took place, thus affording one of the essential conditions preparatory to the origination and development of life. As the process of cooling reached a certain stage, the favorable moment arrived under chemical, electrical, thermal and aqueous conditions for the passage from the inorganic to the organic in the form of a simple unicellular protoplasmic jelly-like substance endowed with power of movement, sensation, contraction, nutrition and reproduction by the simple method of subdivision. This "Monad," as it is called, had no stomach nor digestive system. It just lived in the water like all other rudimentary forms of life and obtained its nourishment by absorption of its food through its skin. It has been fittingly described as an organism without organs.

I do not give this as an absolute scientific fact, but I am strongly of opinion that at the precise time life first appeared under the peculiar physical and chemical conditions then obtaining, was the only possible time in the whole history of the earth that the transition from the inorganic to the organic could have taken place. If anyone says why does such transition not take place now, the answer is, that the electrical, thermal and chemical conditions which belonged to an early stage of the earth's cooling process no longer exist, and as far as I can judge can never again exist on the earth on its present lines of development toward decay and death. The evolution of the beautiful and precious diamond from pure carbon took place through a natural operation under conditions of intense heat and pressure which no longer exist. I do not think anyone believes that diamonds are now being made in the bowels of the earth. So that the conditions that gave them birth like those which originated life itself would appear to have passed and gone forever, at least so far as their having a natural existence. While apparently the period favorable to the generation of life was confined to a very early stage of the earth's history, I am far from ignoring the vast future possibilities of the laboratory in the direction not only of Chemical Analysis but also of Constructive Chemistry, in which direction marvelous progress is being made and the past natural condition which favored the development of the organic from the inorganic may yet be reproduced by the Chemist and Physicist and the secret of abiogenesis be at last revealed to the world. Whether or not this takes place makes really little matter, because we know there was a time when certainly there was no life on the earth and yet the earth must have contained in itself all the materials out of which life was evolved and developed. In other words, life must have had a beginning, and this is the main fact. How precisely or when it made its appearance is a matter of only secondary importance.

Reverting for a moment to the nebulous origin of the sun and our planetary system, Prof. Ernst Haeckel says: "It seems to me that these modern discoveries as to the periodic decay and rebirth of cosmic bodies which we owe to the most recent advance in Physics and Astronomy associated with the law of substance are especially important in giving us a clear insight into the universal process of evolution. In their light our earth sinks into the slender proportions



of the mote in the sunbeam of which unnumbered millions chase each other through the vast depths of space. Our own human nature which exalted itself into an image of God in its anthropistic illusion, sinks to the level of a placental mammal which has no more value for the universe at large than the ant; the fly of a summer's day; the microscopic infusorium or the smallest bacillus. Humanity is but a transitory phase of the evolution of an eternal substance, a peculiar phenomenal form of matter and energy, the true proportions of which are soon perceived when we set it on the background of infinite space and eternal duration."

A great Physicist, Sir William Hamilton, who was an adherent of the teleological view of nature, nevertheless confessed that by diligently searching throughout the universe he could not find the smallest trace or evidence of the supernatural, and that to use his own words, everything that happened in nature appeared to be in obedience to the "blind force of a mechanical necessity." If you closely study nature you will see that she is neither kind nor cruel, that she neither rewards nor punishes. She simply gives results or consequences. If you put your hand in the fire it gets burned—that is all.

What intelligent purpose or so-called plan may I ask can be discovered in the play of natural forces, such as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, engulfing and destroying tens of thousands of helpless, innocent people in an instant, to say nothing of the long list of human enemies such as famines, plagues, diseases, shipwrecks, cyclones, lightnings, floods, etc.? If you cannot fairly and honestly say that you see a wise and good purpose in these terrible natural calamities, how much better it would be to have the courage and the candor to attribute them to the blind forces of nature, who apparently throughout her realm produces without purpose and obliterates without regret. While on the question of "design" in nature, no doubt you are all familiar with Paley's argument of design based on the mechanism of a watch, the intricate machinery of which he said showed clearly the hand of a Designer. On the same basis of reasoning he said the human mechanism was so much more complicated and wonderful that certainly it must have had a Designer. But then on a parity of reasoning the Supreme Designer idea would argue in turn a higher Designer still. But Paley's rea-

soning stopped at the Supreme Designer who was so wonderful in construction that he could not have had a designer! Thus making the whole argument devour itself. So much for the design in nature theory.

We have now dealt with the subject of the origin of the world and the beginning of organic life thereon on purely natural grounds. Either events happened in this natural way or the Cosmic laws were set aside and all was miraculously brought about. Until miracles are fully established by the most conclusive evidence, we must content ourselves with a reliance on observation and experience of the ordinary course of nature and common sense, and we are therefore driven to put our trust in the evidence supplied by the facts of nature and our every-day experience. If the idea of miracles were never started till the present stage of the world's intelligence, I am convinced they would never for a moment have found acceptance in any quarter. In truth, miracles belong to an uncritical and rude age, when nothing found acceptance so readily as the wonderful, the mysterious and the improbable. In the first place all human experience is against the idea of the miraculous. All our daily experience of the world and the natural course of events, instinctively as well as rationally, leads us to expect and depend upon the regular order of nature. The pious believer in revelation accepts the statement that the dead were raised to life over 1800 years ago, yet if you told him you saw a man raised from the dead yesterday, he would probably wonder what lunatic asylum you escaped from. All alleged miracles are in their very nature improbable, because we know that nothing happens without an efficient cause.

The great Scottish Historian and Philosopher, David Hume, in his treatises on miracles laid down a rule that just in proportion as an alleged occurrence was on the face of it improbable, so must the evidence in support of it be overwhelming. Anything in the nature of evidence, however, in support of alleged miracles which has ever been offered has been absurdly insufficient. The supposed witnesses have been dead over 1800 years. Even if we had any clear and reliable account of their testimony it would not avail now against the known order and facts of nature, and our experience of nature is that nothing happens without an efficient cause, the effect of which gives rise to another cause, and so on. So that in nature there is an

endless chain of cause and effect, within the links of which it is said there is no room for a miracle.

In considering a subject of such importance as this, it is as well to go back as far as possible to find a firm and solid starting point. The difficulty is great enough in any case, almost reminding one of the experience of the man who undertook to count the stars. After a few vain attempts he gave up the task on the grounds that he really did not know where to begin. Well, we shall start on the basis of matter and force, the latter inherent in the former and forever acting through it. We cannot conceive of force apart from matter. The two things constitute the basis of all natural phenomena and of all cosmic activity in the universe from eternity to eternity. Both matter and force are demonstrably indestructible and the quantity of each is throughout the universe constant, no matter what changes in distribution or redistribution take place. If you take a piece of matter—a stone or piece of chalk, and grind it to the finest powder, the sum of all the particles will exactly equal the original whole, and therefore it will be seen that matter is indestructible. If you try to destroy it by burning it is equally impossible, as it then changes from the solid to the gaseous state and is absorbed by the atmosphere. Matter takes three forms, according to the degree of heat by which it is affected, viz.: solid, liquid and gaseous. Force is also constant and eludes destruction by changing its form. Arrested force or motion is instantly changed into heat. According to the doctrine of the conservation of energy, the sum total of energy in the universe never varies, although its distribution is subject to constant variations. Matter and force are therefore indestructible, or in other words, must endure forever. Not being destructible brings with it the inevitable conclusion that they have not been created, that is to say, made out of nothing, and that enduring for Eternity they must have existed from Eternity. From the whole comprehensive realm of nature take away matter and force and what remains—absolutely nothing. I include in the term matter the light substance called ether or imponderable matter which fills all interstellar and universal space. Hence matter and force form what we may call the stock-in-trade of all natural phenomena.

When a body of matter seems to have disappeared it has only

changed its form. When coal burns it changes into carbonic acid gas by combustion with the oxygen of the atmosphere; when a lump of sugar dissolves in water it merely passes from the solid to the liquid state. In the same way it is merely a question of form where a new body seems to be produced. A shower of rain is the moisture of the atmosphere cast down in drops of water through a lowering of temperature. When iron rusts, the surface layer of the metal has combined with water and with atmospheric oxygen and formed a rust or oxy-hydrate of iron. Nowhere in nature do we find an example of the production or creation of new matter. Nowhere does a particle of existing matter pass entirely out of existence. This important fact is now recognized as the foundation of Chemistry.

Having dealt with the physical conditions which led up to the beginning of life on the earth, I shall now endeavor to deal with the subsequent evolutionary process which led from the lowest to the highest form of life, from the simple to the complex. In this process two leading conditions were necessary to bring about the vast changes which have taken place in organic creation since the first beginning of life. These two conditions were variation and the struggle for existence which led to natural selection through the survival of the fittest and the gradual elimination of the weak and unfit. So long as aquatic conditions prevailed on earth animal life of necessity developed on the basis of a water existence. At first through the chain of our invertebrate ancestors, such as *Vermalia* *Gastraeda*, etc. Then through the Vertebrates, Fish, Reptiles and Amphibians. In regard to the invertebrates we obtain little assistance from Paleontology, as we have no fossilized remains of their soft, boneless structures, but Embryology supplies the required information as the human embryo passes through the same chordula stage as the germs of all other Vertebrates. The human embryo, like that of all other animals, arises from a single cell, the stem-cell or egg-cell, and clearly argues a corresponding unicellular ancestor, an original Laurentian protozoon.

When inequalities arose on the Earth's surface through depression and upheaval due to the shrinking and cooling of the Earth, dry land began to appear. Then aquatic animals were obliged to adapt themselves to an amphibious and later to a land existence.

At first of course most of the aquatic animals perished in the struggle, but one here and there was able to adapt itself to the changed conditions and consequently lived to perpetuate its kind. The course of evolutionary development went on slowly but surely from the simpler to the more complex forms through the invertebrates; Fish, Reptiles, Amphibians, Marsupials, Insectivora, Placental Mammals, Lemurs, New World Monkeys, Old World Monkeys, Lower Apes, Higher Apes, Anthropoids, and finally Man. The fourth and last phase of the world's history must be for us men that latest period of time which has witnessed the development of our own race. Lamark in his time had already seen that this evolution is only rationally conceivable as the result of a natural process by descent from Ape-like ancestors, our what may be called next of kin among the mammals. Huxley then showed in his famous "Man's Place in Nature" that this weighty thesis is an inevitable reference from the theory of descent and is thoroughly confirmed by the facts of anatomy, embryology and paleontology. He considers this "question of all questions" to be substantially answered. Darwin followed with a brilliant discussion of the question under its various aspects in his "Descent of Man" in 1871.

The mammals, the most important section of the Vertebrates, were developed from the lower amphibia and reptilia during the Triassic period. The most highly developed branch of the class mammalia is the order of Primates, which first appeared very early in the Tertiary period, probably some 3,000,000 years ago. The youngest and most highly developed variety of the branch Primates is man himself, who sprung from a series of man-like apes toward the end of the Tertiary period. From this stage man gradually developed physically and to some extent mentally in his struggles for existence and his fight with the adverse forces of nature, till at length he reached the stage of development of say the South Sea Islanders or the Fuegians as we see them today, preparatory to his entry on the social or tribal state, after which his development became more rapid.

The order of primates, including man, is specially notable for the length of their bones, which were originally well adapted for their arboreal manner of existence. Their hands and their feet are five-fingered and their lengthened fingers are well adapted for em-

bracing the branches of trees. The dentition of the primates is of special significance, containing in all the four higher classes viz.: Incisors, Canine, Premolars and Molars. Primates are distinguished from all other placentals by important features in the special construction of the skull and brain. As if to show by a striking example the futility of setting up any cerebral barrier between man and the apes, nature has provided us in the latter animals with an almost complete series of gradations from brains little higher than that of a rodent to brains little lower than man. It is a point of great importance that though so far as our present information goes there is one true structural break in the series of forms in Simian brains, this gap does not lie between man and the man-like apes, but between the lower and the lowest Simians, or in other words between the old and new world apes and monkeys and Lemurs. Every Lemur which has been examined in fact has its cerebellum partially visible from above and its posterior lobe, with the contained posterior cornu and hippocampus minor more or less rudimentary. Every marmoset American monkey, old world monkey, baboon or man-like ape on the contrary has its cerebellum entirely hidden posteriorly by the cerebral lobes and possesses a large posterior cornu with a regularly developed hippocampus minor. In all these important anatomical features our human organism agrees with that of all the other primates, so that man is in every respect a true primate. In the higher apes a remarkable feature is that the right and left wombs of the female have completely amalgamated; they blend in a pear-shaped womb, which besides the higher apes the human mother alone among mammals possesses. In the skull of the apes, just as in that of man, the orbits of the eyes are completely separated from the temporal cavities by an osseous partition. In the next highest apes this feature is either entirely absent or it is very imperfect. The cerebrum of the true ape is much larger and the organ of higher psychic activity, is much higher developed than in the lower apes, and just as the higher apes approach man does their brain development increase.

Comparative anatomy tells us that the body of the anthropoid ape and that of man are not only peculiarly similar but that they are practically one and the same in every important feature. At first sight the termination of the hind limb of a gorilla or chimpanzee

looks very like a hand, and this fact gave rise to the term "quadrumana" adopted by the older anatomists. But the most cursory anatomical examination quickly proves that the likeness is only superficial and that in all essential respects the hind limb of a gorilla or chimpanzee is as truly terminated by a foot as that of a man. The tarsal bones in all essential details resemble those of man. Their hind limbs therefore end in a true foot with a very moveable great toe. It is a prehensile foot however, but in no anatomical sense a hand. It does not differ from that of a man in any fundamental feature but in mere proportions in the degree of mobility and in the secondary arrangement of its parts. The same 200 bones in the same order and structure form our inner skeleton. The same 300 muscles control our movements. The same hair, more or less, clothes our skin. The same groups of ganglionic cells build up the marvelous fabric of our brain. The same four-chambered heart is the central muscular pump that circulates our blood. The same 32 teeth are set in the same order in our jaws. The same salivary, hepatic and gastric glands affect our digestive system.

The one great difference between man and the higher anthropoid apes is that the brain of man is immensely more developed. But it is merely a matter of degree and not of kind. After all, the difference in intelligence between the lowest and highest apes is greater than between the latter and the lowest human savage, such as the extinct native of Tasmania, who had no idea of numbers beyond five. In the same way the difference between a Tasmanian and say Shakspeare is greater than between the former and a chimpanzee. The length of the arms of an ape and the comparative shortness of his legs at first sight would appear to qualify his bodily likeness to an adult man. If, however, we compare the ape's arms and legs with those of a human infant the proportions are strikingly similar. The infants and young children show very many remarkable points of resemblance to the anthropoid apes, such as the prehensile power of an infant's toes; their depressed nose, receding forehead and chin; their first stage of movement on all fours, etc. Later the child's love of climbing trees and of eating all kinds of fruit, ripe or unripe, more especially nuts. Let me here remind you that there is a popular error in supposing that we are descended from "apes and monkeys" as we see them today. This is not really so, but both

we and the apes and monkeys are descended from a common ancestry. In point of fact we are related to all animals below us in the scale, no matter how remotely it may be. Man stands to-day at the head of organic creation as the last term of a series of progressive developments from the simplest form of life to his present complex position.

In all the fossil remains of animals found in the earth from time to time one law or rule is fully established, that the older the fossil the simpler is its construction and the later the more complex; but paleontology unfortunately supplies a very piecemeal, broken and incomplete record owing to the uncertainty and irregularity of preservation of animal remains. Indeed, any fossil remains we possess are the result of chance finds more than anything else.

The science of embryology is one of the youngest and at the same time the most important of them all as bearing on the biological history of mankind collectively and individually. Unlike paleontology, embryology is in its nature more of an exact science because you have during the whole period of gestation in the progressive development of the embryo a complete epitome of all the stages of development of life on the earth from monad to man, and here you have a veritable "missing link" ready at hand if such were required.

As regards missing links, the most remarkable discovery in this way is the fossil ape-man of Java by a Dutch military doctor, Eugen Dubois, in the year 1894. It is a veritable missing link in the chain of primates which runs uninterruptedly from the lowest *Catarrhinæ* to the highest type of man. By the discovery of this fossil the descent of man from Ape-like ancestors has become just as clear and certain from the paleontological side as it was previously from the evidence of comparative anatomy and ontogeny.

Once man arrived at the stage of speech and the discovery of fire he was thereby immediately placed in the incomparably superior position to all the animals below him. By and by he found the use of rude weapons to fight against his natural enemies and to aid him in the chase. At this stage he had no fixed dwelling-place but lived in caves and dens, subsisting on roots and reptiles, fruits, etc. By slow degrees he became acquainted with the rude arts and made weapons and tools of stone and flint in what was called the stone age. Later on he discovered a capacity for pastoral life, and tribes



began to form. This was the rudimentary beginning of the social state. Meantime the child-man was growing in intelligence, and in successive generations this intelligence found expression in increased skill in handicraft, in improved implements and in the construction of rude dwellings.

After a time the idea developed that the ground might be made to yield material for food. The rich and easily tilled soil in the valleys of the great rivers, such as the Nile, Ganges, Euphrates, Tigris, etc., attracted the first experimentors in cultivation of the soil and soon various tribes began to settle in the river valleys, and here the first budding of a rude social state made its appearance.

The discovery of metals marks another point of progress. We enter the Bronze age now, and much later came the discovery of iron and other metals. After this the rate of human progress grew rapidly. When once man began to mingle his brains with his labor everything progressed continuously, till at length the art of writing was developed and later on printing, etc.

The discovery of steam-power with its application to manufactures, navigation and railroads marked a great advance in human progress. The study of the heavens early attracted human interest and very considerable knowledge of astronomy was attained by the Chinese and Egyptians thousands of years before the Christian era. This study no doubt aided and developed the science of mathematics, and by degrees the various sciences had their birth and growth down to modern times, with the accumulation of literature and the development of the Arts and Crafts, etc.

Seeing what man has risen to and what he has accomplished through his unaided struggles during countless ages, fighting against terrible odds with the adverse forces of nature, he may well feel a pardonable pride in having risen to such a pinnacle of greatness from such an obscure and humble beginning. Yet, notwithstanding all his achievements and that he proudly stands today at the head of organic creation, full of the noblest ambitions and sentiments and the loftiest ideals, nevertheless in the words of Charles Darwin: "He carries in his body the indelible marks of his lowly origin."

Immediately on the formation of the social state it would soon become apparent that it was not good for the community that such things as murder, theft, etc., should be permitted, if for no other

reason than that each individual would have a strong objection to be either murdered or robbed, and this feeling no doubt led to the institution of laws against these and other less serious offences. The practice of individual restraints on conduct for the good of society at large, whether compulsory or voluntary, according to the general state of intelligence at the time, must have exercised a wholesome and educational moral influence on the minds of the people, and must have played an important part in the origination and development of what is known as conscience.

The first ideas of the savage mind in reference to the unseen world were in all probability suggested by and derived from dreams and dwelling on the idea of departed spirits of his friends; whilst the dread of thunder and lightning, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, the attacks of ferocious wild beasts and dreadful plagues, etc., inspired him with awe and fear of some powerful Being who appeared to him to control the events of his life. His God was thoroughly anthropomorphic, however, and was no better than the savage mind could picture him. But as man grew in intelligence and gradually rose in the scale of civilization his conception of God grew more exalted, till in the process of time the Christian conception was at length reached through progressive development, by the most highly civilized peoples of the world.

It is not at first sight flattering to our pride to be obliged to admit kinship with the lower animals in general and cousinship with the apes and monkeys in particular, but recognizing the inevitable we soon get over the shock and the feeling of wounded false pride which we naturally feel on discovery of our lowly beginning. Whatever may have been the precise manner of our origin, the bodies of men and the lower animals are composed of the same identical materials. We are all alike children of nature, and the man who without question admits his close relationship to the wild, degraded, naked, savage Fuegian, need not have many qualms in accepting the little, if any, more degraded ape as a distant relative. In any case nothing is to be gained by hugging a delusion and, whether admitted or not, the fact remains as practically a demonstrated scientific truth.

Prof. T. H. Huxley says in reference to this matter: "Is it true that the poet or the philosopher or the artist, whose genius is the

glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the certainty that he is descended from some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the fox, and by so much more dangerous than a tiger, or is he bound to howl and grovel on all fours because of the unquestionable fact that he was once an egg which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of a dog, or is the philanthropist or the saint to give up his endeavors to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals at its foundation all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the merest quadrupeds? Is mother love vile because a hen shows it, or is fidelity base because a dog possesses it? The common sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation; nay more, thoughtful men once escaped from the blinding influence of traditional prejudice will find in the lowly stock whence man has sprung the best evidence of the splendor of his capabilities, and will discern in his long progress through the past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler future."

With all the wonderful achievements, however, of the human race up to the present time, there is still much to be done in the way of social amelioration. If only every member of society did his or her part, no matter in how humble a sphere, in order to contribute toward making the world better and happier than we found it, the result would soon make a vast change for the better throughout the social fabric. The great Scottish poet, Robert Burns, said truly that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Why should there be inhumanity to man? A little thoughtful and sympathetic effort in every individual case would reverse this picture and change it into the natural form of "man's humanity to man," which would undoubtedly make countless thousands rejoice. Is the small effort involved not well worth trying? Endeavor to make others happy. Dry a tear wherever you can. Say a cheering and hopeful word to those who are downcast. Help the poor, the weak and the sick. Do a good turn for your neighbor wherever and whenever you can. If all the world only acted in this way it would be transformed into a paradise in a very short time. The effect would be simply magical. Do at least your duty toward your neighbor to begin with and see what the effect will be. Let us "act well our

part—there all the honor lies,” and having done so we may feel confident that whatever the future may have in store for us in this life or another there is nothing in the universe that “dare to make us afraid.” \*

W. J. MURRAY.

## THE HIGHER OPTIMISM.

BY CLARENCE J. GUNN.

In approaching the subject of our title, it would be well firstly to consider the various grades of Optimists with whom we meet. Whilst Optimism stands for a doctrine pronouncing ultimate good in the existing order of things, there are classes of Optimists differing widely among themselves in their *raison d'être*. Some have arrived at their present position through the instrumentality of certain theological beliefs to which they dogmatically attach themselves. Some become Optimists through an almost imperceptible process—by the action of indiscernible forces working within, fashioning their outlook on things. Others only after hard and dauntless truth-seeking, whilst a few there are who are born Optimists.

There is the not very enviable kind of Optimism of a happy-go-lucky nature which is hardly to be admired or desired, though in the absence of a higher kind may serve one in so far that a happier frame of mind is induced, but the quality and essence of such Optimism not being of a high order, is apt to induce an indifference to some qualities of one's nature which, under the inspiration of a higher spirit of Optimism, would develop and ripen.

Among the Optimists of various schools of thought of to-day we find the materialistic Optimist who, on his limited plane and with his narrowed outlook, falls short in his endeavors to adequately explain the inherent good in all things. He has not the scope in his

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\* But the “man” who believes that he received his being from the ape and that *he* has evolved from protoplasm is always afraid. None of his conceptions of life are stable enough to bring him peace. Nothing can evolve from that which is lower than his animal nature to lead him to do any of the holy acts enjoined upon him in the last sentences of this able article. From “nothing” *more* cannot come. The “man” treated of here is not *man* at all—it is only his materialistic representation on a physical plane and for animal purpose. The “man” who can respond to the higher *than animal* sentiments expressed by the writer in his closing paragraph has sprung from something higher than any animal nature yet discovered.—Ed.

philosophy for so doing. With his restricted outlook he attempts to explain all on the five-sense plane, but, lacking substance, he fails in so doing. However, if an earnest truth seeker, the philosophy serving him meantime in his evolutionary career will eventually broaden and make way for the Higher Optimism.

The Optimist of the higher order, whose field of vision is vastly greater than those just mentioned, experiences a feeling of freedom and a consciousness of peace and happiness wholly unknown to those alleged to particular creeds, dogmas, or material pleasures or cares of surface life. He claims and enjoys freedom of thought. Unlike the "creed-bound" he knows that so long as one denies himself the liberty to seek knowledge and question on any subject, he fails to realise the legitimate use of his mind. He knows that Nature has planned no secrets. He does not ascribe to Nature methods so trivial and childlike. To believe that some particular truth is denied us is to forbid ourselves an escape from the circle we describe around ourselves. He feels the freedom of thought in his philosophy. Original thinking is encouraged rather than imitated. He knows that man is a creator and like the optical lantern he projects upon the outer screen the picture depicted upon the slide within. This Higher Optimism is unspeakably exhilarating. There is nothing in the whole nature of it that would tend to suffocation. It is also infectious. For who can but help feel the thrill of unrestricted freedom when in the company of the true Optimist?

The Higher Optimist interprets all seeming incongruities in the light of philosophy far transcending that of the pessimist. Here is truly an Optimism with a backbone. From the paltry and shallow view of things and circumstances held by the pessimist, the true Optimist turns to the magnificence and sublimity of a creation as a whole and the little seeming incongruities of surface-life pale before his loftier vision. Dismal thoughts will at times obscure our mental vision, but we are not forced to dwell upon undesirable thoughts simply because they come into our mental realm. Discordant thoughts may obtrude, but optimistic ideals held in mind can easily overshadow all intruders.

Gazing on a sad and sombre scene the true Optimist knows it is but the surface he views and he recognises on this surface of things a photographic image of past thoughts—the result of past mind-

activity—and thus is able to judge from the present condition he finds around the past thought that prompted such into being by the great Law of Expression. But he is wiser than to dwell upon such contemplation; he rather exercises a more harmonious mind-activity, holding in mind the more potent thought-substance to be mirrored forth in better and brighter expressions in the near future.

These forms that he witnesses around him are the dry bones; the husks of past mental action. The substance of thought held to-day is known to be but awaiting expression on the morrow. The real and essential living substance lies hidden beneath the apparent realities. These apparent realities are simply the outer expressions, so that the world you look upon to-day is only the image of a more substantial and interior world. The true Optimist knows this, and his immediate care is not for the image but for the substance of that image. So that he treats all present discords as simply reflections of by-gones, and refusing to dwell thereon, he sets to work mentally creating the right thought-vibrations, so bringing harmony first into the real world lying within.

We are creators of our own environment. We build our own psychic aura and attract by desire that which is to assist us in our advancement. We also repel the discordant, or at least we are not affected by contact with the repellant element. We do not sympathise and therefore cannot harmonise in such repulsive atmosphere. Inharmonious conditions should only be accepted as necessary to growth. If such conditions are submitted to they weaken our powers.

Whatever troubles or sorrows we experience we may feel sure that all is educative, therefore good.

The Higher Optimist sees corrective measures in all seeming aversions. Inharmony only appears in the *particular*. In the *ultimate* all is harmony. One should therefore try to relate himself to the *whole* and admit of an eternity for action. What we have named Time is only an infinitesimal portion of Eternity. When environment seems to control, man has not learned his inner power. The true Optimist knows that every life is placed just where it is best fitted for and is in the environment at that hour most needed for unfoldment.

It is a preposterous insult to man to speak of his life in terms

of years. Can one possibly believe that after the few years of discipline here the larger and truer self is to be, like a candle, snuffed out? Such a belief would imply an ignorance of deeper consciousness.

With most it is necessary to pass through that experience called death in order to learn of psychic senses. A few are witnesses to such whilst in the flesh, but the majority are so hypnotised by the objective that they are yet totally unaware of ultra-conscious planes.

If we do not seem to get our deserts here on the material plane we must remember that it is our make-up we carry beyond, the character we make. Our true self being moulded by contact with experiences in the world material, steps into its legitimate and natural place beyond. When we step above the five-sense plane, we expect no sudden transformation of self or we should no longer be our true selves. But sooner or later we do get our deserts, if not on one plane of existence then on another. *Our own must come to us.*

A true Optimist recognises man's present limited range of vision.

It is the economy of Nature that nothing be lost, and when there *appears* to be loss it is because of our obscured vision. We do not see that vaster realm of existence stretching out beyond.

The law of cause and effect is visible in the material world. Whether it be in the rise and fall of nations or in the working of our physical frames, this law holds good upon all planes of existence—acting as powerfully upon the invisible planes, for behind all there is the pulsating spirit of reality.

The therapeutic value of the Higher Optimism is unquestionable. Disease, sickness in whatever form is at the base a state of inharmony, and to lay the axe at the root of inharmony should be the aim of any system of therapeutics. Inharmony of body is the natural outcome of mental discord.

The true Optimist finds it easier to bear pain and temporary hardships than the pessimist, for he sees farther ahead and is buoyed up with faith. Like the patient suffering the excruciating pains of tooth extraction he counts upon the ultimate relief and freedom to be experienced in the near future.

To attain the Higher Optimism should be the aim of the student. Such an Optimism can be induced by getting away from the

earthly cares and communing with sympathetic friends upon something higher.

True Optimism buoys one on with high aspirations. Therefore our study should be to gain this mental attitude. We should, however, be careful of being carried away in exaltation over our first tastes of realisation. Having recognised the inner powers we must not too hastily draw conclusions. Herein lies the danger of unpoised Optimism. Hurried deductions made from exaggerated statements made by enthusiasts often hinder progress.

The potency of such an Optimism is able to sustain one through dire straits. But its greatest value is in warding off uninvited disturbance.

The acceptance of this Optimism is truly indicative of a lofty advancement in one's evolutionary growth.

What a conception it is to have the knowledge of being in unison with the Infinite!

CLARENCE J. GUNN.



## HINDU 'ASTROLOGY.

### OUR STAR—THE SUN.

#### II.\*

BY S. C. MUKERJEE, M.A.

The heavenly bodies known as fixed stars differ from the planets in many essential characteristics, viz., (1) Self-illumination, brilliance and heating power; (2) Independence; (3) Controlling power; (4) Magnitude; (5) Central position.

The mental or psychical counterpart of self-illumination is a high function called instinct, intuition and clairvoyance. For psychical self-illumination does not require the aid of experience for its guidance. It is innate. The manifestation of this faculty of the Sun in the vegetable, animal and human kingdom is familiar to everybody. But it finds its highest expression in the organism known as the Sun. The action of the Sun in the physical sphere is also instinctive and clairvoyant.

The bodily functions, such as digestion, circulation and breathing, are guided by a higher kind of instinct or clairvoyance. This kind of activity is perfect in the organisms of animals and plants and far superior to intellectual activity whose datum is experience.

We think that we have given some clear idea about the psychical side of the self-illuminating property of the Sun. This property also explains the psychical independence of the Sun in regard to every other planet. Intuition or clairvoyant action is never dependent on intellectual and mental process. It is the very root and core of every physical or intellectual phenomena in Nature. The physical side of the controlling power of the Sun is partly explained by the law of gravitation; the conscious side by its perfect clairvoyant power. The manifestation of this power in man suppresses for the time being the intellectual processes and mental activity, and being their root and essence, as it were, controls them.

The psychical intuitive activity covers all the higher activity of nature; so it cannot be compared with the intellectual and physical

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activity of planets. The central position of the Sun also implies that its divine powers as embodied in instinct and clairvoyance is the centre of all kinds of psychical activity. It is not only the physical ruler but the psychical ruler of the universe; and it differs from the planets both in its physical and psychical aspects. The planets borrow light from the Sun; they are vastly diminutive in size. In the words of Herschel: "Let the Sun be represented by a globe, two feet in diameter. At 164 feet distant put down a grain of mustard-seed and you have the size and place of the planet Mercury. At the distance of 214 feet lay down a pea, and it will represent Venus. 430 feet from the central globe place another pea of about the same size, and it will represent the earth. At the distance of 654 feet place a pin's head and it will represent the planet Mars. About 1,100 feet from the Sun, place 300 of the smallest grains of sand to represent the asteroids. At half a mile from the globe, which represents the Sun, place an orange of middle size and it will represent Jupiter. An orange a little smaller, four-fifths of a mile distant, will represent Saturn."

The effect of the Sun as shown in the change of seasons is far more manifest than the effect of the planets. It rears the whole of the vegetable and through it the animal kingdom. It imparts vitality not only to the planets but to the whole of our universe. Its presence causing day, and its absence causing night, produce marked physical change and mental revolution in the world. The following conclusions are, therefore, inevitable with regard to the great luminary and they are borne out by fragmentary astrological facts scattered here and there:

(1) In our solar system the Sun alone is active and positive. In relation to the Sun, the planets who borrow their light and motion from the Sun, are passive and negative. In relation to themselves, the planets may be classed as masculine and feminine. But in relation to the Sun they are passive and feminine. Abstract the light and heat of the Sun from the planets and they will be reduced to the last stage of dead matter. To treat the Sun as one of the planets is the drawback of exoteric astrology and which has involved the whole science in hopeless confusion. The Sun represents the principle of clairvoyant omniscience in the physical as well as in the psychical world. Its metaphysical action in the world is of the

highest nature. Mercury represents intellectual action which attains its result by slow and labored process. The Sun represents the intuition of genius and all that is grand and sublime in nature or art. Mercury represents the intellect and the reasoning process and their physical counterpart, the nervous system. The instinct which directs a flock of birds to migrate from one place to another a thousand miles distant to avoid forthcoming starvation, as if by prevision, is derived from the Sun. The intuitional knowledge of Shakspeare into human nature and character and all that is transcendental in his poetry are derived from the Sun. The instinct which makes a sunflower to almost dislocate its neck in order to turn its face to the Sun is derived from the Sun itself. The instinct which guides a climbing plant to seek support is derived from the Sun.

The above will show that the instinctive, intuitive and clairvoyant forces derived from the Sun and working in the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, form the basic principles of our intellect and physical body, the controlling power of all physical and psychical activity in our universe. Our natural instincts guide our conscious activity, or, in other words, our conscious activity is made fruitful and guided all along its course by instinctive activity. Filial affection makes us accumulate money for our offspring and work hard even in old age. This instinct is natural to man and is of a universal character. Our instinctive love of life makes us work for self-preservation and the instinct of the propagation of our species makes us seek sexual gratification. The Sun, the source of all instinctive action, is therefore the ruler of universal activity and the giver or controller of *the fruit of all kinds of activity*.

The Sun resembles the president of a meeting of seven persons with the absolute power to decide the result of their deliberation. It awards the fruit of their activity whether physical or mental. Whatever the six planets contrive, the final result of their deliberation is controlled by the Sun. For, compared with the Sun, the other planets resemble officers and servants of a state. The highest executive power remains with the Sun, and without his final vote no motion can be carried into execution. Borrowing their light from the Sun, the other planets resemble so many moons whose centre is the great positive luminary. The planets are the moons or dependants of the Sun, and they differ from one another in character. The

satellites are moons of the third order and their negative character is the greatest.

(2) The moon being the most negative planet of our system may be compared with the negative pole of a magnet, the Sun being the great positive pole. Imagine six concentric moving bar-magnets issuing from the centre of the Sun and reaching the revolving planets. The centre of the positive extremities is the Sun and the moving negative extremities are the planets and the moon. The influence of other planets among themselves is thus communicated to the Sun who controls the result. The influence of the planets is similarly felt by the moon, as she is the negative centre. The moon stands for inward activity, i. e., mental; the Sun stands for physical activity and activity in the external world. Planets aspecting the Sun become positive and centralise their positive influence in the Sun. Planets aspecting the moon become negative and act negatively on the moon. For, compared with the Sun, all planets are negative and feminine; and compared with the moon all planets are positive and masculine. The Sun is, therefore, the positive pole of all planets and the moon their negative pole.

S. C. MUKERJEE.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE TREE SYMBOL.

BY BLAND M'LEAN.

As there are orchids which grow and flourish on miasma, whose roots are not imbedded in the soil of decomposing matter, but whose lungs breathe in a life from the air which surrounds them, so may the spiritual man extract rich life from his environment of misplaced law—for sin is only the mis-placement of a vital principle, the use of a law out of its order or place. The spiritual man like the orchid may gain healthy vigor from the law of juxtaposition in his environment of decaying materialism, for he is swayed by the essence of a higher law capable of analyzing, purifying and assimilating nourishment by contraries.

As far as the air-plant figure may be used, let us contemplate its beauty for a moment. A strange unearthly plant is the orchid, especially the air-orchid, poetic type in the vegetable world of a similar life in store for man when materialism has had its day. Not when material has been done away with—for man's "flesh shall also rest in hope"—but when matter shall have lost its sway, may we look for a higher spiritual order of life.

The air-plant itself is material and like even in its difference to other plants, bearing flowers and seeds for the wind to carry where it listeth. The orchid, as a type of life, is only an unfinished sentence or suggestion of the divine—a cartoon by the great Artist, or *motif*, as the French say—a sweet thought in the poetry of Nature, to arrest our attention by the way and lead us rightly on the path of love and life.

And this is what it seems to say: "*In the Regeneration, may there not be the performance of a Higher Law, after the similitude of the 'Plant-of-Renown'—man's perfect Prototype?*"

Science has shown us that Life is Spirit, if it has shown us anything at all; but it has not revealed any other spirit than that which flows through Nature, vegetal or animate. Science must rise to the idea of the Holy Spirit before it can begin to discover the first principles of a higher vitality in which the perfect man must live, and move, and have his being. It is reasonable to think that even as man is the most perfect of animals, so he should be endowed with a higher

order of Spirit, or life-principle. The vital spark of man should be something higher, more divine than that of the mere animal. And so it is. But is not this energy, this vital force divine, limited by an unnecessary law of physical transmission? Man should, by virtue of his soul's desire, belong to a deathless order of life-transmission, a higher law than the brute beasts, wherein it would be impossible for him to corrupt himself and insult his God. He who is called "The Tree of Life" illustrates this high order, and compels man's upward gaze; for He is the Orchid Flower of humanity, the "Plant of Renown" among men. Let us consider and compare different species of our race for a few moments.

Take the lowest human being, say the Aino of Japan, with scarcely the first principles, or last echoes of a language; hairy in body and unintelligent—yet still, man. Is he not very near the beginning of humanity, and is his vital spark much higher than the ape? It is higher, though hardly distinguishable from that of an anthropoidal ancestor, and he is safely outside the pale of apeness—posing as a man.

Then glance at Gladstone, a man also; higher in the scale of being, very nearly in touch with a higher life-principle whose vicinity and ideal has made him what he is. That ideal is the divine Exponent who is above all, illustrative of a higher spiritual life for man, and of a higher spiritual manner of living, also. The Aino has degenerated, by reason of the power which makes for death, to the principle of his near progenitors *as far* as he *can* go. The more perfect Anglo-Saxon has risen—by reason of the power which makes for righteousness, promised in Eden, perhaps as far as *he* can go until——? We know not what is in store; but we know that in the ideal of God, natural law is not immutable, for we have the Christ above us still, and still—man!

The Aino is the primal insult to God's ideal, or rather the natural product of the insult. He is man in darkness and degeneration, unlighted from on High, a retrograde from some "dateless epoch of human choice." Such beings are illustrative of a primal curse, not a reproduction or exponent of the first man created in God's image. Spiritual atavism is a natural law for man alone among God's creatures. Animals do not transgress their laws. Man runs riot, because he is out of place. The highest Anglo-Saxon is the prophesy

of a returning hope for man, a vane—pivoted on Christ—pointing from pole to pole to a scene resplendent in the Heavens; namely, that primal plan, to be regained when the cycle of evolution completes its course of necessity and gives once more the vital law which was misplaced at some “dateless epoch of human choice.” Through the cycle of “Good-and-evil” with all the knowledge that the juxtaposition and compromise slowly brings, upward must man rise by tortuous expanding round to the plane above, where the Perfect Type is waiting the return of those for whom and with whom He suffered.

We must search into the properties of the air if we would find the vital essence of the orchid. We must search into the deep things of the Spirit if we would find the life that is hid in the Plant of Renown.

As first principles to arrest our holiest instincts we have the archetype of Fatherhood and the archetype of Motherhood, giving us the Prototype of our race. And this, by the Power of the Highest Love! To believe in Him, in all orthodoxy, gives us the right to “eat of the Tree of Life” in the coming Kingdom; but a reverent search into the things concerning Him as the Life might reveal wondrous things out of God’s Law—that Law by which He came. And this may be done by glancing alternately at the suggestions of Science, and at some of Religion’s most vital assertions. That it was not a Law controlled by the contact and forces of matter, but one of Spirit with spirit, suggestion with suggestion, will with will, love with love, is told us clearly in the announcement message from above to Mary, and to Joseph, and in Mary’s: “Be it unto me, according as thou wilt.” How this beautiful story stands out alone in human experience! Like in difference to “this sinful generation,” but as far above it as the undulating orchid is above the mosses on the ground. Such a law of life-transmission would render all sins of the flesh impossible. Our newspapers would no longer reek with the awful story and consequences of mad crime. No more sons of Ham burned at the stake, because they blindly follow the dictates of Natural law! No more disease, no more death. Instead, there would be a “new song” of life, of which the magnificat is but the prelude. Oh, the pathos of Life’s song when the human comes into line with the flowers, the fishes, the birds, and the beasts! Science

may forget the voice of God in the Old Testament crying "unclean, unclean." And it may be long before a scientific light is thrown on the inmost meaning of the numerous sacrifices and offerings for cleansing from these very laws—laws of sin and death. Each sacrifice, each offering spoke of the Spirit, or the Father, or the Son. Each told of the Higher Law. Each was counted for righteousness. Because life first manifested itself in vegetation, God has preserved the fact in figure—the Trees of Genesis and Revelation. Wherever the Vine, or the Seed, or the Branch is mentioned, it has to do with the Higher Law or "Tree of Life."

In taking the Communion we are symbolically obeying that Law and coming into line or relationship with it. We are obeying in symbol the primal command to *eat* of the Tree of Life, "that ye may live." It was an appetite which had to do with another "tree," that was forbidden in Eden. The very language clustered about these two trees is suggestive of their meaning. They are the family trees of life, for man and for the lower creation. Scripture does not change its symbols, nor mix its metaphors. A figure once established retains its meaning and value throughout the sacred page. The Angels at the Gate must be challenged with their own weapon—that Sword so bright that it blinds our earth-born eyes—before mankind may enter through the Door, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled—that fadeth not away—whose leaf doth not wither. It would be interesting to catch a glimpse of the figurative angels who hold the one Sword (the Spirit). Are they divine ideals of the male and female principle? And the Sword—is it the vital spark? And the Garden—could it be the human body? "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse," says Solomon. And Shakspeare uses a like figure with unintentional correspondence. Symbolic meanings multiply and are so interlaced that a special revelation would seem necessary to interpret them, or a gradual evolution of spiritual unfolding until the promised "change" comes.

God demands that some day we shall all be like Christ in His entirety. He is not going to be disappointed in His plan for man. He gave from His all-fatherhood, His Son born of a woman to redeem our fallen race. Selfishness—the primal sin—can never be done away until the law of sin-and-death is done away. They are co-equal—belonging to the temporal principle which wrought all



human woe. Everything in life must be lovely from its inception (induction) to its ascending consummation from glory to glory. We do not even know what we hope for, neither can we yet unlock the mystery of the Holy Spirit of Life. But we know that a creative energy impels and informs itself in our souls, an energy we may not limit. So far is it above the spirit in the lower creation that it must be the very Power of the Highest Love. We may date the epoch of its visible expression as a creative energy in the birth of the Christ, whose drawing power has fixed the gaze of man ever since.

The contemplation of the one perfect image has vivified the race, giving the spirit of Life entrance into conscious reception. The life in man has always been of the Highest, but there has been a time in man's history when the life-stream was turned back upon its course through a channel dark and narrow leading unto death—into the channel of animal life. A misplaced law. A law that is responsible for all sin. Love broke loose from it on dove-like wings when God had completed the cycle of the anthropoid ape, and man was made in His image. Love joyfully took up her abode in a human soul "seeking not her own," but the Power of the Highest for the ultimate good of all mankind. He who came to give us salvation and life, also promised the world that the Holy Spirit should lead us into all truth. Have we not then a right to look into the things of the Spirit who is our Life, even into the deep things of Christ and His being? Science has searched high and low for the life-principle—has she ever considered Him "by whom all things are made," for *in Him* is Life?

BLAND M'LEAN.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

What a benison it must be to the soul of the old-time Spiritualist to be assured by twentieth century scientific investigators into psychic phenomena that despite the insults, jeers, ridicule, persecution and abuse administered to him all along the line—despite the supercilious glances of inexpressible contempt for one who did not receive the recognition of academic, conservative, orthodox authority, yet he, only an every-day-common-sense-sort-of-person, should amid the multitude of theories, ponderous and learned indeed, have the only valid, reasonable, scientific solution of the greatest problem of the hour!

A few decades ago the faithful exponent of the spiritualistic philosophy was frankly informed that in consequence of the suspension of his sensorium caused by a kind of spasmodic contraction of the blood vessels, so to speak, he was suffering from a kind of idea-motor, or automatic action of the cerebrum; that his sensory ganglia had been put out of hinges by the commissural fibres, thus producing ideational changes, with a kind of unconscious cerebration or chronic hypnotism, as it were, causing a kind of subserviency of the mind to a dominant idea, with complication of a kind of monomaniacal frenzy, with unconscious or involuntary muscular action—in fact, that he was a regular walking hospital or a kind of living Bedlam.

At a later date there suddenly flashed across the intellectual horizon a mighty luminary, threatening to eclipse all lesser lights, or demonstrate that they were but mere meteoric scintillations destined to be absorbed and disappear. Dr. T. J. Hudson, after attempting his pet theory of telepathy until his chain of reasoning threatened to collapse and burst, was laughed out of court by the most unsophisticated experimental initiate—the merest tyro in investigation at the spiritual *séance*. Common manifestations absolutely refuted his strained deductions, and the one who knew most of psychic phenomena was the least impressed by the bombardment. Today telepathy is the savior which the many fondly embrace as their only hope of rescue from the raging flood of progressive

thought which threatens to overwhelm them, and yet telepathy is simply a spiritual manifestation.

When we maintained that in our presence ponderous objects had been levitated without mortal contact, in broad daylight, matter had passed through matter, flowers had exhaled perfume where flowers had no objective existence, lights had been displayed without reflecting illumination, and that human beings who had once lived on earth had appropriated bodies and walked and talked with us in the *séance* room, we were kindly requested to consult some mad-doctor as to our mental solvency and equilibrium. Such wonderful effects were not in accordance with the laws of nature. Gravitation positively forbade the possibility, and yet this great giant who has maintained despotic sway over the scientific world so long has been subdued and overcome by little children.

The small boy on the other side of existence has confounded the wisest philosopher by suspending or controlling the operation of gravitation, and gravitation is not invincible after all. We even read in a summary of the scientific progress and advancement of the past year: "The first practical aeroplane was produced in 1907, which is heavier than air, defies the forces of gravity, and flies, when according to the laws of gravitation it should fall." The earth we are told is the centre of gravity, and yet meteoric stones enter the atmosphere from somewhere—possibly other planets—and we are assured that our system of worlds was detached from the parent sun despite the law of gravitation.

We were also ridiculed consumedly because of the *infra-dig* character of the manifestations. Our scientific men could not admit that their relatives and friends could sink their dignity in establishing their identity by means not recognised as *au fait* by the materialistic world. Yet these very wiseacres communicate daily with their friends by manufactured rags, the quill of a goose, or signs and symbols. They are rapturously appreciative of rhythmic sounds and noises issuing from a piece of wood with strings stretched across it; they become speechlessly enamored of a mass of stone bearing the semblance of a man, and stand transfixed with delight before a canvas colored with a few pigments thrown together by an artistic idealist. What a lack of dignity! Why these would-be arbiters of thought and *proper* manifestation will walk

up to a wall, put a trumpet to their ear, and shout into a hollow box as if they had taken leave of their senses. If a table be a necessary medium for sending a message to our mortal friends why should it be despised as a vehicle of communication for receiving intelligence from the spirit world?

But how are these phenomena usually witnessed at spirit circles possible according to the known laws of nature? How can a solid object, say a piano or a table, be lifted from the floor without mortal contact if the earth be the centre of gravity? Manifestly it would remain attached to the floor indefinitely; but this levitation is one of the commonest in the category of objective phenomena, and has been witnessed by us innumerable times.

By establishing a code of signals we are informed that this manifestation is produced by an invisible human being in the spiritual world. As there is apparently no direct association between that human intelligence in exanimate form and the material object, how is it possible for such a result to be obtained?

There is an attenuation of the finest fluidic matter, invisible to mortals, except clairvoyants, which is set in vibration by the will of spiritual beings, and in proportion to the nature and capacity of that vibration is the result assured. This etherial medium is the consolidating sympathetic relater of one material atom to another. No two atoms are absolutely united. In the interstices this magnetism or vital fluid holds them in suspension.

The interstellar space is interfused with this subtle connecting factor, and the earthly atmosphere is charged in proportion. It becomes more refined and spiritual as it reaches out to the spirit world proper, and thus is rendered possible the association of spirits with men.

The clairvoyant can see human beings like ourselves who are invisible to others, manifesting their presence in the spirit circle. After being drawn, absorbed and detached from each individual sitter and the surrounding atmosphere this combination of magnetic forces is forcibly vibrated and compelled to obey the will and desire of the operating cause. It may be used to produce objective phenomena or to psychologise the brain of the medium for the transmission of other intelligence than that possessed by the people present, and thus we have the impartation of knowledge never

hitherto known by the assembled investigators. A medium is a person so constitutionally organised as to furnish a more susceptible assimilator and appropriator of the magnetic fluid and intelligence from the invisible world. This etherial substance coalesces harmoniously with kindred elements in the mortal medium, and the two are united as one. The human body itself furnishes the best illustration of my position.

How do we manipulate our physical organism? No amount of bone, muscle, tissue, nerve, nerve-aura or brain could make the slightest motion independent of intelligence. We think, and the nerve-aura of the brain responds to that thought; the nerve in turn obeys the mandate of the will, then the muscle, tissue and bone co-operate, and the most beautiful, spiritual manifestation in the universe is forthwith produced. The atmosphere, saturated with potent vitality from the invisible spiritual world, as well as physical sustenance and power, keeps the two natures in rhythmical association with each other.

In virtue of the regulation of conditions by the laws of attraction and repulsion atoms are appropriated, transmuted and exhaled; integration and disintegration proceed until the spirit has exhausted its possibilities of incarnation, when the law of repulsion becomes more active in its operation than the law of attraction; eventually the soul severs its connection with the body and enters the spiritual world.

Hence regeneration and perpetual physical existence *ad infinitum* is absolutely impossible, because it is opposed to spiritual law. The wonderful phenomenon of form materialization is an exact duplication of what is transpiring every day, only the vibration is much more rapid in the *séance* room, but the difference is only in degree.

Our daily food which by disintegration, combustion, transmutation and appropriation perpetuates recuperation and activity is surcharged with both physical and spiritual essence, primarily held in solution by the animal and vegetable worlds. Subsequently it is distilled throughout the human body, and expressed as a personal, magnetic atmosphere. This in combination with human aura relates man to the spiritual, because being composed of analogous elements to those of the surrounding etherial world a medium of transmission is established between the two conditions of existence. The opera-

tion of human intelligence produces change, which is the great factor of progress.

Transmutations and disintegrations, appropriations and consolidations are all due to human soul power, without which there could be no existence. That distilled auric element is impressed or impregnated with human spirit essence. The individuality determines the condition of refinement and soul unfoldment by the external representation of color, which responds correspondingly to all the moods of the inner man.

Equilibrium of spirit, perception of beauty, wisdom born of terrestrial incarnation cause the intense brilliancy of the divine to be reproduced on the external, and man's state of unfoldment, intellectual and spiritual, will ever be absolutely obvious in the glory of future spiritual surroundings. On this thought-atmosphere of spiritually scientific reasoning we can ascend to the very celestial world, and take cognisance of the condition of things prevailing there.

As the earth-clad pilgrim absorbs from the sun the possibilities of material activity, and refines, beautifies and spiritualises the outer existence by the thought which has passed through the loom of his intelligence as he thus determines the progress and advancement of the material world, so these august beings, mightier by far than the highest conception we have ever formed of Deity, absorb sustenance from the central sun of the higher life; their thought power can transmute, change, modify, control and refine; they can consolidate worlds for objective operations, whereby the lesser unfolded man can measure his strength with matter; they can refine and spiritualise that matter, which will eventually gravitate to and again seek its equilibrium in the spiritual realm.

C. G. OYSTON.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

Alexander Sanderson tells a story, and in this fashion:

It happened just twenty months ago, the episode of which I shall speak—happened during the period of my first trip west of the New England state I call home, when I left all my old associations to accept the position offered me by my Uncle Gideon, a prosperous merchant of Chicago.

Before many hours I had made acquaintance with some fellow pilgrims in the smoking-car, and had accepted their invitation to play a game of cards. I knew the game, but had never before played for any stake, and when money was wagered I was ashamed to refuse to join the others.

Good luck followed my play until I was the possessor of no small sum; then the jade forsook me, and dollar after dollar was wagered and lost. A leer upon three sophisticated countenances told me I had been fleeced. But with a smile that was the more able to be genuine and sunny because of my knowledge of a crisp, unbroken bill of large dimensions being stowed snugly away in a pocket usually kept for such "reserves," I handed over my ill-gotten gains plus what money I'd risked, and left the smoking-car.

It rather amused me that these sharpers thought they had relieved me of all my financial possessions, and I felt a sort of personal pride that I had been able to trick so keen a trio into that belief.

For an hour I looked out upon the flying landscape. The blazing red of the maples, the bronze-gold of the beeches, the misty purple of distant hills, and the dark reflections in quiet little rivers soothed and charmed me. To me the trees seem to have a living personality of their own, each aspiring hill an individuality, and the waters suggested the existence of much that was mysterious. The heavens declared the glory of God to me, and I seemed to enter an entirely new phase of being, and become strangely one with all the life and beauty outside the windows of the on-rushing train. I forgot the experience of the early morning, and was only awakened from my fit of pleasurable absorption by the crying of a newsboy who had boarded the train as it began to slow up at a bustling town in west-

ern Pennsylvania. I hailed the boy and began a search for the requisite coin—the fact of my pockets' emptiness filtered into my consciousness. When the true state of affairs did at last come home to me, I laughed aloud at my pennilessness, and was obliged to shake my head at the gaping youth, who hurried on through the long train of coaches.

As if with an intelligence of its own—an intelligence which, after the unaccustomed void it had just encountered, seemed to demand that satisfaction the presence of the commodity to which it had been moderately accustomed usually offered—my right hand made its way into my “reserve” pocket. Well, that right hand of mine was a perfect transmitter of impressions, for no sooner had it found its way into that pocket than it sent a regular volt of a certain kind up into the gray matter of my brain. The pocket was empty!

I sat bolt upright then and began a hasty scramble among the cards, letters, papers, note-books, etc., tucked away in other pockets. All to no purpose. I am a somewhat forgetful person, but I was *positive* that I had *not* laid that particular bill down “just anywhere,” as I so often did my belongings, but had started from home with that greenback in my possession. I knew, also, that no one could have robbed me of it, and that though the sharpers had helped themselves to my other monies they had not secured *that*.

“First call for dinner!” I started to my feet—but I sat down again. The delicacies of the dining-car existed not for the penniless man. Then I began another search. “Last call for dinner!” It rang in my ears tantalisingly. I was hungry. Breakfast with me is usually a very light meal, consequently I, who am a big strong man as you see, and a hearty eater as you may surmise, am always ready for my noon lunch or dinner—very ready. Imagine me, then, growing hungrier with every passing hour. Between four and five o'clock on that afternoon I felt that I was fast approaching the famishing point. I was nearing the verge of starvation, and feared I'd soon tumble over into it. But the abyss did not swallow me. I clung to that verge, and battled with the mere animal “me” that made the clinging a thing somewhat difficult of accomplishment.

A man of somewhat methodical habits, I had never been placed in the predicament I found myself in at this time; consequently I could not recollect of any experience of mine that told of hunger pure



and simple as the dominant note of any happening. I am therefore ready to suppose that the animal in me was unused to the subjection of its senses, untrained in almost every respect, and therefore all too ready to growl at the unusual treatment it was receiving. Many times after that episode I, purposely, went hungry, and gradually made myself master of the snarling brute that gave me several unhappy hours that day. But it was a rampant creature at the time of my story, and I grow hilarious when I bring back the comic tragedy of the day. The defrauded beast had the power to double me up with pain, to force tears into the eyes of a big strong man, to snarl audibly, and to do me the great favor of making it quite clear to my consciousness that I was a being possessed of two distinct natures—animal and spiritual. Not that the comprehension came at the time of my suffering the pangs of hunger; unless one enters the terrible Wastes of Starvation, conscious of one's strength to endure, alive to the realisation of one's mastery over the clamoring animal appetite, the beast will ever prove too strong for the human, and suffering ensues.

I am perfectly sure in my own mind now that experiences such as I passed through that long day are not chance happenings, but in some mysterious way brought about to help us to higher planes of evolution; so nothing is really too ridiculous and absurd to hold its quota of good for us, and to become able to see clearly enough to laugh at one's self is to be well along the path that leads to better things.

As I have said, I was far from realising this at the time of my first experience with the gnawing animal I carried around with me. No bones began to show, but I *felt* thin, and imagined I could in some degree enter into the feelings of the famine-stricken people of India—which goes to prove that I am blessed with a number one, good-all-'round, active imagination.

I had tobacco with me, so I went forward into the smoking-car, and smoked and smoked and smoked. It quieted the animal at first, but seemed afterward to rouse new and unrecognisable forces in the lower nature of me. In desperation I left the place, washed the vile nicotine from my mouth, and found my own place in the sleeper.

I looked no longer at the landscape—no "glory" nor "handiwork" suggested itself to me in flying cloud and fathomless sky.

My thoughts were decidedly internal, material ones, and I had surely lost the ability to see beyond what had come to be a bestial surrounding. I fell to thinking of Dr. Tanner, wondering how in the name of all things sensible the man deliberately *chose* to do without food for forty days and nights. The epithets I inaudibly applied to the man would not make refined reading. I held him, by and large, all that was opposite to what I considered sane, and grew sentimental over the story of the Babes in the Woods told me by my Aunt Martha when a youngster of eight.

That night after drinking pints of water I managed to sleep, my dreams being full of the most toothsome ideals of a gourmand. I was the first one up in the car, and again had recourse to the water-cooler. This revived me, and I went back to my seat determined to worry through the morning somehow, for all the hunger was no wise abated. I have been told that after a certain time one loses one's fierce desire for food. I suppose the animal has reached a comatose state, and is no longer able to growl. That may be the lucky experience of some—it was not mine.

I fell into a sort of dreamy state, and things I'd forgotten in my later years came back to me. Perhaps, I mused, it may be that I am nearing a state of dissolution, and I see the events of my life as it is said a drowning man sees them. My state of collapse was such that I felt no sort of anxiety in regard to an impending translation of me into something more celestial, and I rather enjoyed the strange retrospect that presaged the end.

I have no means of knowing how long I sat there in this new-to-me introspective mood. It must have been quite a long time, for when I roused myself, as at an answer to some call upon me, I discovered we were in a country unlike that through which we had been passing early in the day. Instead of high hills I looked out upon levels leading away in gentle swells and undulations to the very horizon.

The car had been sparsely filled during the entire journey, the seats in my immediate neighborhood having had no occupants whatever. By some means unknown to me—some method inexplicable as it was certain—I knew that someone had entered the car at some point back upon the road and now occupied the seat directly behind mine. I was conscious that it was a woman, and that she had been

fixing her attention upon me. I am at a loss to explain just why my recognition of the fact of her presence failed to take place at the time of her first occupancy of the seat back of mine, or why the fact of her being there should so suddenly force itself upon me as a piece of interesting intelligence. Perhaps I was too absorbed by my retrospections; perhaps my perceptions are of a tardy nature; or I may be absolutely single-idead. Whatever the cause, I had no inkling of at what point of my journey my new neighbor had entered the coach, and only until I had felt myself, as it were, called to or rather recalled to present existing conditions did I take notice of an addition to the few passengers bearing me company.

In my mind's eye—that solitary optic of so mysterious a nature—I seemed to be able to see what my material vision had not as yet enjoyed; that it was a woman who was back of me, a stranger, yet one interested in me and my welfare.

What gave me this assurance? Who can tell? And I knew this woman was fair and sweet and gracious, longing as I never longed before to turn around and verify the truth of my impressions.

Impressions; that was it; it was she herself who impressed me, but I did not know this then. Not that she willed for me to see in her all that was fair and sweet and gracious, not that. It was as though a fragrant rose had made its presence manifest, and that its color, form and beauty had impressed themselves upon me—its qualities demanding recognition.

Should I go and smoke, and on my way back face the presence I dared not impertinently turn and gaze upon? No. I had no mind to awaken the animal with the dose I had forced upon it yesterday—its pawing of the ground and bellowing were most unpleasing to my soul.

Consumed with what I felt to be far more than idle curiosity, I turned to the outside world for relief. It was late afternoon, and the unappeased pangs of hunger made me faint. After a while this faintness took on a semblance of dreamy languor, in which I assure you I revelled until the cravings of hunger gradually brought me to my material senses.

Down went the sun; rather over went the earth; low in the west a silver scimeter swung, pale and slender against the deepening tints

of the sky. To the eastward over the long, low lines of the hills appeared a few daring stars. I counted them idly as they blinked into being, and had, I remember, just reached my seventeenth when I felt a little push against the shoulder nearest the back of my seat.

Since along with the touch came (like a flashing divination of causes and effect) the surmise that the push had been accidental, I, with great effort, restrained the impulse to turn my head and look at my fellow traveler. She had in all probability touched me unwittingly when moving from one side of her seat to the other.

The twilight had now set its dusky throne on the wide, brown prairie. From the windows of farmhouses shone oblong patches of orange-colored lights that pierced with soft insistence the fast-gathering gloom. Stars past the counting began to reveal themselves, and I no longer endeavored to add them to my planetary sum total. But I fixed my eyes upon a certain constellation and was tracing the imaginary form of Cassiopea's Chain, when a second soft shove stopped me at the impossible-to-see descending angle astronomers fondly accept as a leg of the throne of the goddess. Was this, too, an accident?

Another gentle push—there was no mistaking this—and I turned to meet the gaze of eyes kind and deep and serious.

"Friend," said a voice I seemed to have been waiting for ages to hear, "thee is very hungry; may I not offer thee a share of my abundance?" At her first word I had sprung to my feet; at her last I moved from my seat to where she sat opening the pretty, two-lidded hamper she had placed upon her knees.

"Sit down, friend, and let me offer thee this chicken sandwich." I sat down. I let her offer me the chicken sandwich.

I am ready to confess that it was the purely material senses in me that were instantly alert. So uppermost was the famishing animal that the human of me made no effort to overcome the immense satisfaction afforded by the mastication of deliciously prepared edibles; nor did the strange circumstance take upon itself any hue of strangeness to me. I merely sat beside my friend in need and ate and ate and ate.

With every bite, however, I grew more human, less utterly bestial. At the conclusion of the meal my savior lifted from that treasure of a basket two flaky apple turnovers, upon the delicate

pastry of which lay generous squares of rich, creamy cheese.

Silently we masticated the two masterpieces of the feast, and, when the last amber flake had melted upon my tongue, she said:

"Is thee sure thee's had enough?"

I was sure.

"Then will thee be kind enough to fetch me a drink of water in this glass?" I took the tumbler from her hand, and interviewed once again my old friend, the water-cooler.

I felt like a new man as I walked up the aisle. How more than wonderful it all had been! To be thus befriended when one was so truly in need! How did she guess this—*know this*—for it could not have been guess-work. I quickly filled the glass and hurried back to beg of her to furnish the answer to a riddle which was far too difficult for any solving of mine.

When I returned to my fair friend in need, the lunch-basket had been placed so as to take up the half of the cushioned seat I had just occupied, and was showing me its most repellent side. Evidently she was no coquette, the sweet Quaker lady, and I, taking her gentle hint, sat down in my own proper place in the midst of my traveler's Lares and Penates.

But the human was decidedly uppermost now, and thoughts upon thoughts were revenging themselves upon the animal, my no longer distracted brain teeming with the fancies born of my latest and most unusual experience.

At length I could stand it no longer—could no longer bear in silence that which I felt I not only had the right to say to her, but that it would be only proper to say. I rose to my feet, and, leaning toward her, I thanked her as she deserved to be thanked. At this she smiled graciously.

"It is the sign of an evolved soul to feel such gratitude as thee expresses."

An evolved soul! I thought of the brute beast, a single hunger-inspired scratch of whose talons made me know lay close under my human hide, and felt with regret deep and genuine how greatly deceived my new friend was in me.

"Not so greatly deceived as thee thinks," went on the voice as strangely familiar as it was strangely sweet. I am sure my amazement at her knowledge of my unexpressed thought must have shown

itself in my eyes; of this, however, she took no noticeable heed, but continued in a serious vein:

"There be planes of being to be gained and traversed by those to whom the ways are at first so foreign and unusual, that he who leaves the highroad familiar to him finds himself unable to progress properly or to do victorious combat with the beasts upon which he may chance during his journey in unknown paths. Thee has performed a rather remarkable feat, friend, and I congratulate thee."

"I thank you kindly, Miss——Miss——"

"Thee may call me Mercy," said the beautiful lips. Great Scott——might I? This failed to accord with the lunch basket's attitude——but I recovered my senses in time to save myself from figuring in history as the greatest dunderhead extant. In addressing one another, I suddenly recollected, it was the custom of Quakers to use only the christened name.

"Thank you, thank you——Mercy. The fact is," I blundered on, "I am sadly conscious of not having expressed a fractional part of the gratitude I feel for all——"

"Say no more, friend, if thee wishes to please me. It would be a hard heart and a most selfish nature, indeed, that would not respond to the needs of a starving soul and body."

Soul and body!

"Starving soul as well as body? The need of bodily nourishment I admit, but for the soul of me——"

"Sit down, friend," said Mercy, lifting the hamper from its place beside her, "and let us speak of this." I took the basket from her hand, and placed it among my belongings on the cushions in front of us. Then I sat down at as respectful a distance as the seat would allow, awaiting in eager delight her gentle words.

"Thee is surprised that I knew thee to be hungry," she began.

"Astonished beyond words," I admitted. "Can you explain this knowledge in language a self-confessed stupid and very much mystified man can comprehend?"

"I am not sure that I shall be able to do this, as it is also a mystery to me. This I know, however, that in our sect there are more than a few who are able to read the minds of others."

"And you are one of these?"

"I have proved that to thy satisfaction, have I not?"

"To my entire satisfaction."

"I have been recognised among the Society of Friends as one possessing this strange faculty to a greater degree than most of our inspired ones. It is true that the minds of those with whom I come in daily contact are, in the main, as the clearly printed pages of open books to me."

"In the main?" I repeated.

"Yes; for I am not always able to read the thoughts of others; for there be those who are wise in a wisdom beyond that of ordinary mortals and are able to surround themselves with impenetrable barriers."

"I am intensely interested—yet 'interested' is too poor and weak a word—help me to a better one—Mercy!"

"Nay, nay, it remains with thee to help thyself. The soul that thus demands is a hungry soul and should be fed."

"Upon what sort of provender, please?"

"The sort found growing in the field of spiritual endeavor. Strive as aspiring man has ever striven, and feed thy soul upon such rich and sustaining food as is furnished by the wise gardeners of the ages; partake of the stored fruits of all wisdom, helping thyself generously."

In silence I pondered over words that seemed to hold in them something wonderful and true, yet far beyond the grasp of my intellect.

"But it is not with the intellect these things are to be grasped," smiled Mercy, reading my thoughts.

"You encourage me," and I returned the smile of one I was beginning to look upon as a denizen of some purer, fairer world.

"What a joy," I went on, "it must be to be able to read the minds of others!"

"And what a misery!"

"A misery?"

"Stop and think a moment. Are all the thoughts of men and women beautiful thoughts?"

"Beautiful thoughts——?" I echoed. "Thoughts fair to look upon? Mercy——*no!*" I cried, as the host of unlovely fancies I had had for late companions appeared as ghosts.

The sweet face alight with that paradoxical thing, a sober smile, was turned full upon me.

"Thee understands," said she. "But let me comfort thee, friend. I find that for all the sorrow there is in the world there is far more joy than grief; more happiness than misery; more hope than despair. Were it not so this world we are at present inhabiting would be a living hell, and one would come to doubt the existence of a Mighty Source of Love."

"You do not doubt this?"

"Friend!" was all she said.

"But tell me," I began with mild insistence, "how was it borne in upon your consciousness that I was hungry—starving?"

"I can not tell thee 'how'; that is beyond me; but the book was pretty wide open, friend, the page was printed clearly enough, and——

"If you have read my mind so easily," I interrupted, determined to fathom the depths of her cognizance, "you must know why I was obliged to fast."

"Truly I know why. Thee had been wicked."

"Wicked?"

"Is not the playing of games of chance and in ungodly company a sinful thing? Doesn't *thee* think so, friend?"

"I do," I made answer, adding, mentally, especially if one lose all the money he possesses.

"But thee hasn't lost it all," began the saintly witch.

"Oh. *haven't* I?"

"No. Like a forgetful person, the little pocket inside thy waistcoat has been entirely forgotten by thee—but that is where thee placed the money, for greater safety."

With an irrepressible cry I sent my left hand diving into that all-forgotten inner pocket, and there, just where I had placed it I found the greenback.

"Thy name is Sanderson?" she asked. I admitted that it was, and that I was on my way to take a position with an uncle in Chicago.

"Success awaits thee," said Mercy. "And I am going to help a young cousin and his wife in the west. They are starting a ranch, and need me more than others do. So I shall stay with them until some other need for me shall arise."



"You will respond to a greater need than theirs, Mercy?" my mind leaping with one great, swift bound to a sudden, deliriously sweet conclusion.

Awaiting her answer I looked down at the flower-like face so near my own. It slowly turned itself from me, but the rosy flush that crept to the outermost curve of the soft cheek told me that swift, sweet thought of mine had been read.

"Mercy, the book of my life has opened at your touch to a page no eyes save your own shall ever see. Be silent if you will, dear friend, to-day; but when the hour comes in which a greater need shall arise, will you, O Mercy, will you read the text for me?"

"As I read it now," said she.

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

## THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

In the "Creative Plan," was there  
 Forseen the *blighting curse of sin*  
 When God first said—"Let there be Light"  
 And *willed* Creation to begin?

Did there exist with God Supreme  
 Before the birth of sinful man,  
 The knowledge that the Race would need  
 For its Salvation—"Another Plan"?

And will the "*Second Plan*" suffice  
 And prove more perfect than the *first*  
 In saving poor, weak, sinful souls.  
 Or will they still be *cursed*?

Was the Creator in His work  
 Imperfect—or His Plan—  
 That disappointment should result  
 In His creating—man?

M. F. BROOKS.

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The greatest prayer is patience.

—*Buddha.*

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The healthy understanding is not the logical argumentative, but the intuitive; for the end of understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe.

— *Carlyle.*

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There is a God within us who breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.

—*Ovid.*

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Valor consists in the power of self-recovery.

—*Emerson.*

## THE HUMANITARIAN.

I care not for the voice, elate,  
That sings the greatness of the State—  
Its mighty men—its wealth untold  
In silver, gems, or purest gold ;

I care not for the voice that calls  
And bids me note the palace halls,  
Where dwell the Princes and the Lords  
Who sit at ease 'round festal boards,

Or bids me mark the Temple fine,  
Each in its place a sacred shrine,  
Whose tall, imposing, glittering spires  
Reflect the sun's eternal fires ;

I care not for the voice that shouts  
Its orthodoxy or its doubts ;  
But to this thought my mind I give :  
'The Poor ! The Poor ! How do they live ?

I care not for the voice that gloats  
O'er bloody fields, or reeking moats ;  
Or banners floating in the air,  
Or victor's spoils that few can share ;

I care not for cold marble drest,  
And reared aloft, where warriors rest ;  
In stately plinths that tower high  
To mark the place where they lie ;

E'en Peter's sword smote not aright,  
Tho' swung with all a zealot's might ;  
'Tis not the arm of "true belief"—  
Its proper place is in its sheath.

That voice to me in vain proclaims  
 The prowess of the one who reigns ;  
 Until it speaks of boon or mead  
 For all oppressed, for all in need—

Until it speaks some word of cheer,  
 I do not see, I do not hear ;  
 And, yearning still, my heart doth cry :  
 The Poor ! The Poor ! How do they die ?

JOHN A. WINKLER.

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The city does not take away, neither does the country give, solitude ; solitude is within us.

—*Joseph Roux.*

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Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech.

—*Shakespeare.*

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Not how long, but how well you have lived is the main thing.

—*Seneca.*

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Errors like straws upon the surface flow ;  
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—*Dryden.*

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For faith, and peace, and mighty love  
 That from the Godhead flow,  
 Show'd them the life of heaven above  
 Springs from the earth below.

—*Emerson.*

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Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes.

—*Rabbi Ben Azai.*

## THE "FOREST OF ARDEN."

Oh, wonderful "Forest of Arden"!  
Thy delights I am longing to share—  
Thy freedom—thy life-giving air.  
Where each one forever will be  
From conventional folly set free.  
Where shams and pretenses all end,  
And we find every brother a friend!  
If all those who seek, find welcome and rest—  
Then my home is for aye, in this "Forest" so blest.

Oh, beautiful "Forest of Arden"!  
In thy depths I'd fain wander at will.  
I would rest beside brooklet and rill.  
I'd leave anger, envy and strife,  
With all useless burdens of life;  
For no discord e'er can be found  
In "Arden's" enchanted ground;  
Nor aught but "good-will" ever gain entrance there,  
Or be known in this "Forest" its peace to impair.

Oh, glorious "Forest of Arden"!  
I would learn the great secrets of life  
With which Nature forever is rife.  
To be true to myself I would learn;  
To Nature—to God—and would turn  
From the greed and the heaping of gold,  
With its deadening power untold;  
From all who would crush and oppress weaker man,  
As but blemishes, blots, upon Nature's great plan.

Mysterious "Forest of Arden"!  
I am waiting thy secrets to share.  
I would meet with those great ones who dare,  
The world and its ways to defy;

Its deceit and corruption decry.  
 All mere selfish gain they would bar,  
 With cruel oppression and war.  
 These lessons stand ever revealed to the sight,  
 In the "Forest of Arden," in letters of light.

SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

### COURAGE.

Has an old friend proved untrue?  
 Don't you care!  
 Sometime he may need just you,  
 Then his falseness he will rue,  
 Don't you care!  
 Stand by them who stood by you,  
 Love them who are staunch and true,  
 For them care.

Does your life-work seem all wrong?  
 Don't you fret!  
 Don't let trouble spoil your song,  
 Trouble never lasts for long,  
 Patience, yet.  
 Happy days will come along,  
 Sunny hours your life will throng  
 Free from care.

AMORETTA FITCH.

One must believe in simplicity, in what is simple, in what is originally productive, if one wants to go the right way. This, however, is not granted to every one; we are born in an artificial state, and it is far easier to make it more artificial than to return to what is simple.

—Goethe.

Our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality.

—Emerson.

Only those live who do good.

—Tolstoi.

# THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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## DR. LEVERSON IN LONDON.

ANNUAL MEETING OF ANTI-VACCINATION LEAGUE.

The National Anti-Vaccination League of England was held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 11th of March. The proceedings were animated, and the evidence of advancing interest all over the kingdom was most gratifying. Several members of the House of Commons attended and made addresses, among them Dr. Collins and Arnold Lupton. The United States for once had representatives; Dr. Montague R. Levenson, of New York, and Mrs. Lora C. Little, of Minneapolis. Special honors were paid the two, the assemblage rising to welcome them when introduced, and afterward giving their utterances the most careful attention.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the savant, now a veteran approaching 85, sent a message, urging to use power at Parliamentary elections. "Nothing is worth having, but total abolition of all vaccination laws," he insisted. "Also," he added, "all discrimination, public and private, against unvaccinated persons should be declared illegal and punishable. Let us vote against every candidate who will not promise to support such abolition, and we shall get it. There is no other way."

A letter from Dr. Sarah Newcomb Merrick, Secretary of the Massachusetts League, introduced Dr. Levenson. He took the floor, on invitation, and told the dark story of vaccination outrage in the United States. In many cities houses are entered at dead of night, doors forced, the sleeping inmates roused, and none permitted to escape assault. In 1864 a medical student followed up Brooklyn raids for two weeks and gathered evidence of six children killed and two hundred seriously injured by vaccination.

The Massachusetts Anti-Vaccination Society, believing the compulsory statute to be a violation of the Federal Constitution, carried

a test case to the Supreme Court of the United States. It will be remembered that Sir Edward Coke ruled that a person cannot be compelled to submit to a surgical operation against his will. But the Court declared that the police powers of the State were not controlled by the Constitution.

To the general legal Gehenna, the State of Utah is an exception. The Legislature passed a bill declaring enforced vaccination a penal offense. The Governor vetoed it and the Legislature enacted it over the veto. In Colorado and Wisconsin the Legislatures passed bills to compel vaccination, but Governors Patterson and LaFollette vetoed them "in vigorous English worthy of the best traditions of English and American freedom."

An Anti-Vaccination League was formed in Chicago, and is bringing the matter into the courts. Another is also at Omaha, in Nebraska.

A project is now being pushed to create a Federal Department of Public Health. It is but a disguise by which to deceive the people as to the real purpose.

Mrs. Little received a welcome as enthusiastic. She praised the work which had been accomplished in England as prodigious, and told of what had been done in Minnesota. A law had been passed there in 1903 prohibiting the compulsory vaccination of children. They now had to keep doctors to the line.

The *Vaccination Inquirer* gives a very full and fair sketch of all the proceedings and promises a report of Dr. Levenson's address on Serum-Therapy.

A. W.

#### BECHAMP, THE BIOLOGIST, ON POISONING OF OUR RACE.

Dr. A. Bechamp was the first writer to tell the world of "micrococci" or "microzymas," as he called them. The aged scientist wrote a letter to be read at the meeting of the Anti-Vaccination League. He explains that all tissues, cellules and humors of the organism are constituted living things by an anatomical element, the microzuma. These elements may, in a state of disease, become vibriones and bacteria, which reveal them still alive and imperishable. "The pus of the vaccinal pustule, like all pus, should contain microzymas; they shall be an active part of the vaccine, and so it is, in fact."



Formerly the vaccine pus was called virus; now it is the microzymas that are called virus. It is, therefore, an accepted fact that when we vaccinate we introduce into the organism the morbid microzyma derived from another animal, and as that microzyma is physiologically imperishable it is true, as Dr. Levenson has said, "that vaccination is a poisoning of our race."

#### ANOTHER ART OF HEALING.

While Osteopathy is forging its way to a place in the favored circle, despite the united effort of the three united competitors to keep it under legislative ban, its rival, the "Chiropractic," is also demanding the recognition of its rights. At a meeting of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, some weeks ago, the friends of this method were present in full force. Dr. Arnold, a lady practitioner, was introduced by ex-Commissioner T. V. Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, and made an eloquent defense, and appeal against the Medical Trust. Congressman Livingstone also advocated the right to practice. The room was thronged with patients, all testifying to the benefit of the new procedures, and the Champions of Medical Monopoly for once could not move a tongue.

A writer in *Lacon* remarks that individuals who entertain similar general belief, but who disagree on some point, are often more bitterly hostile to one another than they are to others who are alike opposed to them both. These little schools, the Chiropractors and Osteopaths, are illustrations.

#### STONEWALL JACKSON IN HEAVEN?

Mr. Frank W. Gettes relates that he paid a visit last autumn to the old Virginia Military Institute where General Jackson had been the Professor of National Philosophy. He had the fortune to encounter a negro who had been in the General's service in those far-off times. He received a detailed, perhaps an apocryphal account of the General's career, ending with the sentence:

"En now he's done gone whar we all got ter go."

"Gone to Heaven, I hope," said Gettes.

"Well, suh," replied the negro, "I dunno 'bout dat."

"What?" demanded Gettes. "You don't think he deserved it?"

"Bress ye, suh," replied the skeptic, "he done deserved it all

right. But yo' see, it was jes' this way: Mars' Jackson he'd a strong will and peculiar tastes, en' whether he's in Hebben 'pends altogether on whether he wanted to go dar."

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, has been ennuunciating some notions that may sound queer. In an address to the Young Men's Christian Association in Harlem he boldly declared that he would rather live here than in heaven. Nevertheless, he would keep hold a little upon the region of bliss; he would like to go to heaven when he cannot stay here. He thinks that he would be rather discontented in heaven till he got adjusted to it. America is the best place to live in, he insists; but when a man cannot stay here any longer he ought to steer for heaven. "For my part," says the Reverend gentleman, "I have never been much fascinated with the idea of corner lots and mansions in the skies, and songs and harps and such things."

There may be more sense than nonsense in this sentiment. We will not discuss it now, but it reminds us of the man in Paris a century ago. "Give me Paris and its delights," said he, "and let me have with it unending life, and God may keep his heaven to himself."

#### HYSTERICAL HAY FEVER.

Persons who suffer with hay fever may perhaps be somewhat consoled by the thought that in a great many cases it is purely a nervous or hysterical affliction. This statement, though coming from one of the leading authorities on the brain and the nervous system, will not by any means convince all sufferers that their attacks are often imaginary or that a fit of sneezing can be provoked by an association of ideas rather than an actual irritation.

To substantiate his assertion this specialist claims that he can produce a violent attack of sneezing on the part of a patient by himself smelling of a bunch of artificial paper roses. The sight of the flowers, coupled with the thought of their scent, is sufficient in such a nervous system to influence the patient's sense of smell enough to make him believe he actually does smell the roses.

It is the strong effect of the mind which sometimes brings a recurrence of the malady at regular seasons of each year. One afflicted looks forward with dread to a certain date, remembering that it was on such and such a day the year before that he suffered an attack. When the day arrives he finds he has not feared in vain, for with it come the expected sneezes and their attendant discomforts.

There are cases where the "hay feverite" has been absent minded or preoccupied, and has failed to nurse his expectations of the approaching trouble.—*New York Herald*.

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"MODERNISM."

"Modernism is a movement, a process, a tendency," its champion, Father Tyrell, declares, "It is not, like scholasticism, a system—the term or 'arrest' of movement. It is a movement away from the scholastic position in a variety of directions. But, whereas in former years such movements have been in quest of some new position to be accepted as final and permanent, Modernism recognises movement as itself a permanent condition, and seeks only to discover its laws and determine its direction. Growth is its governing category. In other words, it is an attempt to reconcile the essentials of Catholic faith with the indisputable results of historical criticisms which are disastrously manifest to the mediæval synthesis of scholastic theology. It does not demand a new theology or no theology at all, but a moving, growing theology—theology carefully distinguished from the religious experience of which it is the ever-imperfect, ever-perfectible expression. It doesn't demand a new institutional framework of Catholicism, or no framework at all, but a recognition that the framework has grown in the past, and shall be suffered to grow in the future under the guidance of the same life and spirit."

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In New York City the average number of deaths from pneumonia under medical care exceeds 8,600 each year.

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Concentration explains all the miracles of genius. If you can keep your mind fixed and receptive until the celestial current flows to you, the secret of Dante and Shakspeare, of Leonardo and Raphael is yours.

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How many persons do you know who neglect to say anything when they talk?

How many who study how not to say anything when they affect to be telling something? 

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Preserve to your future subjects this divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, there is no other right can flow from God.—*Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry*.

## THE CRIMINAL LAW A REFUGE AND COMFORT.

The criminal law of America is a refuge and comfort to the lawyer and the criminal, and a menace and vexation to the rest of mankind.—*Sydney Brooks.*

A minister one day encountered a group of boys formed in a circle with a dog in the middle. Asking what they were doing, he was informed that they were telling lies, and that the one would win the dog who told the biggest lie.

The minister was shocked, and remonstrated. "When I was a little boy," said he, "we thought it most worthy to speak the truth. I never told a lie when a boy."

The group heard him in silence, and were still several moments. Then one brisk lad spoke:

"Give him the dog!"

## VELOCITIES OF STARS IN THE LINE OF SIGHT.

BY EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Suppose yourself to be standing on a railway track watching the approach of a locomotive, six or seven miles away. At first you could not tell whether it was at rest or in motion. By looking intently you could soon decide by its increased size that it was approaching; but you could not find its speed. Let the engine bell ring continuously; then its velocity of approach could be computed by the aid of an instrument capable of accurately measuring the pitch of tones. For pitch increases, if the source of sound draws nearer and nearer, and decreases if it goes farther and farther away. This is because more oscillations per second enter the ear in the former case and less in the latter, for pitch depends entirely on rates of vibration. Now the discovery has been made that pitch in sound corresponds to color in light, since both sound and light are due to oscillatory motion. Light is now known to move with the unthinkable speed of 186,380 miles per second. This is the recent and accurate determination of Professor Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, for which he received Nobel prize.

If sunlight is passed through a triangular prism of glass, it is separated into seven prominent colors, with innumerable tints between. The glass molecules bend all the rays out of their original straight line from the sun. Violet is bent the most of all, and red

the least. And rays from any white light are turned out of their courses and separated into the colors, as well as light from the solar surface.

Now there is a most wonderful instrument—the spectroscope. It separates any kind of light whatever into all the colors of which it may be composed, and bends every ray out of its straight path; but more important still, it measures the amount each ray is turned aside. This is the point to be noted. Suppose an electric light at a distance of several miles is coming rapidly toward the spectroscope. The observer looks into it and notices that the violet light is bent aside more than if the electric light was stationary. But, if the light is receding, the red rays are not bent out quite as far. Thus by measuring the amount these rays were deviated more or less than usual, the amount of approach or recession in miles per second can be computed.

This simply amazing process has often been applied to the stars, by a number of skilled astronomers in different observatories with this result: that the stars which have been measured are all moving toward or away from our star—the sun—with velocities of from 4 to 80 miles per second. These are “line of sight” stars, because their motion can only be determined in these lines by the spectroscope. But if a star moves straight across the field of view of a telescope, or at an angle, its velocities also can be told by other methods. Many have been subjected to close measurement; and they also move with these general velocities.

Our little star which we call the mighty sun, because we are so near to it, moves at the speed of 13 miles per second. Although it is 1,310,000 times larger than the earth, it is really a little slow star. There are about 100,000,000 minute dots on all the photographs of the entire celestial sphere. Each is an image of a star—a sun—for all stars are suns. A vast majority are larger and hotter than our modest star. Some are from 1,000 to 10,000 times larger than our sun, and many are very much hotter. The countless millions of suns, therefore, are in rapid motion. For a number of years it was thought that the suns were moving in every direction. But Astronomer Kapteyn, of Groningen, by patient research and by generalizing his own and other observations, discovered that they are moving in two general but opposite directions, as seen from the

earth. Then the entire visible universe of suns must be in rotation. This seems to be the latest teaching of astronomy.

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

### PSYCHICAL RESEARCH PHENOMENA.

BY HEReward CARRINGTON.

'Any person who has seriously taken up the study of psychic phenomena has doubtless become painfully aware of the multitudinous objections that can be—and in fact *are*—raised by the average outsider against such investigation. This is not the time or the place to consider such objections in detail—since that would require a volume in itself—and, moreover, it can very readily be shown that by far the greatest number of these so-called “objections” are not objections at all, but merely dogmatic statements or assumptions of superior knowledge—both of which are invariably based upon a total ignorance of the facts investigated, and of the evidence on hand. However, as I said before, I do not intend at this time to enter into any long-winded arguments over the question, but shall merely jot down here some few remarks for the consideration of scoffers and unreasonably skeptical critics.

Either psychic phenomena really exist, or they do not. I think no one will dispute that statement. If they exist, then their investigation becomes imperative; it would be only *honorable* for science to investigate them—whether it saw any “use” in their investigation or not. If they exist, if such phenomena are real facts in nature, then their investigation is absolutely called for, and an organized attempt to discover such facts, and afterward, the laws that govern them, is positively demanded from scientific men; and they have no reason whatever for refusing to recognize them or to investigate them, just as they would any other phenomena whatever.

But it may be claimed that such phenomena do *not* exist—that they have, in fact, no reality (as natural phenomena) at all. (This is the only possible objection to their investigation, really, for we have just seen that *if* they exist, their investigation is demanded from science and cannot be avoided; but if they do *not* exist, but only appear to do so, then their investigation is a waste of time and must ultimately lead to no result.) The objector must therefore

take his stand upon this ground: that they do not really exist. If he *does* take this position, then we have only to call upon him to *prove* his claims and assertions. The psychical researcher offers to prove *his* assertions by producing phenomena and records of phenomena which cannot be explained by present day science; and he says to his critic: "Here are my proofs of the reality of these phenomena. If the phenomena do not really exist—as you state—then why have I these records that they *do* so exist? Unless you are prepared to assert that we are liars, pure and simple, these records testify to their reality; for if not, why not?" And what is the critic to reply? If he assert that these records do not actually exist (in thousands, even,) he is merely ignorant of the facts in the case; if he assert that they are not recorded accurately, or not handled with sufficient care, or investigated by competent, scientific men, again he merely shows an ignorance of the facts, and farther argument is unnecessary. There is only one possible, rational course open to him. He must assert that the records do not indicate what *really* happened, but what *apparently* occurred; *i. e.*, the investigator was in some way deluded or deceived, and only *thought* the incidents occurred as recorded. This objection, however, would apply only to that very small percentage of psychical phenomena where continuous and uninterrupted attention was necessary in order to obviate the possibility of fraud (*e. g.*, at spiritistic séances), and would not at all apply to such spontaneous cases as might occur to the individual (apparitions, *e. g.*)—facts which were recorded in writing—such apparitions being afterward found to coincide with the death of the person the figure represented; since, in this case it is *granted* that the senses are hallucinated—that being, in fact, a part, and a necessary part of the psychical researcher's explanation of the fact! Moreover, this objection would not apply at all to *experimental* phenomena. So that we are driven to admit that these phenomena do and must exist in some cases—be their explanation what it may. And if they exist, then my point is established—since we are in no wise forced to have any *explanation* of the facts at all. We want, as psychical researchers, facts, and not explanations of facts. Be their ultimate explanation telepathy, or clairvoyance, or bad observation, or spirits, or fraud—it does not in the least matter. We are not concerned with that. What we want is facts, *facts*—more, and

plenty of them! Let the public realize these truths in recording cases of apparently supernormal phenomena and submitting them to the Society. No case is too trivial to record. We do not care as yet about its interpretation, but its value *as a fact*. A fact is a fact, but *it must be recorded!*\*

#### A QUESTION FOR ANSWERING.

Mr. Fish is a product of one of our foremost colleges; he is a type of the best we can do with our present methods to train the useful citizen. Many things he was taught in college; he was never taught there that the first duty of man is service and the advancement of the common welfare; neither he nor any other American college student was ever taught that, nor inspired to think about it. There were held up to him many glittering ideals of success; it was never intimated to him that there is no success worth any attention except to be of use. In many ways he is a type of the highest product of the American university, able, versatile, alert, fortified with reason and reflection, and the goal of his ambition is and always has been a thing as material as granite. Is that the best we can do? Up to the present time it is the best we have done, certainly. Here is a man that sympathises with the toilers up to the extent of wishing them to be justly treated and comfortable; he does not sympathise with them to the extent of trying to equalise the vast disproportion of conditions. If he had been blessed with a big imagination that would have overcome the defects of his education, or if he had been educated to service, he might have over-balanced the lack of imagination; but being deficient in both, 1905 passed and worked his downfall and our loss of a leader we needed. After all, does our educational system look so very glorious when viewed in the light of such results? It makes good bank presidents, corporation lawyers, senators like Lodge, and manipulators like Harriman. What kind of serviceable citizens does it turn out?—*Alfred Henry Lewis* in "Human Life."

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\*If those who have any such facts to record will kindly submit them to the Secretary, American Society for Psychical Research, 519 West 149th Street, New York, the favor will be appreciated.



## IMMORTALITY.

What does this word imply? To the common mind, it implies future, personal, individual existence beyond the grave; because Theology has so taught Mankind for Ages. But it is without warrant, for it cannot be demonstrated. Blind faith will not answer, for *true faith* can come *only* from *conviction of the judgment*. It has been a Dogma taught by the Priesthood and the Churches; and accepted by the masses; but all *honest* deep, intelligent thinkers, in the past and the present, have always questioned it; but they have generally held their peace, rather than go counter to the credulous, unthinking, common sentiment. A vast number of deep thinkers become skeptics, and remain so. Mankind have eagerly accepted the dogma, because they were prompted by their innate superstition and instinctive selfish desire to be perpetuated; so they accepted the teaching of the Church and Priesthood; with whom Theology is a *business*. No one disputes the existence in Humanity of this innate superstition and selfishness; for on these the Law, the instinct of Self-Preservation, is founded. But is it not immensely more reasonable, plausible, logical and satisfactory, to interpret this innate feeling as a proof that we are, each and all of us, *a part of the Deity*; which is the incomprehensible power that rules the Universe and is not a personal Deity, and that thus we are immortal? The average intelligent man is generally so lacking in moral courage, that he seldom allows himself to think aloud—though we are now well past the times of so-called Religious Persecution; but they were not Religious—they were Theological Persecutions. It is easier to go with the current, than to fight and champion the Truth against Error. But the Church is steadily losing its hold on the people, now that so many of them dare to do their own thinking—dare to examine things. Is not Immortality coeval; coexistent with Time and Eternity? May we not call them A GRAND, MIGHTY TRINITY? THE EVERLASTING EXPRESSION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE? So far as Man can comprehend, each of them will ever be a mystery. Immortality is indisputable, for all things are indestructible; so, therefore, annihilation is impossible. Is it not sufficient to have a simple, abiding Faith, in this broader idea of Immortality? And to trust our dear MOTHER NATURE, who doeth all things well for her children? There can be no doubt but that Mother Nature

has within her bosom unnumbered millions of secrets and mysteries, of which puny Man cannot have the least conception. We do know this—that there exists an unseen, unknown Psychic World; of which Man has had barely a glimpse. We may hope, in the lapse of time, when Man has ascended higher in the scale of Being, that through the study of Philosophy, Metaphysics and Psychology, we may learn more of what lies beyond the physics of our little World. But no ray of light can ever come through Theology. Let us all await the Future, contentedly; by remembering and *acting* on the text, “There is Reward for well doing—and Penalty for ill doing.” Does there not seem to be a sixth sense, yet to be developed? What is called Intuition? Do we not see it foreshadowed, in the brilliant flashes of thought which occasionally come to reflective minds—and to some peculiar temperaments? Some flashes are so self-evidently truthful that they are not questioned. May it not be that Emerson owed his fame and greatness, in part, to his life-long habit of always keeping at hand, day and night, pencil and paper to make record of these flashes of thought? He certainly is counted as one of the World’s greatest thinkers and Seers. Do not all thinkers along psychic lines, develop, in greater or less degree, this intuitive quality of mind? This line of thought is so far-reaching that it is endless; but it is not shallow speculation. It is an earnest effort to learn more of the Psychical World. We are still children at school, under the guidance of Mother Nature. It was so ordered; for Eternity is long.

It has been well said: “Thoughts are things; thoughts are forces.” They go out into space, as sound goes out on the air, unseen; and are magnetically, spiritually effective, as seen in Telepathy and Mind Reading. “No-thing was ever made in vain.” Never; for all things have been evolved for a definite purpose by Nature.

The Stoic Philosophers, who were among the deepest thinkers ever known in history; and the Orientals, ages before them, were content with the simple *hypothesis*, that “The Soul, at death, is absorbed into the GREAT WORLD SOUL; and in time, is re-born, again and again, into the GREAT HUMAN FAMILY.” They rested there; did not speculate further.

Professor F. E. Abbott, of Cambridge, said: “Mankind’s future

conception of God will be as much above the present conception of Him, as their present conception of Him is above Man."

"Religion, is that which makes for righteousness."

"Righteousness, exalteth a nation."

"What is to be, will be."

"Whatever is, is right."—In the concrete.

"Be just and fear not."

"Be good—do good."

"Have abiding faith in eternal goodness."

Avoid all common Theology.

Study the Theology of Metaphysics.

Believe in immortality.

Do your own thinking.

Think—think for yourselves.

Aim high.

Dig deep.

C. B.

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How glorious a character appears when it is penetrated with mind and soul.

—*Goethe*.

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There is no other revelation than the thoughts of the wise among men.

—*Schopenhauer*.

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Thou hast gained no fresh life unless it flows to thee direct out of thine own soul.

—*Goethe*.

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Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.

—*Longfellow*.

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Of all the possessions of a man, next to the gods, his soul is the mightiest, being the most his own.

—*Plato*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

MIND POWER AND PRIVILEGES. By Albert B. Olston. Cloth, 406 pp., \$1.50 net. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Under attractive headings Mr. Olston discusses the different phases of psychology and writes interestingly of the healing powers of the mind, dwelling at some length upon Hypnotism, Auto-Suggestion and Christian Science. He deals earnestly with the question of character-building, to which considerable space is devoted.

In reading the book one cannot fail to be impressed by the underlying sincerity and earnest purpose which dominate the mind of the author. We quote a paragraph which indicates his aim: "The steadfast purpose of this book has been to inspire man with a zeal for the development and culture of the mind; to realize how intimate a relation exists between the mind and the body; to emphasize this relation by showing how each reacts upon the other; to strengthen the individuality until it builds a formidable barrier between itself and disease. We would have men live in a thought-world of cheer, purity and confidence, ever shunning their antitheses as they would outward expressions of extremest vice and crime. We would have them know the powers and privileges of the mind; to grasp and wield those powers to their highest and purest profit; to come into the full realization that the mind is the high heritage from God, that it is destined to survive the short years of this life, and that its noblest activities in this sphere are those of Service and Love."

We commend the book to students of psychology and the occult.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SIDEREAL SIDELIGHTS: A Medley of Dawn Thoughts. By Charles L. Brewer. Paper, 83 pp., 50 cents. The Balance Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DENIAL. By Charles Fillmore. Paper, 33 pp., 15 cents. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

A TALK TO MEN. By a Student of Truth. Paper, 20 pp., 10 cents. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

# THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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## SOME MARVELS OF MIND.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

Charles Dickens, in the endeavor to depict a death-scene, explains it as drifting out upon "the dark and unknown ocean that rolls round the world." He does not tell us anywhere about that ocean, what it is or of what it is constituted, though he doubtless had a conception which was worth our attention. We are coming to guess now-a-days about these matters of which so many have spoken vaguely. We know of an ocean of atmosphere in which the earth is enveloped and from which we derive the breath which enables us to subsist from moment to moment. Yet we are hardly willing to accept the suggestion that when we part with the power to receive that breath, we pass into that atmosphere, and that is the all of us. What pertains to that department of our nature is purely physical, and we are conscious that there is a region of thought that transcends all that. Of that region, we, the real ego, are a part; in it we live and move and are; and hence the physical dissolution will still leave us there.

It may be contemplated as dark and unknown, because the physical senses have not apprehended it. But to the thought it has not been altogether unperceived and unnoted. It would be hardly accurate to call it dark, for if it were absolutely dark it could not have being at all. But the sense-vision is developed in us only in a relative degree. If the external world were more luminous, we would be unable to see. Our eyes are adapted to one condition; what is light to us may be darkness to other creatures. In the same way by analogy that region, or ocean, in which we are enveloped, is shut away from our perception, in ordinary physical conditions, yet be open to them in some degree, when by some unusual cause, the veil between the two worlds chances to be moved aside.

This may happen in some abnormal condition of the body. It does not explain this fact away, by insisting that the abnormality creates the apparent vision of things beyond the corporeal sensibility. That would be an argument analogous to the assertion that the view of stars or clouds through a breach in the roof or wall of an apartment, was created by the breach. Impulses, promptings, suggestions, and even revelations are manifested from that great world above and around, when from any cause we are made perceptive enough to receive them. The day has passed when intelligent individuals can meet these things with a sneer as mere illusions of fancy.

Many years ago there appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a paper by Mrs. E. Stuart Phelps-Ward giving account of a wonderful clairvoyant faculty exhibited by an inmate of her mother's household. The subject was a parentless girl of seventeen, who had been the waif of a poor-house, now employed in the family for several years. She had been ill with diphtheria, and was now greatly enfeebled and was often subject to long fits of silence and to trances, which continued till she became helpless. In these peculiar conditions she was able to find a lost ring and other articles; to detect robbers in the house; and even to tell her mistress of a sister several hundred miles away, the family not knowing where, and supposing her to have died.

Mrs. Ward gave a brief explanation of the girl's peculiarities; as that she was very sensitive about the matter, unwilling to talk or hear of what passed, and that she was totally unable to recollect anything that happened at such times. She was powerfully affected by electricity, and, whenever she put her hands in hot water they would be paralysed. She made no account of space but would follow the acts, words and expressions of countenance of members of the family hundreds of miles away. Her eyes, during these trances, had a singular expression. Mrs. Ward compared them to those which Dr. Holmes described of Elsie Venner. They were "not human eyes," and "though turned fully on you, never looked at you. Something behind them or out of them did the seeing, not they."

I have never had the opportunity to observe such extraordinary manifestations, but I have no doubt of their actual occurring. Some of the lesser phenomena are probably not so unfrequent. I remem-

ber myself of several happenings that were of that character. One morning when a lad of eight, I chanced to be the first at the school-house. Another pupil, the son of a neighbor, came next. After the usual greeting he told me of having lost a pocketknife. Immediately I felt an impulse to go from him to an object some rods distant that I that moment saw on the snow. It was the lost knife. I had not known of its existence till he had told me his story. Several times after this, the same winter, I had similar experiences, which I could not account for. Again in 1882 I saw something of the same character. I had spent a month at the Summer School in Concord, and now went to Marlborough. I was desirous to ascertain what I might of the Williams family, my mother's kindred. It was on Sunday, and I was making my way down the principal street, when I saw a young man standing alone on the steps of a warehouse. I told him my errand, but gave no names. He set out directly with me, as though taking deep interest in the matter. He conducted me to an old burying ground, long abandoned and densely overgrown with weeds several feet high. Here he went in a straight line to the plot on which stood a tall memorial stone, bearing the name of Colonel Abraham Williams, my great-grandfather. There were also the gray slabs bearing the names of his wife and several of their children. My conductor led me next to the middle of the ground, where was the grave of the Rev. Robert Breck, above which was a long slab with a Latin inscription. There seemed to be no special significance to this, till I saw near the foot a little gray stone broken in three pieces, which were held clumsily together. It bore the name of his daughter, Elizabeth, who had also been the wife of Col. Williams. I had never heard of her before. My guide afterward conducted me to other burying grounds in which were the graves of others of the family. In our conversation I learned that he was not an old resident of Marlborough, and had not been familiar with any of the places to which he had taken me.

#### THE KHABAR.

The obtaining of information from distant places without the aid of letter or telegraphic message, appears to have been by no means uncommon in several Oriental countries. An article upon this subject appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, thirty years since. "Some time

ago," says the writer, "one of the London daily papers referred to the *Khabar*\* as a thing of extreme mystery in India. From all we can learn the Arabic word *khabar* signifies *news*, and as used in India it means a method of communicating news in some extraordinary manner, which, it is alleged, science fails to unravel. The speed with which the news is said to travel is said to be greater than that of the electric telegraph; but that we take leave to doubt. At any rate, should you walk through an Indian market-place, to view the silks of Cashmere, or stroll into a Turkish bazaar in quest of a serviceable saddle, your hospitable native acquaintance will ask: 'Have you any news of So-and-So; or of such-and-such a place?' Your reply being in the negative, he may probably proceed to tell you what the *khabar* says on important affairs occurring at a distance. To your astonishment you find, after a few days, or even weeks, that your loquacious Hindu, Turkish, Arab, or Persian friend has told you the truth with tolerable correctness."

In his little volume, *Recollections of the Druses of Lebanon*, the Earl of Carnarvon has borne testimony to the same thing. "Through all ages," he declared, "sometimes by a subtle and mysterious agency, the spark of intelligence has flashed along the electric chain by which the natives of the East are darkly bound to each other."

In proof of the actual existence of this potent agency the Earl relates that during the Sikh war of 1845-6 there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and further, that in the Indian mutiny the somewhat exaggerated intelligence of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpur actually reached the Indians of Honduras and the Maoris of New Zealand in a manner truly astonishing.

A relative of the writer of the article in *Chambers' Journal* stated that he was in Jerusalem during the Crimean War of 1854-5, and often found that the *khabar* of the bazaars anticipated the ordinary channels of communication by many days, and generally with little departure from accuracy.

I remember myself the statement by the late Bayard Taylor in a lecture delivered in 1852, that during the war between the United

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\* *Khabar*, knowledge, a society, an associate; also occult learning, magic spells, enchantment.



States and Mexico, when he was traveling in Japan, the leading men of that country received, in some unknown or mysterious way, very definite information of the battles and other important events of the conflict.

Similar examples are given in the Bible, in the second book of *Kings*. "The King of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying: 'In such and such a place shall be my camp.' And the man of God (Elisha) sent unto the King of Israel (probably Jehoahaz and not Jehoram) saying: 'Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down.' And the King of Israel sent to the place which the man of God had told him and warned him of, and saved himself there, not once nor twice. Therefore the heart of the King of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants, and said unto them: 'Will ye not show me which of us is for the King of Israel?' And one of his servants said: 'None, my Lord, O King; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber.'" (*Kings*, II., vi. 8-12.)

Accounts like these are not made up except there are facts from which to model them. Falsehood will always be dependent on its resemblance to an older truth. It is for us, therefore, to investigate to find the law and conditions which enable such things. They cannot be superhuman, for their operations are in every respect by the agency of the human organism. As for describing or even considering them supernatural I would object to any use of that term in the case, except in its genuine sense of simple superiority, as upper-natural but not transcending our faculties. The mind, the highest quality in us, is evidently not limited by the corporeal investiture. We are conscious far beyond the organism of our bodies. In certain instances the perceptions are so developed as to enable the individual to know of facts and occurrences taking place at vast distances. The human spirit, the noetic faculty, must extend as far as it can perceive. Doubtless it belongs with the mysterious ether which scientists have not been able to discover, which surrounds and permeates everything. In that ocean of ether, all mind, all spirit, embodied or disbodied, more or less intermingles. It is not difficult, therefore, to comprehend that as one mind is in contact and mingled with another mind, that the knowledge of external fact and occurrences

should pass from one to the other, in a manner sufficiently "materialised" to enable the telling in the outside world that we all recognise about us. In trances these visions and perceptions are of course more likely; for then the external senses are more or less closed up, so that they may not obstruct or divert attention to the interior communion.

The Yogis of India, and others in the Eastern World, aspire to the development of these occult powers of mind, and actually acquire a faculty of second sight which seems miraculous. In the proper sense of that term it is truly miraculous—wonderful, but not beyond the powers of any one, though so generally latent. What has been will be, and what has been done can be done again.

#### A MIRACLE OF TONGUES

In the same field another marvelous exhibition may be considered, that of being able to produce answers to difficult questions, to speak learnedly though untaught, and to discourse in languages that have never been learned. Mention of all these is made in the New Testament; and if we can depolarise the words and read them as we read other things, we may possibly gain some adequate conception of the matter. I will quote: "The Jews marvelled, saying: 'How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?'" "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it is not you that speak but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." "The Comforter (Helper), the holy spirit, shall teach you every thing and bring every thing to your remembrance."

Those who are mentally too weak to exercise faith, and especially those who are wilfully incredulous, may distrust these declarations and explain away their obvious meanings. But there have been some very few examples in which individuals spoke a language which they had never learned. It may be insisted with a fair degree of plausible assurance that the manifestation which is described as having taken place at Jerusalem at the festival of Pentecost was not so very wonderful. The conquests of Alexander and his successors had extended over the several peoples that are enumerated, and the Greek language had become more or less familiar to them. Those, therefore, that are named as being present, though said to have been addressed in the tongue wherein they were born, were Jews who had

been familiar with some form of *patois* which had a common basis in Greek, and hence could understand what was said to them, even though they conjectured that the speakers were intoxicated.

A communication in the *New York Times*, dated February 17, 1905, gives an account of this kind, for which the writer vouches, and which appears to be fairly entitled to acceptance. The subject was described as a young Irish girl living a few years before in the city of New York. She was described as an individual "of ordinary education, who could at times converse in various languages, both ancient and modern, though she, in her normal state, knew but her mother tongue."

Little effort appears to have been made to bruit the matter about, but several spiritualists of some note took cognizance of the matter. Among the few was Doctor Cetalinski, who was an accomplished linguist, and often conversed with her.

The writer then tells of another case which was directly under his own cognizance. "Subsequent to the instance I have just mentioned," says he, "and during a period extending over five years, I had the opportunity of studying such demonstrations in my own home. My wife, who knew no language whatever but English, at various times spoke in three other languages, namely: Spanish, Egyptian, and an Indian dialect. Now, as I did not know a word of Spanish, Egyptian, or any Indian dialect, I could not bring of myself any material proof that such was really the case. And regarding the last two mentioned tongues, I can only say that I have excellent reasons for believing that she spoke them.

"I was for a long time puzzled over the language which I ultimately found out to be Spanish. There was only one word which I could literally understand (I invariably caught the spirit of the utterance) and that was '*si*.' I knew that this was Italian for 'yes', but I also knew enough of that language to know that she was not speaking Italian; neither was it French or German, and having thus decided I had reached the end of my linguistic tether.

After these demonstrations had been going on for about two years, we went to live in Colorado. One day a friend who, from having resided in Mexico for some time, was conversant with Spanish, happened to hear my wife speak in this, to me, unknown tongue. I noticed him listening very attentively, and when she had finished

speaking, he said: 'Why, she has been speaking Spanish to me—not the Spanish of to-day though, but the pure Castilian of long ago!'

"Eventually, another friend who was familiar with Spanish, said at once, as soon as he heard her speak: 'Why, she is speaking Spanish!'

"And so," the writer declares, "on the testimony of two independent witnesses, whose integrity was beyond reproach, combined with other reasons of a more subtle and psychical nature, I know that my wife, who did not know a word of Spanish, could and did at times speak it fluently—even better than most Spanish-speaking people. \* \* H. S. C."

Nobody has ventured to question the genuineness or the veracity of this statement, and despite its apparent divergence from common experience and opinion, it evidently is to be accepted as strictly true. We have reason to expect further examples of the same character. Already one has just been reported from Birmingham in England. A young woman of twenty-one, a typewriter and student in music, has been received in the General Hospital. She becomes entranced of nights, and getting out of bed at two o'clock writes letters in German and English, reads a book, does crochet-work, and studies harmony. But she does not recollect anything of all this afterward. A postal card was shown to her which she had written to a relative in Canada, but she could remember nothing of it, and although she had written it in the dark she could copy it only very badly. One night she wrote a letter to her music teacher and an accurate and intelligent essay on "The Sonata Form". Her condition is a puzzle to the physicians. They are unable to explain why she can read and write so well in the darkness, when in her "normal condition" she is unable to do so. This twofold personality, as distinct as that of Jekyll and Hyde in Stevenson's story, is beyond their capacity to explain or comprehend. The science which takes cognizance of such manifestations is to be elucidated elsewhere and by a different class of teachers. Nevertheless they serve to illustrate what the mind is capable of when it shall obtain more free communion with kindred minds in its own sphere, the vast universal ocean in which we are and of which we are a part.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

## CONSCIOUSNESS AND ITS CONDITIONS.

BY FRANKLIN SMITH.

There can be no question that consciousness constitutes the reality of the universe, for in itself it is that which *realises* all things and principles, and no problem can be of greater practical import, than that to determine the function of consciousness in all human activity; but this can only be solved by determining the relations which consciousness sustains to all of which it is conscious. It is plain that this is primarily a relation of opposition, and it is also plain that all force and efficiency consist in opposition, but all relation consists of nothing else, which is the ground of all force. There could be no intelligible conception of our relations as human beings except on the presupposition that consciousness possesses efficiency; for what do we mean by *character* but a potentiality of forces, the capacity of exerting influence on others? It has been truly said that we feel ourselves to be magazines of potential forces. But consciousness, like all of which we are conscious, is dual-phased, and on the subjective side exerts no force on anything external; but on what might be termed the centrifugal or objective phase, it is all force and efficiency. It is in confining the view to the former phase that has led many thinkers to deny its efficiency.

In determining the relations which consciousness sustains to all which it realises, the mistake has been made of regarding the categories the mind makes use of, as single and simple principles which have being by themselves alone, whereas they are one side or phase of a correlative opposite phase with which they stand in eternal relation, and upon which they are absolutely dependent for their meaning. The term unity has no meaning apart from separateness, or likeness apart from difference, or universal apart from individual, and this is equally true of all the others.

It has been innumerable repeated that consciousness was *sui generis*, and so entirely unlike all other phenomena that no intelligible relation and connection could be conceived between it and them. But the truth is that its unlikeness and opposition constitute its inseparable relation to and union with all things and phenomena. Consciousness, like everything else, involves correlative opposition

as its very ground. Its relation to all phenomena, which it embraces is this opposition, without which there could be no awareness on its part of anything else.

The summation of all phenomena resolves into two primary elements or factors—Force and Form, or Tendency and Balance. All force is tendency, and all form is the balance of these tendencies. They both involve correlative opposition, as there could be no such thing as force or tendency without opposition, and no form without the balance of forces. Tendency and Balance include all conscious, as well as unconscious phenomena, manifested as impulse and direction, emotion and thought, and intellectually as analysis and synthesis, induction and deduction, and both mentally and physically as contraction and expansion or centripetence and centrifugence.

Recent scientific discoveries have brought into prominence the great problem as to what the nature of matter really is, and its relations to consciousness. These discoveries have upset the prevailing ideas held heretofore either by scientists or the common mind. Scientists are making a new attempt to explain it as consisting of infinitesimal particles of what they term electrical activity. But what they mean by "activity" it is difficult to determine. If they mean mere motion with nothing to move, the notion is unintelligible. If they mean the motion of the smallest particles possible, then they have only minimised a step farther back the old and prevailing idea of matter. Minimizing a thing is no explanation of it, so they have not changed the prevailing scientific idea of matter, as they claim to have done. Boscovich, 250 years ago, explained matter as consisting of centres of force, without extension; but what can this mean but that these centres of force are meeting-points of opposite forces? President Menzes, of the University of Texas, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, criticises the views of Boscovich, for not endowing these centres of force with extension; but there can be no space at the point where opposing forces come in contact, and these centres of force must be without extension.

It is also asserted that "sensations are no parts of matter, but only its effects," and that "matter is not pain, color, taste or sound;" but if the substance of matter consists of centres of opposing forces, and our sensations are the resistances of these forces, then our sensations are matter; otherwise the chasm between matter and our

experience of it would be unbridgeable; and as Herbert Spencer has so clearly shown, it would have to be relegated to the realm of the "Unknowable." Of course, this view does not imply that all the forms of matter cognized by our senses possess sensation, for these are only *forms* that matter assumes and not its real essence. The essential substance of matter and its dynamic power does not consist in the mere motion of anything, but is the force engendered by the contact and perfect equilibrium of the correlative opposite phases of being which constitute it.

All the attributes of conscious being range themselves under these two primary principles—Tendency and Balance—which give rise to two primary emotions—Love and Justice. In confirmation of this view of the principles concerned in all phenomena, the following quotations from an acute metaphysical writer, who drew his conclusions from an introspective analysis of the mind, are of special significance: "The moral sense in its operations subordinates all feelings and all objects whatever, to two emotions which mutually sustain and interpenetrate each other, love and justice, and that it forms of these an ideal which governs the whole of life." \* \* \* "When this moral ideal has been formed, there arises in it another desire, the desire of feeling it in its greatest intensity, both for the sake of the feeling itself and also in order thereby to effect the subordination of feeling and action, the moral government of life, more thoroughly and securely. These two passions or desires, the one of governing life, the other of intensifying the perception of the governing ideal itself, are inseparable and mutually supporting."\* These two emotions or passions, love and justice, tendency and balance, or force and form, govern not only the moral sense but include the whole of conscious life.

The principle that prevades every minutest part of the universe, conscious and unconscious alike, is, that nothing exists or occurs that is not the product of two equal and opposite forces or tendencies resulting from the fact that every phase of being must have its correlative opposite phase from which it is inseparable. When science talks of the persistence and indestructibility of force, what is really meant is the tension resulting from the perfect equilibration

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\* Shadworth H. Hodgson in "Theory of Practice," vol. 1, p. 305.

of opposite forces. No other view would be intelligible, for force without an opposing force could not exist.

Our whole conscious experience involves a state of incessant change, but if we had not at the same time a consciousness that was unchangeable, we never could realise change. All consciousness is awareness of each other by correlative opposites, the whole meaning of each consisting in its reference to its opposite, and both constituting "the unity of consciousness." Only permanence could ever know succession; only difference could ever realise identity; and unity has no meaning apart from diversity. We are only aware of the unity and continuity of self-consciousness through the *discontinuity* of an ever changing world of objects.

The ever changing phenomena of the world involve apparent contradictions at every step, and the various systems of philosophy have been attempts to solve these antitheses that confront the mind in all conscious experience. These contradictions have given rise to antagonistic schools, between whom a perpetual controversy has prevailed, and is as rife to-day as in any past time, as exemplified between the intellectualists and pragmatists, and monists and pluralists—an inevitable result of the dual-phased nature of all things in the universe.

A century ago Hegel made an application of this principle of opposition to all the phenomena of conscious experience, which constitutes his great contribution to philosophic thought. But unfortunately he made it consist in and derived it from, change and process; whereas it is logically prior to all process and transition, as the cause of all change. "Contradiction" pertains solely to process, but correlative opposites are inseparably united and no more contradictory than are right and left, height and depth, parent and child, or cause and effect. The same distinction we make between things and their movements in all physical experience, the same sharp discrimination should be made between the principles that impel all motion and the resulting activity. It is in the latter that all contradictions arise, because change, process, motion, is the exact opposite of tension and permanence of perfectly equilibrated principles in all their characteristics. All change involves an apparent separation of these correlatives, and the tension engendered impels to new equilibrations, and every separation is followed by a new



union, and the universe of phenomena incessantly balances on new pivots. Eternal change and eternal permanence go hand in hand, evolving an ever new universe.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

## HINDU ASTROLOGY.

### COLORS OF PLANETS.

#### III

BY S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

If a ray of light is made to pass through a prism, a spectrum of color will be seen in the following order: (1) Violet; (2) Indigo; (3) Blue; (4) Green; (5) Yellow; (6) Orange; (7) Red. Not only the ray of the sunlight but also of the moon as well as of the other planets will present a spectrum in the above order showing that all the seven planets possess the same number of colors as their central sun, though in varying degrees.

In each planet any one of the seven colors is predominant, viz., violet (reddish blue) in the Moon; indigo in Venus; blue in Saturn; green in Mercury; yellow in Jupiter; orange in the Sun; red in Mars. The electrical colors (different grades of blue) predominate in the Moon, Venus and Saturn; the thermal colors in the Sun, Jupiter and Mars. Mercury stands midway, as the green color predominates in it.

If the heat of the blue light raises the thermometer 1 degree, green will raise it 4 degrees, and red 17 degrees in the same amount of time. This will give some idea of the heat-element and cold-element of planets. The thermal planets partake of the nature of day or heat and the electrical planets of the nature of night or cold. The medium planet, Mercury, partakes of both natures. It is more thermal than electrical when in conjunction with the Sun.

The Sun is of orange color, therefore thermal. It is the source of warmth and vitality but when its conjunction with a planet takes place the latter is said to be combust; which means that it is under the influence of abnormal heat. Venus is deep-blue but being the third planet from the Sun it receives excessive, dazzling light which it reflects. Hence its electrical virtue is moderated by the warmth of the Sun. Saturn is blue and being at the greatest distance from the Sun its electric virtue is not mitigated by its warmth.

The colors of planets are variously described. I have accepted the Hindu view as also the view of the Western writers on the subject. I have accepted the statement of those writers only in which

the seven colors of the planets agree with the seven elemental colors of the Sun as revealed by the spectrum. This should be so if we wish to raise Astrology to the height of an exact science. There is no doubt that the seven planets represent the seven elemental solar rays. Each of the colors of the Sun is an elemental color, which means that it can not be decomposed into other colors by spectrum analysis. The red is a blood-animating color; the orange is a warming color; orange and yellow are nerve-animating; blue and indigo are blood-soothing colors; indigo and violet are nerve-soothing colors; green is a blood-soothing color.

I have not considered here Uranus and Neptune as very little is known about them as regards the ordinary events of human life. It appears that they partake of the nature of Saturn. The influence of Uranus is felt in some abnormal mental conditions. The ancient connection of Neptune with the ocean leads us to regard it as a planet of an emotional nature.

#### THE EFFECTS OF PLANETS.

In order to determine the effects of a planet, it should be considered from various points of view. Firstly, with regard to the aspects from other planets. This is, of course, a general consideration. Saturn, for example, receives the full aspect of the Sun from the seventh house. Even if the effect of this aspect lasts for 20 years (the equivalent of 20 days, which means 10 degrees either side of Saturn), the effect will be felt by all persons in the world born at the same date. But this is impossible as we find from experience. The effect will be particularized by the rising sign according to the position of the Sun and Saturn in relation to it, and also according to the ownership of the houses by the above planets in every individual case. The houses in which the above planets are placed counting from Aries, should also be taken into account to trace the relation of the event from the outside or cause-world.

The aspects of the planets concerned should be calculated from two points of view. They should be viewed in the *same light as the rising sign*. In the next place, the position of the aspecting planet from the particular house from the rising sign should be considered. For example, if Saturn be situated in the second house from the

rising sign it will affect money matters, and at the same time Saturn being in the seventh house from the Sun will also affect speculation and the health of the wife.

As stated before the twelve houses are counted from the rising sign, as also from each of the planets. The peculiarity of the latter method is that only the characteristics of the different planets should be taken into account in considering its twelve houses. For example, Saturn in the second house from the sun will destroy gains from great men, but in the second house from Mars will affect landed property, brethren, or cause financial loss from muscular or blood diseases, for Mars represents those things. The effect will be modified by also considering the lordship of Saturn of particular houses from the rising sign, as also by considering its position in particular houses from the same. Its position from Aries should also be taken into account to determine the cause of the event. The essential strength of Saturn should not be left out of consideration. In the above example, should the Sun be also the lord of the fifth house, loss of income or property will occur from the things represented by the fifth house.

Each planet represents those things which are signified by the houses of which it is the lord by virtue of ownership or exaltation, counting from Aries. This is apart from the position of a planet and its ownership of houses from the rising sign, and also apart from the virtue which it derives from aspects. The Sun represents the things of the 1st (the place of its exaltation) and 5th houses, the Moon of the 2nd and 4th houses, Mars of the 1st, 8th and 10th houses, Mercury of the 3rd and 6th houses, Venus of the 2nd, 7th and 12th houses, Jupiter of the 4th, 9th and 12th houses from Aries.

S. C. MUKERJEE.

## THE DEATH SONGS OF WALT WHITMAN.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE SIEBENECK SWAYNE.

"The laurel, mead of mighty conquerors,  
"and poets sage."—*Faerie Queen*, Bk. I.

Perhaps the laurel-wreath of the poet is a perfect death-song. Life, with heat, breath and motion; its almost spectacular presentation by the senses; open to interpretation by any member of the chorus of singers; but Death, for interpretation, requires the spiritual apprehensions of a great Master: for, as Death transcends the experience of Life, so does genius surpass the common human powers, and draw, as it were, basal harmonies from the Vast Silence.

That Whitman sang praises of Himself, of all his parts, poses and peculiarities (from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same) is known, deleteriously, to many who never turned the "Leaves of Grass"; that he did not approach near to praising his own greatness enough is known to the few; the torn and battered dispute as to whether Whitman wrote poetry, or chaotic, catalogic prose, need not, here, defer our contemplation of the marvels he did write.

In the Ideal Republic of his poly-psychic personality, Whitman enfranchised one great Frontiersman, a dweller on the verge of the Beyond, to represent the Unseen; it is to *him* we hearken in the Whispers of Heavenly Death; amid all the jostlings, hurryings, bustlings and clamor, he it is that raises a cry of Prophecy, at times, startling in those packed and mercantile streets.

To appraise the grandeur of Whitman's conception, and value of his uniquely forceful expression, we must call to mind the work of others in the same line of thought. In study, robustious faith only Robert Browning grades with Whitman; faith with no attempted vision; like his own grammarian

"He ventured neck or nothing heaven's success

"Found or earth's failure:

"Wilt thou trust death or not?" he answered, "Yes."

For fame perhaps Evelyn Hope is Browning's most widely known poem, and yet, to the fine ear, it begins on a false note. "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead." Surely, here, where we listen for spiritual promise is mere continuation of the physical attributes; the mouth,

the hair, and "the sweet, cold hand" turn backward our aspiring eyes to the every-day world of grief, and the human loss of just such dear manifestations of personality, which we look to our poets to assuage! In the more symbolic Abt Vogler we find one almost prophetic phrase:

\* \* \* "the wonderful dead who have passed thro' the body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new";

but here is only, in a manner of speaking, a fleeting glimpse, no solid step is shown us. In all his poems, when naming death, Browning shows a manly bravery, a willingness to "let age approve of youth, and death complete the same": *Prospire* (typical cry of the married heart yearning for eternal union), *Reverie*, the *Epilogue* (a real *Battle-Song*), and many others. Browning is what we may call a *blind* prophet; but in every death-song of Whitman, his eyes see *beyond the spectrum*; there is a prophetic message.

In "Starting from Panmanok" Whitman says that he will "supply myself with poems of the soul, and of immortality"; he will "efface egotism and show it underlying all," and that there is "always a knit of identity," and "nothing can happen more beautiful than death"; his "foot-hold is tennon'd and mortised in granite."

"Was somebody asking to see the Soul?—

"See your own shape and countenance, persons, substances, beasts,

"The trees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands;

"All hold spiritual joys and afterwards loosen them";

"How can the real body ever die and be buried?"

"Through me shall the words be said to make Death exhilarating";

"You are not thrown to the winds, you gather certainly and safely around yourself:

"Yourself! yourself! yourself! forever and ever!"

But to leave gleaned promises, and return to comparison: *Lycidas* comes primarily to mind, formal, exact, reasoned, balanced, executed, to a nicety—consider the live cry in "O Captain, my Captain"—

"O heart! heart! heart!

O bleeding drops of red!"

and weigh with it "bitter constraint and sad occasion drear," and

"young Lycidas is dead and hath not left his peer!" Is not the one a sobbing comrade, the other a Niobe, in marble?

Take the poor lament of Clough, the Burial of Sir Thomas Moore, or, better, Kipling's "Ford o' Kabul River in the Dark," or Robert Bridge's scholarly lines "On a Dead Child," "perfect little body without fault or stain on thee"—set there in the mind's eye, and then read the one line

"of him I love day and night, I dream'd I heard he was dead."

Is there anything in all English literature—not including the Bible and the magnificent woe of its Hebrew writers—that so freezes the heart with fear? And yet, surely, everyone, in some dreadful midnight, has been waked by the pain of such a fear! Here, as ever, the common experience, straitly worded, makes in all hearts the common feeling; but how far from common the remainder of the poem!

Even among the great poets there is a strange failure to *convey* any sense of spiritual survival of bodily death; how many have asserted with Shakespeare's exquisite quiescence, "after Life's fitful fever he sleeps well." How many, with Saint Paul (in F. W. H. Myer's beautiful poem):

"What can we do o'er whom the un beholden

"Hangs like a cloud with which we cannot cope?

"What but look sunward, and with faces golden

"Speak to each other, softly, of a hope?"

But the most wonderfully unexpected failure of all is that of Poe, the mystical, perfect Lyrist. To him Death presented grimly permeating thoughts of dissolution; he also would have said of Lazarus, "Lord, he hath been dead three days"—nor spared himself the dreadful ending! Counting from "Little Annie in her narrow bed, at *rest* from the fever called 'living' that burned in her brain"—to the "angel throng, bewinged, bedight with veils" that sat to see "a play of hopes and fears" ended by "the Conqueror Worm," how many differing, gradual shades of the same despair we pass! Even that grewsome "weirdity" "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot" surpasses, in its convincing presentment of Survival, anything that poor Poe could ever bring from his "ghoul-haunted" mind.

When Hood sees "one of Eve's daughters" "sad to Life's

history, glad to Death's mystery" it is only to leave with us the abiding memory of

"Those poor lips of hers

Oozing so clammily,"

and with this "Bridge of Sighs," contrast Whitman's "City Dead House":

"That delicate, fair house, that ruin, that Immortal House"—

\* \* \* "fair fearful wreck, tenement of Soul, itself a Soul"

—from the squalid picture does there not rise, as it were, the shadow of a tremulous Soul going up to Judgment?

Turn to the beautiful, lamentable wailing of Omar:

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste

"Of Being, from the Well amid the waste,

"And, lo! the Caravan has reached

"The Nothing it set out from."

What odor of life comes back to the cheek when we hear Whitman's "Whispers of Heavenly Death"!

Who can read Lincoln's Gettysburg oration and with the thought of that Great Heart freshly present, read, unthankful, the Death Carol from the Burial Hymn of President Lincoln? "Come lovely, soothing Death." Can any form of rhythm of smooth scholastic measure equal this perfection, this carol to be scanned only by the beat of a heart throbbing heavily with emotion? "Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving." The repetitions in this carol spring from no rule of composition; no fixed form of verse could sway with the body's rocking to ease a full heart. What expectancy in "Arriving, arriving"! What poignant, bursting passion of welcome!

At this point our eyes begin to open indeed to the peculiar force of *propulsion* there is in Whitman. In many poets' verse one "winged-word" goes, an arrow to the mark, and we are lost in admiration of the archer's skill. In Whitman's work, simile and metaphor, word, phrase and arrangement, the whole armory of the rhetorician is discarded and we see a giant arming with huge natural weapons; not the art of warfare is Whitman's study, but the taking of a fort, our Soul—on us must be forced his *conviction* of Death. He hurls upon us his *ways* of thinking:



"The sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky, are fitting,  
"And life, and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night."  
"The night, in silence, under many a star;  
"The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;  
"And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,  
"And the body gratefully nestling close to thee."

What absence of contention, of persuasion, of argument! Has he not, then, "taken his fort" with the simplicity of true Art, "Gratefully nestling"? Fathom the release, the repose!

Wonderful, too, in its lack of accessories, and bareness of presentment is the "noiseless patient spider," dramatic in comparison and a parable for directness of universal appeal. Every seeing man has watched the spider trust himself for aerial journeys to the gossamer thread he flings, and has seen with a feeling of applause his safe arrival achieved; it is almost as though the spider should speak with Whitman's own words, "do you think I should walk pleasantly and well suited toward annihilation?"

In another magic song of Death we can see the true artist fitting each perfect word to his thought, and feel with him the joy-pang of expression in almost every line, glancing back again and again to re-read, "the tenor with glad notes of day break," "a soprano sailing buoyantly over the tops of immense waves," "a bass \* \* \* shuddering lusciously under and through the universe"; and to hear with the wrapt poet the different voices winding in and out, striving and contending with fierce vehemence, to excel each other in emotion," to arrive with new praise at the end; after each reading to marvel at the intelligence which apprehended the implication of the emotion inherent in each quality of voice. There is scarce praise enough, wordable, for "that Music always round me" to have its dues.

Turn, warm with hope, from these brave songs, to the exquisite, spiritless, sensuous, *forms* of Swinburne:

"Is this worth life, is this to win for wages?  
"Lo, the dead mouths of the awful gray grown ages,  
"The venerable, in the past that is their prison,

"In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,  
"Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,  
"How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead;  
"Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen?"

Is this not a voice blown upon the chill wind from the tombs, the cry of one who rioted upon new-made graves?

To one sensitized, as Whitman to every manifestation of physical creation, to a worshiper of the body for bodily beauty, what a strong faith must have led forward to "the unknown region,"—faith to express itself in negatives!

"Darest thou now, O Soul,  
"Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,  
"Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?  
"No map, there, nor guide,  
"Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,  
"Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes are in that land."

For the curious there is a likeness in unlikeness, a rare comparison of two incomparable poems to be gained by setting together in the mind, Tennyson's "Deserted House," and the "Last Invocation" of Whitman.

Leaving Tennyson, let us look to Whitman's great poem, "The Whispers of Heavenly Death"; in this the Prophet is standing upon the mountain top; here I believe the prophecy to have come *fluid poetry* from the volcanic soul of the man. I cannot conceive of any concerted construction; in other words I believe the poem to be the product of natural laws.

To the human mind bound in the grave-clothes of materialism what voice other than "the Whispers of Heavenly Death," could penetrate? The very word is invested with a sense of shuddering expectancy; used here it sets one tremblingly alert. All the concepts presented in this verse reach us on *tense, apprehensive* words; what more unendurable in calm irresponsiveness, than "footsteps gently ascending"?

And what thing adequate can be said of the moving parentheses? Ah! the profound psychologist! Pity, that stretches forth the hand to comfort, fundamentally agitates the Soul, and it is *out of the*

*deeps* that we look, longing, acutely aware, and with Whitman "just see, skyward, great cloud masses

"Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing:

"With, at times, a half-dimm'd, sadden'd, far-off star,

"Appearing and disappearing."

Has the aspiration for immortality been better conveyed than by that vast sky of moving cloud masses, the far-off star? A night like this *is* aspiration as, formless and vague it harrows the soul, moving, changing, transitory, and the star, at times, disappearing. In the last verse, over against each other are set the two great gates of Birth and Death—through Birth we enter into consciousness; through Death into what superhuman egoism? In this last, and this greatest verse we are keyed to crying "shall man be born again?"

"Some parturition, rather some solemn Immortal Birth.

"On the frontiers, to eyes impenetrable, some

"Soul is passing over."

CHRISTINE SIEBENECK SWAYNE.

## ELECTRICITY THE VITAL FORCE.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK, M.A.

The ancients were not far wrong who worshipped the Sun all glorious as the source of light, heat and power, for so it seemed to be to them under the knowledge of the period. "He it is that stored the coal in the bosom of the earth, and piled up the polar ice. He it is that aids the chemist, draws the engine, ripens the harvest and dispenses life and health." All the same, modern science is more than ever now disposed to accept the Biblical statement [Genesis 1:3] of an antecedent, pre-existent and superior source from which the Sun derives its potential properties; and that supreme source is recognized in the present age of light as electricity; not only the moving force, but the principle of life, pervading every organism. It controls the Universe and keeps the planetary system in order. It is the initial cause of all cosmic and atmospheric phenomena, felt in the earthquake and visible in the aurora borealis. Within its influence "we live and move and have our being."

The claim of causation, traced backward from what we see in Nature, leads inevitably to a *Creative Spirit*, whose true composition will be made manifest in due time with the increase of light. At present, we can only interpret the Divine Nature and character by "the operations of His hands" [Psalm 28:6 and 92:4] even as human capabilities are discovered by their outcome and product.

"A tree is known by its fruits" was a favorite metaphor of the Savior, the "divine healer," whose methods as practiced in his time have since given rise to many imitations known as mental healing, faith cures, etc., of which Christian Science is the most notable on record. These cults have all along been groping, and stumbling, and failing, because they have not understood the basic principle which underlies their theory and practice. And the laity have doubted and sneered and ridiculed, until now, at last, by the fortuitous discovery of Andrew McConnell, of the Life Electricity Institute of Washington, D. C., the atmosphere has cleared and the truth has come to light. This is why he has "drawn much people after him." The world has unhesitatingly bestowed its confidence because it is convinced of the correctness of his thesis. Especially

has he won the favor of the religious element and the clergy, because they feel conscious that the truth on which their faith is built has come to light. They have put implicit trust in the Scriptural dogma, as illustrated by the Savior at the opening of the Christian era, of man's ability to heal without medicine, and at last the secret is out! It is *electricity*. No doubt this element was inherent in the Master to a superlative degree, and inasmuch as many, if not the majority, of his physical cures were emphasized by a personal contact, it is reasonable to infer that this subtle agent was active through him, conspicuously in the case of the woman who had a flux for twelve years, since he subjectively declared that he had felt virtue go out of him.

Man has already brought the electric fluid into commercial and mechanical uses in a wonderful way; and this gives assurance to advocates of the McConnell thesis that man is master of himself, and can control and direct the electric waves in his body battery to the conservation of health, strength, and long life, as electric currents order the Universe; but incidental loss of material and energy are replaced. Some equivalent is returned for value received. Electrical energy flows in circuits, and thus the vital spark is kept vivid and forceful along with the blood circulation, just as the cosmic system is kept in order. The Macrocosm is reflected and illustrated in the microcosm.

Were the human life exclusively under divine control on this terrestrial orb, and not subject to the caprice and abuse of the man himself, the duration of human life would be continuous for all time and throughout eternity, and not broken up into sections, a fragment for this world and the remainder for the worlds beyond. It is because man is a free-will agent that he is at liberty to combat and counteract the recuperative forces which are constantly at work in nature for his well-being.

Yet who knows but that in the course of scientific attainment he may yet discover not only that electricity is the elixir of life, but that the body of the future life itself is to be purely electrical? As the great Tyndall declares: "Science must grow. Its development is as necessary and as inevitable as the flux of the tides."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## THE GLOW-WORM AND HER KING.

### PSYCHOLOGY AND WIFEHOOD.

The morning paper tells a story of a lady friend, a handsome woman indeed, whose picture, used as a somewhat brazen decoration for the item of news, shows an elegance of dress and poise of manner which might indicate both an artist and a saint.

The lady, the paper states, has surprised everyone as well as her husband, a business man of standing, by asking through the regular legal channels, for money to live upon in some separate place from her husband. The complaint, it is said, is made that the aforesaid man is dangerous to the lady's safety, and disagreeable and fussy beside.

Every day some such thing comes to notice and in what we call good society; at least in circles of refinement and plenty. It is not every day one's friend; but reflecting upon this most agreeable, pretty, always well-gowned, never shocking friend of mine, is to raise the question, knowing it is some one's friend every day, what is to be done about it?

Is a home, once set up, *worth keeping together*? Is a good name worth striving after, that it may always be just as bright, just as respected, always continue to call up just as sweet vibrations as when it was first heard? And finally, and of all most important, is the quality which makes the ego, man, the world's master, or the loveliness we call woman, the world's sweetest fragrance, its soul indeed—are these so lightly to be rent, torn, terrified, crucified, besmirched?

Is not the whole thing a too reckless waste of the beautiful life, the heroic will? Of good, of possible happiness, of life's hour here, given everyone, surely, for some noble use and to some clear purpose?

Women are not, neither are men, so much at the confessional as at one time. It is held that the confessional does not belong to the developed life, but to the early and momentous years of the church or the institutions that provide it. It may be so, but the wise priest is the wise friend always; and the institution which the confessional hints at, the out-pouring of all one's troubles into the

breast of a fatherly being, is not only one which had its birth long ago and in many scriptures, and hence is likely to meet men in their advancements and progressions again and again, but it is sometimes thought, by very old-fashioned people, that the lack of this kind of thing, the wise and fatherly element in the fireside relation, is the one great fact responsible for the so frequent wrecked households.

In our country—where we are proud to be independent thinkers, away above the church, right up to date, aye, to the minute, and O, so smart!—in our country *is there any quality of deep earnestness in the education of men* to make them right directors for the lives and minds and hearts of women?

Are not stock values to them more than fireside values? The automobile more than self-understanding? Is not smartness more than the spirit? Good dressing more than refinement?

But is there nothing else, no better way? Must self be so cheapened? Has God at last left himself without a witness? Let us see.

If it be true as claimed that every age holds within itself the cure for all its own problems, doubtless in the abatement of religiousness, a fact in which our age seems so peculiarly strong, psychology is the great outpour, in the mental plus the scientific dimension, of the present.

Most people relegate the knowledge of God to university heads and such types of wisdom; but poets and priests often think it is almost perfect in the baby and the simple forms of tender life to which we minister; the perfect faith which responds to perfect care.

But even people who think the regulating of life by the laws of God a fact so unreachable as not to be attempted, can easily take in Psychology, and adapt their simplest thinking as their greatest perplexity, to its unfolding laws.

As above, it seems fair to think of this "ology" as the last and newest light from immortal wisdom, shed toward men; shining in such rays, too, that it can be utilised almost by children. It is as if God spoke: "Last of all, I give you a knowledge of your souls. For a soul everyone has; and of it all should know."

Mankind is bounded by nature, and equally, even in its storms, subject to analysis and comprehension. Psychology, as applying to the simple everyday relations of men and women, or life and

affairs, yields the basic help of enabling us to understand just this thing—that all life and all action *do lie inside certain principles*. There are not many of them. The study is not long.

One of the greatest truths involved is so simple a fact as this,—that a well-stored mind is a powerful magnet; and if there go with it a tongue little inclined to talk, it becomes an axis round which many things revolve.

Psychology is the one domain affording a smooth, wide road upon which women, even wives, *may become philosophers*. In it they can find all the moods occurring in a husband to arise in accord with certain laws as definite as those which bring about the vernal equinox. Poised in such a study a woman can soon find herself measuring the man of the house, not as a thing from which to extract favors, wholly, but as a moral and æsthetic proposition, subject to heats and waits, out-flowerings and reserves, attractions and repulsions; until, as absorbed in contemplation of the fascinating semi-scientific study, she will cease to be unhappy; disturbance will become an impossibility, for she will now be too large-minded.

Would not this—in the present age—be something like a just direction for woman's higher energies? Is it not time the mothers of children knew something beside prettiness and how best to support shop-keepers? Is this not the sweet, comprehending inner light that the husband *thinks* he is finding for himself *when he marries*, but which too often weakens, like a non-existent thing, emptying itself upon him, with no true storings from wise, fine, sane springs?

MARTHA VIRGINIA BURTON.



## A PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

BY WALLACE D. WATTLES.

The credit of giving to the world the greatest physiological revelation of modern times belongs to the late Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D., of Meadville, Pa.; and the discovery itself consists in the fact that the work-power of the human body is not drawn, at least in the manner described in the text-books, from the food consumed. As yet, in the medical profession, only a comparatively small number of the more advanced and liberal men have conceded the truth of the new theory; and even these appear to have failed to grasp the tremendous importance of the deductions which must inevitably follow. It is not too much to say that Dr. Dewey's discovery must revolutionize the practice of medicine, and also, to a very great extent, our entire system and methods of eating and living; it will be seen, therefore, that the matter is of sufficient importance to all people to warrant a plain statement of it, in popular terms, here.

The physiological theory that is generally accepted and taught in our schools, declares that the two forms of energy given out by the living body—work and heat—are drawn primarily from the food digested, and are the result of chemical action. It compares man to a steam engine, and the food he eats to the coal the engine consumes; and he is supposed to get work and heat from food in a manner exactly analogous to that by which the engine gets work and heat from coal. And you will see that it necessarily follows that, as there is no power in the engine that was not in the coal, so there can be no power, or potentiality of energy in the man which was not in his food. Absolutely *all* the work a man does must be *in* the food he digests; for undigested food, though in the alimentary canal, is still outside the body. And as the fire-box of the engine is the beginning-place of its power, so the alimentary canal must be the beginning-place of a man's work-power. That is the old physiology.

The new physiology holds that work-power is a form of energy much resembling electricity in many of its characteristics; that the brain is a storage battery of this energy, and is charged in sleep.

It declares that there is no evidence that work-power comes directly from food, while there is a great deal of evidence that it does not. Food furnishes heat and the necessary tissue elements for the repair and maintenance of the body, but no work-power. There is no such thing as a "strengthening" food; digestion is a tax on strength and not a source of strength; we do not get strong by eating; the more we eat the less strength we have; and the man who eats more than is necessary to maintain his weight is wasting his vital force and decreasing his chances for a long and healthy life!

Now let us consider the evidence, pro and con. In a steam-power plant the very construction of the machinery enables us to trace the power we see in the engine back to the coal in the fire-box; but the structure of the body does not enable us, in a similar manner, to trace muscular energy back to the digestive apparatus. Anatomy only shows us that the food is prepared for absorption by the digestive process; there is nothing in the chemistry of digestion to produce power. We may see that the digested food is taken into the blood and carried to the different parts of the body; and we must see that it is carried in the blood as food, and not as power. If the old physiology is true, each separate muscle must have its own process for transforming food into work; and the theory virtually is that the digested food is *exploded* into work in the muscle, somewhat in the same manner that gas is exploded in the cylinder of an engine. There is no mechanism visible in the muscles by which this could be accomplished, and no defender of the theory can give an explanation of the process which would be satisfactory to any mechanic.

On the other hand, the brain is connected with every muscle in the body by a network of nerves, and it is pretty conclusively established that some of these nerves convey intelligence to the brain, while others carry *from* the brain something which appears in the muscles as work. What is the "impulse" which a motor nerve conveys to a muscle? How can an "impulse" from the brain cause a muscle to explode food into work, with no perceptible mechanism for doing so? Does not the anatomical evidence go to prove that the brain is a storage battery, and that the motor nerves are like trolley wires, conductors of power? Study well the anatomy of

the body, and you cannot escape the conclusion that the brain is the power-plant, and that the nerves, like a system of electric wiring, convey intelligence to the power-house and carry energy from it. And then look for structural evidence that the digestive system is the power-plant. The digestive system prepares material for the brain to use in building tissue and maintaining heat; and the digestive machinery is itself operated by brain-power.

And it is right here that we meet with a mechanical absurdity in the old physiology. How can the digestive system furnish the work-power of the body, when it is itself operated only by the expenditure of a very considerable part of that same work-power? It requires no small amount of energy to digest and dispose of a full meal; and to say that the power to digest results from the act of digestion is to assert a mechanical impossibility. It is as if one should assert that a steam engine could draw from a ton of coal sufficient energy to do a given amount of work, and also to produce another ton of coal which should contain as much energy at the first. That is about what the digestive system has to do, if the old theory is correct.

Consider, next, the phenomenon of sleep. Those who accept the old physiology cannot give a reason for sleep; they have no rational explanation for its necessity. If our work-power comes from food, why do we need to sleep? Why cannot we eat and work continuously, just as an engine can burn coal and work continuously? Why are we not strongest at night, after a whole day's eating? Why do we suffer a gradual and certain decline in work-power from the moment we become conscious in the morning until we relapse into unconsciousness at night? Do not all these things indicate that the power-plant is re-charged in sleep, and not by the ingestion of food?

We must not be misled by our feelings. We *feel* stronger right after eating; but the strength cannot come from the food, because we feel it before the process of digestion has really commenced. We can certainly get no work-power from an undigested mass in the stomach; and so, the accession of strength we feel after lunch cannot come from the food. If it did, we could go on eating lunches and working without cessation; whereas, after a few hours even a lunch fails to "strengthen" us. The accession of strength comes

from the brain, and is a response to nature's demand for more power to operate the stomach. We *feel* stronger right after lunch, when the brain-power has been turned on in answer to a cry for help from the stomach; but by the time the lunch is digested, we are "all in" again. Did the work-power come from the undigested lunch? Thinking it all over, is it not a fact that no matter how much or how often we eat, or how "strengthening" the food, our energy continuously declines from the moment we awake until we go to sleep again? All the evidence, anatomical, physiological and mechanical goes to prove that the brain is the power-plant of the system, and that it is re-charged in the bed-room, and not at the dining-table.

There is one more point that I wish to notice briefly here, and that is that it is impossible that the vast amount of energy given off by the body should be in the food that it consumes. Consider the enormous quantity of work an able bodied man will do, day after day, on a few ounces of rice, or of whole wheat bread, or of beef-steak and potatoes; and you will be forced to conclude that the energy cannot possibly have been in the food. Can a few ounces of rice supply sufficient energy to lift thirty tons of earth, or to carry two hundred pounds over a rough country for twenty miles? Burn the rice, or other food, in the best "generator" that can be devised, and how much work-power can you get out of it? No one who is at all familiar with mechanics and the transforming of energy can entertain the idea that the enormous power displayed by the human body is primarily in the food which it consumes. All this evidence and much more, goes to prove the assertion of Dr. Dewey that the brain is the power-plant of the body and is charged in sleep. And supposing this to be true, what follows?

First, it will revolutionize our ideas and practices in the matter of foods and eating. We shall cease to think of and search for "strengthening" foods and medicines; and we shall sleep for strength and eat for repair. Our study will be how to feed the body with the least tax on the vital power. Acknowledging that the man who does hard physical labor needs more food than the brain worker, we shall still find that he needs far less in quantity than we have supposed; and we shall learn that he is now wasting an immense proportion of his life-force in disposing of the excess food he takes

under the mistaken idea that it adds to his work-power. We shall further find that most persons engaged in mental work and the lighter avocations eat from five to fifteen times as much food as they need, and lose from 75 to 90 per cent. of their energy in consequence. We shall go a step behind Metchnikoff, and learn that old age is the direct result of over-eating, and that Cornaro, who became a centenarian by living on one egg per day was far wiser than the modern scientist who gorges, and then tries to neutralize the poisons generated in the alimentary canal by anti-toxins. Suppose we accept Metchnikoff's theory that old age is caused by a specific poison which is generated in putrefying waste in the alimentary canal, would not logic compel us to adopt Cornaro's plan of eating so little that there would be no waste to putrefy? We shall find by careful study that not only old age but more than 90 per cent. of all sickness can be traced directly to surplus food.

Second, our treatment of the sick will be revolutionized. We shall understand that the loss of appetite in severe sickness is not a calamity, but a blessing; an effort on the part of nature to save life by preventing the wasteful expenditure of power. When the appetite is taken away, it is a certain indication that digestive power is gone; and food taken when there is no digestive power can only be disposed of by decomposition. To feed the severely sick, when there is no appetite, is homicidal. In death by starvation, we have long been aware of the fact that the brain and nervous system lose no weight; they are sustained at the expense of the other tissues of the body. In other words, when a person starves to death the brain eats, or assimilates the rest of the body, and death only comes when the skeleton condition is reached; this, by the way, is further proof of the theory that the brain and not the stomach is the center of vital power. When everybody believed the old theory of strength it was confidently supposed that without a miracle it was impossible to live longer than ten days without food; and a great many people "proved" the truth of the theory by starving to death in even shorter periods. But since the publication of Dr. Dewey's books, scores of men and women have fasted for periods of from twenty to fifty days, with comparatively slight loss of flesh, and often with an actual gain in strength; proving conclusively that the people who starved to death in ten days did so because they believed that death

*must* come within that period; died, in fact, because they thought they had to!

Now in severe sickness, when the brain has lost the power to digest and assimilate food from the stomach, nature has provided that it may be fed, as in starvation, by assimilating the already digested tissues of the body; and this is why a sick person loses weight. Nobody *can* lose weight so long as he is able to assimilate food, if he eat as much as will replace the tissues wasted by his work; and if a sick person, who is doing no work, eats and still loses weight, it is proof positive that the food is not being assimilated. In severe sickness, when there is no hunger, food forced into the stomach even in the most minute quantity, decomposes in the alimentary canal, often generating the most deadly poisons; it taxes the brain incredibly to eliminate and dispose of it, and invariably kills the patient unless his power of survival is very great.

Third, it will revolutionize our treatment of catarrhal affections. All physiologists now admit that a "cold" is a housecleaning process made necessary by the presence of filth in the system; but they shy at the unavoidable conclusion that the only way to get filth into the system is by cramming it down the throat. How else can it get there? Nothing can be discharged from the body until it has been put into the body; and this must be as true of catarrhal discharges as of all others. Colds are caught at the table; catarrhal discharges are fed at the table; and a year of living on one meal per day will cure the very worst case, and benefit the patient immensely in the way of renewed strength and work-power.

Fourth, it will enable us to immunize ourselves against all germ diseases. Disease-germs are not found in pure water, for the reason that there is nothing there for them to propagate in. Disease-germs can only exist in sewage. They can no more propagate in pure blood than in pure water; only those people whose blood is thickened with sewage can have germ diseases. And sewage is introduced into the blood by way of the alimentary canal; how else? The blood is made impure by surplus food; by putting into it more than can be taken out, leaving a residuum to decay. The propagation of disease-germs in the human body is made possible by the presence of rotting food-matter in the blood. Those who do not overeat are immune to la grippe, typhoid, small pox, and diphtheria,

and may defy the yellow fever mosquito; it is impossible to infect pure blood with disease germs.

And do I mean to say that a man can work better on an empty stomach than on a full one? Yes! Thousands of people who live on the no-breakfast plan will testify that they can do more work, either mental or physical, without fatigue before eating than after; the idea that we gain in work-power by having the stomach full is a superstition, and comes from misinterpreting our feelings, as I have mentioned above. If we could have a work day of reasonable length, say six hours, it would be vastly better for all people to do the entire day's work before eating, and then to take, at a single meal, the limited quantity necessary to replace the waste and to keep up the bodily temperature.

In conclusion, I may mention that the new physiology gives us the only scientific basis for a hope of the immortality of the soul. If the old theory be true, and the vitalizing energy of the body be derived solely from food, the spiritual and mental functions of the individual must necessarily cease with the cessation of digestion.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

## FOR THE SAKE OF ASKING.

BY BLAND McLEAN.

Where and when did the chart called a "family tree" originate? Is it a human invention, or a divine method for counting descent?

What is the profound suggestion hidden in the symbols "Tree of Life," and "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil"?

What is meant by "Thou shalt eat"; and "Thou shalt not eat"?

Were there two laws of life-transmission for man to choose from, at that "dateless epoch" when he became "a living soul"?

Did the "Trees" mean a lower and a higher law; Spirit, and the Holy Spirit? One for life-transmission in the lower creation, the other a law for the propagation of God's image?

Would not this explain what is meant by the "Fall of Man"?

Could there be such a law as the evolution of Spirit—thus connecting all life by a flowing stream culminating in man, the highest of the animal creation, and of the Spiritual life-essence as well?

If the Spirit is the Life, and the Power of the Highest Love is capable of producing a human Child, as in Luke 1:35, is there not a vast deduction to be drawn by comparing the opening chapters of Genesis with the records of Christ's birth in the New Testament?

Why is Christ called the "second Adam"? Why is he called the "Tree of Life"?

What is the undertone of meaning hidden in the symbols of the Communion Service, and Christ's command to "eat ye all of it." "Except ye eat ye have no life in you"?

Explain the analogy between *this* (symbol of the "Vine"—the "Tree") and God's command to Adam and Eve—"Thou *shalt* eat"; "thou shalt *not* eat."

If all law is the law of God, what is the law of sin? Misplacement of law?

If God intended that His image should be propagated under the law that governs anthropoid apes and all the lower creation—why was Christ born by the Power of a Higher law?

Why did He conquer death?

Was man made to die in the Beginning?



Why do we make more of Christ's resurrection than we do of His Birth?

Why do ministers and Christian writers waive that holiest, deepest revelation to man, His Birth, and turn it off with some shallow sentiment when they cannot help touching upon it?

In the light of psychological science and evolution may we reasonably doubt the exact account in Luke?

May we limit the Power of the Spirit when we know some of the actions over matter of the subjective mind under the force of suggestion?

Considering all we know of law, can we doubt, from this divine exposition of vital energy, that there is, concealed in the Eternities, a Higher Law of Life for man?

Is there not a dangerous sense in which the word "incarnation" is used by the new Theology—tending to cheapen the Person of the Son of God? Was there ever in history such a Child from such a Source?

May there not be a similar Humanity hereafter in the Kingdom fully come—many fathers and mothers, and "many brethren," living in the grateful shade of that "Tree" whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations," and whose "fruit" is to be our Life Principle?

Prof. Drummond has done much to demonstrate that God is Love, and that the Spirit is the producing energy; but he stops short at the Power of the Highest, presuming that the *same order* of Spirit runs through man and beast, vegetable and fish, and bird. This is good; but, perhaps it is only a half truth. In the order of evolution why should not *man's* life-force be of a higher order? That Holy Spirit, in fact, which has been capable of producing One divine-human Child—that highest exposition of the Creator's plan: His "First, and Last" ideal man, the "Alpha and Omega," "Firstborn" of our future family "Tree", the Restorer of the "Regeneration", toward which our race is tending!

In John's apocalyptic vision he saw the River of the water of Life proceeding from the throne of God. Evidently a Spiritual stream, or life-flow. And on either side of the River grew the Tree of Life surrounding it. So there must be many "trees", innumerable, "like Him," "planted by the rivers of water, bringing

forth fruit," etc.; "bearing its fruit *every month*"! All these things are suggestive and deep beyond earthly wisdom, for they belong to a higher Law of Life than man has yet grasped in its fulness. Now, "we see through a glass darkly." Like the blind man whom Christ healed—we "see men as trees".

If man's Spirit, or life-force is higher than that of the beast, does it not prophesy an undiscovered, *untasted* law which death may not mar nor corrupt? A law of Spiritual life-transmission, which shall be dynamic in its power over man's nervous system,—whose name is Love?

Under its divine spell only those *capable* of "the Power of the Highest" would be capable of *reproduction*—for even in Heaven there are degrees of love, and degrees in perfection, as there are degrees in beauty and truth.

"God is Spirit." "Whatsoever *Spirit* hath joined together"! "God is Love." Those who worship Him must worship Him in Spirit. These are thoughts which flow easily into each other leading to the question: Has the Spirit ever yet "joined together" two souls in vital contact as actually as the natural law of animal life has done? Is this God's ideal? Is this what our first parents lost by "eating" of the "forbidden fruit"? It was evidently an appetite that was forbidden in Eden if we understand the language allegorically; and if so, we read *by the law of juxtaposition* the interpretation of the "Tree of Life"—God's ideal *family tree*! Is it a wrong thought fraught with danger, or sin, or death, to so interpret these symbolic Trees?

Could a humanity born under the higher law be held under the bonds of death?

Is not this illustrated in Christ's Birth and Resurrection? He conquered death because of his Birth! He *inherited death only on one side*. He could not therefore be held by death. Considering these things may there not be Hereafter something analogous in store for other men besides our "First-born" "among many brethren"?

In all the offerings for cleansing imposed upon Israel, either the Holy Spirit, or the atoning Person of Christ was symbolized, presented to God, the Father, to cover the sin, or the stain of death, whichever it might be. The Trinity and the power of God were

thus acknowledged. The sin was also acknowledged. What sin? A misplacement of law brought it all! A turn in the tide of the River of Life—an eddying stream, out of course. A forbidden fruit. A selfish disobedience. An insult. A law which is a mixture of "Good-and evil". A lower *conception*. "A sinful generation". This is all! But in it lies the responsibility for all sin. And murder was its first expression and first fruit in Cain, the antitype of Christ.

God as love is the Archetype of fatherhood. Mary, as woman, and Joseph as man, the archetype of parenthood. And Christ, the Son of God and Son of Man, the Prototype of our race. From this we may deduce "wondrous things" in store for the "far-off divine Event toward which we move." God has never lost sight of His principle of Life for man. He has shown it to us—that whosoever believeth in Him (in His fulness) shall have eternal Life. Does it not now remain for man to regain the perfect vision of "that which is perfect"? How may it come, and when? By might or by power—or by the slow process of evolution? By science—shall we meet God (Life) "*in the air*"? Or by this same Holy Spirit—shall we be "led into all Truth"?

We must be watching by every light that burns, using them all, with plenty of "oil", to aid our work. And this principle of Spirit, though old as eternity—the very pulse of the Universe, may yet "change our vile body" like unto His glorious body, to live as long as the King shall choose in millennial renovation and perfection. Meanwhile till He tarry—even as we humbly accept the good-and-evil of our known being, we may offer unto our Archetype the symbols of divine significance contained in the fulness of the Communion service. To God, the act means more than *we* can grasp with our earth-born reason. But Christ our Son and Prototype holds them out to us, for in them lies symbolized the whole of Life's mystery which stands full-orbed in Him.

We cannot help but love Him! We cannot help but believe and obey, for we shall surely live!

BLAND MCLEAN.

## THE ISLE OF REST.

Why this vain and ceaseless striving?  
Why thy weary quest ?  
Why not seek the peaceful haven  
Of the Isle of Rest?  
Why, Ah troubled heart, why linger  
From those blessed shores, where ever  
Burdens drop from souls opprest;  
In the Isle, sweet Isle of Rest!

Clouds grow heavy, skies grow darker;  
While each step still leads  
Through thorny paths, o'er rugged roads,  
Far from fragrant meads  
Where the skies are ever lightest,  
Wayside flowers ever brightest,  
'Anxious ones with peace are blest;  
In this Isle, the Isle of Rest.

Dost thou ask with eager longing  
And a faltering step,  
While thy fears, a legion thronging,  
New-born hopes o'er leap;  
Who will tell us whence or whither  
We can turn to lead us thither,  
To this island of the blest,  
Peaceful, longed-for Isle of Rest?

Listen, questioning one, within thee  
There's a voice that speaks  
To the waiting soul, but "Silence"  
Is the boon it seeks.  
For the way can ne'er be taught thee,  
Help nor comfort ever brought thee,  
Until Silence comes to bless  
Seeker for the Isle of Rest.

Cease from din of clamoring voices  
For the selfish needs;  
Cease disputes, of bitter discord  
Ever sowing seeds.  
Cease from vain and idle questioning;  
For by this thy faith is lessening;  
Thus thou'rt drifting from the blest  
Ever peaceful Isle of Rest.

When this "Silence" thou hast entered,  
Thou wilt hear the voice,  
Still, small voice that speaks within thee,  
Bidding thee rejoice.  
Love's divine, unerring finger,  
Then will bid thee come, nor linger;  
Trust will banish every fear,  
Hope herself dry every tear,  
This the end of weary quest;  
Blessèd, peaceful Isle of Rest!

SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

#### IN TOWN.

My dollie an' me has come to town,  
An' we just look roun' an' roun' an' roun'.  
Don't see a livin' soul we know,  
But we don't care, 'cause we love each other so.

My mamma says her's sorry her came,  
An' her thinks it is a dreadful shame  
My daddy sold our nice big farm.  
Her says her knows we'll come to harm.

Her says the women ain't one bit nice;  
They're all like great big chunks of ice;  
An' our little flat is most like a jail,  
An' the wind most always blows a gale.

But my dollie an' me think it is fine,  
 'Cause the sun shines bright most the time,  
 So we can walk up the big av'noo,  
 An' say to the fine folks "How Do?"

Some don't smile and ask our name,  
 But we smile at 'em just the same.  
 Mamma says my dollie an' me don't know,  
 But we do, 'cause we love each other so.

HELEN WILDE ALEXANDER.

One soul may have a decided influence upon another merely by means of its silent presence.

—Goethe.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most.

—Theodore Parker.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

—Wordsworth.

We are forced to the conclusion that we are to-day, in all probability, mentally and morally inferior to our semi-barbaric ancestors.

—Alfred Russel Wallace.

A Sunday-school teacher in New York was trying to impress on her class the beauties of the hereafter, and dwelt on the glory and splendor of heaven. After a talk of some length she persuasively said: "Now all of those dear little children who wish to go to heaven, stand up." All arose but one little boy who was uneasily squirming in the corner. "Why Johnnie," exclaimed his teacher, "don't you want to go to heaven?" "NOT YIT!" howled the boy. "I wuz goin' to the circus fust."—*Selected.*

## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

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### AGAINST THE VIVISECTION BARBARISM.

In the Legislature of New York, at its late session, the effort was made to procure some mitigation of the cruelties of vivisection. But the medical fraternity turned out in force to be permitted the continuing of the atrocity in full severity. The Legislature did nothing.

A similar condition of things prevails in England. The pretense has been made that by reason of what has been thus heard, the mortality from diphtheria and other diseases has greatly decreased. The Hon. Stephen Coleridge has overhauled the returns of the Registrar-General in London, for the fifteen years immediately preceding the beginning of the antitoxin treatment averaged 251 a million. In the fifteen years prior to that, taken in periods of five years each, the averages were 121 for the first, 156 for the second, and 170 for the third.

The new treatment was begun in 1894. There have followed two of these five-year periods. The average of deaths in the first of these was 272, in the second 204. In plain words the rate of mortality from diphtheria is higher than it was before the treatment was begun.

Mr. Coleridge further declares that the deaths from various diseases, to which the vivisectionists have had the opportunity of applying their prophylactics of serums, etc., so far from being diminished, have largely increased.

A. W.

### VIRTUE AND NOT-VIRTUE IN WORKING CHEAP.

*The Interior* (Chicago) sets forth the rule: "There is real virtue in preaching for small salary to people who have little money to pay, but no virtue at all in preaching cheap to a church that can pay a worthy recompense."

## REPRESENTATION IN THE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. William Garrott Brown, the historian, writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, presents a plain synopsis of the framework and operative character of the American Government. Inviting the most eminent authorities to aid in developing the subject, like Secretary Root, Secretary Taft, President Butler, and old Gouverneur Morris, he evolves this conclusion: The public service is now on a higher basis, life and property are more secure, and there is a higher moral tone in the management of affairs. Yet there is great significance in the declaration of President Butler: "As matters stand to-day, States and syndicates have Senators, districts and local interests have Representatives, but the whole people of the United States have only the President to speak for them and to do their will."

This explains most of the carping about the President in daily newspapers. The immense moneyed interests which are represented in the Senate, the local interests that are voiced in the House, not being able as heretofore to do to death what the people want, show their rage and belabor the President for exposing and obstructing their action.

## JEWISH TEMPLE IN SOUTHERN EGYPT.

The island of Elephantina in the river Nile has been visited by both a French and German expedition, for the purpose of archeologic explorations. The former after two months of nothing but Greek and Egyptian discoveries, came upon a large number of *ostraka* written on both sides. The inscriptions were in Aramean, the dialect employed by the Jews after their return from Babylon. They indicate the existence of a Jewish sanctuary in that island under the Twenty-seventh Dynasty, when Egypt was a province of the Medo-Persian dominion. The German expedition had also made discoveries of fragments of papyrus with Aramean inscriptions. One was a petition from Jeremiah and other priests of Elephantina addressed to the Persian Governor at Jerusalem. They complained that their temple, built by their ancestors for the worship of the God of heaven, had been pillaged and destroyed by the priests of the god Chem, the tutelary of that island. The date was in the reign of Ochus, and it contained names that are also found in the



book of Nehemiah. This was about the close of the fifth century before the present era.

#### ANTI-VACCINATION IN NEWBURGH.

A letter from a gentleman in Newburgh, N. Y., informs us of an Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League which has been formed in that city. It has the support of many leading citizens. Mr. L. W. Andersen, of Waterbury, Conn., was present, by invitation, to deliver an address, and makes the following report: "I was called to Newburgh to address a meeting, to be held that evening, for the purpose of organizing an Anti-Vaccination League. I had but an hour or two for preparation, and besides I was pretty well tired out when I got there, but I spoke for one hour and I felt that I did good.

"We had a large audience. On the platform with me were about twenty leading men in the community, and engaged in the movement. Among them were three of the leading preachers of the town, each of whom spoke before the close of the meeting, and spoke well. The Newburgh League starts out with a membership of over five hundred. The meeting was very enthusiastic. The feeling is running high and a lot of good will be accomplished before they get through, even if they have a bitter fight on their hands, for they have splendid material among them."

#### WESLEY ON PSYCHAL TREATMENT.

In his Journal Mr. Wesley remarks: "Reflecting to-day upon the case of a poor woman, who has a continued pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of our physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug after drug without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the disorder, and without knowing that they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (She would never have told, had she never been questioned about it.) From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines while that fretting continued? Why, then, do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind? And in those cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a minister, as ministers when they find the mind dis-

ordered by the body, call in the assistance of a physician? But why are these cases out of their sphere? Because they know not God. It follows: no man can be a thorough physician without being an experienced Christian."

#### FIGURES MADE TO LIE.

An official report of the Surgeon-General at Washington contains the statement that for a term of years in the latter part of the Eighteenth century 19,425 persons died of small-pox yearly in the city of London. Dr. McR. Levenson complained to him that the statement was not true. The Surgeon-General referred to a pamphlet published in Canada as his authority. It was ascertained after investigation that this sentence had been published: "From 1761 to 1800 there died in the city of London an average of 19,425 persons yearly from small-pox." The pamphlet in question had taken the aggregate of deaths in a decade, and put it forth as the number each year. Yet though the false assertion has been diligently published in the country, every journal now refuses a correction.

#### REMOVING THE BODY OF SWEDENBORG.

"A man whose learning might be considered an encyclopædia."

—*Sandel.*

Sweden has long been impervious to the fact that one of its sons had been among the most gifted of men in science and the higher knowledge. Count Wrangel, the Swedish Minister in London, presented the formal request of his Government for permission to remove the body of Emanuel Swendenborg to Stockholm. It was arranged accordingly that on the 10th of April the Swedish frigate *Fylgia*, on its way home from the Indian seas, should stop at Dartmouth to take on board the shell containing the remains, which have rested heretofore in the vaults of the Swedish Church, Prince's Square, St. George in the East, London.

Emanuel Swendenborg was born in 1688. He was one of a somewhat numerous family of sons, the children of Bishop Svedberg of Upsala. The father displayed some of those characteristics by which his more famous son was distinguished. He was not only a proficient in science, but believed himself to hold communion with

angels. He was careful of the education of his children, and diligent in procuring for them remunerative employment afterward. Emanuel Swedenborg was thoroughly instructed in metallurgy and possessed extraordinary skill and genius in mechanics. Charles XII appointed him assessor of the Mines, and he sustained close relations with that monarch. He was with the king holding familiar discourse on scientific topics, the night before his death. Queen Ulrika afterward raised Swedenborg to noble rank, and changed his former name to the one by which he is known.

While he was actively engaged in the duties of his office, visiting many parts of Europe for study and investigation, Swedenborg was also greatly interested in abstruse philosophical speculation. Several works were written by him having for their subject the physical structure of man, the principle of life, and the relation of the soul and body. He literally counted nothing common or unclean which he believed that God had established.

He was fifty-six years old, when, as he declared, the Lord opened his spiritual sight, and commissioned him to unfold the internal sense of the Scriptures. He resigned his office of assessor, and devoted himself to composing and publishing his works. Professing to receive instruction from angels, and teaching a superior philosophy and ethics, his writings reveal the Lutheran influence which early education had diffused over his whole being. His works were written in Latin, the language of scholars, and were printed in Holland and London. They present with their peculiar theology a profound philosophy and memoirs of familiar intercourse with spiritual beings, transcending the conceptions of ordinary thinkers upon such recondite subjects. The trances of Indian yogis may be some counterpart to these, and of their genuineness and his sincerity and truthfulness, there can be no rational doubt. He announced a new church, a spiritual corporeity subsisting in the current religions of the day, in which, the last judgment having been passed, spiritual freedom was restored to the individual. Swedenborg died in London in 1772 at the age of eighty-four.

#### ADAM'S FIRST WIFE AND HER PROGENY.

It has been long known to be a Rabbinic hypothesis that Adam had been married before Eve was "built" as a "helper meet for

him." It was blurted out by Goethe, when he describes Mephistophiles introducing a female demon to Faust, as "Lilith, Adam's first wife." We find her mentioned in the original Hebrew—*Isaiah*, xxxiv. 14. "Lilith shall repose there, and find for herself a place of rest."

It appears that Lilith was created at the same time and in the same way as Adam. When they met they speedily quarrelled. He asserted that he was to be her master. She insisted that she had the right to be chief. Adam would not yield, and she in a rage uttered a fatal spell-word, *Shem-hamphorash*. Immediately there issued a pair of wings from her shoulders, and she flew away from Eden.

Then Adam cried out in distress, "Master of the world, the woman whom thou gavest me has flown away." So three angels were sent after her, to find her and persuade her to return. They found her at the Erythrean Sea, east of Idumea. She obstinately refused to go back, declaring that Eden would be no paradise to her if she must be the servant of man. The angels went away, and came to her again, with the alternative that she would become mother of many children, all of whom would die in infancy. She was about to drown herself on hearing of this penalty. Her anguish moved the angels to promise her full power over all children till the eighth day after birth, and she agreed in her turn that she would disturb no children that were under their protection. The woman of the *Apocalypse* to whom was given wings with which to fly into the desert away from the Ancient Serpent was evidently a counterpart.

This legend has been taken seriously by Jews and Arabs. The selection of the eighth day for circumcision may have relation to it. The objurgation of "Lilith Abi," or Keep away Lilith, which is inscribed and placed on the infants' necks plainly tells as much. Perhaps this is the origin of the lullaby.

After a season, Lilith learned that Adam was solacing his grief with another wife. This was more than she could patiently endure. She did not care for Adam, but it was too much that there should be another woman in her place. So she won her way back to Eden and at the entrance met the serpent on guard. Him she artfully beguiled of his form, and having assumed it herself, went in to

meet her successful rival and procure the larceny of the forbidden fruit.

Legend and imagination have produced many theories and representations of this transaction. The most irrational theory appears to have been the one most generally accepted, and a ponderous theology has it for a basis. One picture represents Lilith as having an infant's face which aroused the motherly feeling in Eve, so that she overlooked the serpent-trail wound around the tree. Adam, esteeming Lilith as the more beautiful of the two women, was not difficult to cajole.

Other stories were current in the East, giving varying accounts. Samael was recognized by the Semitic world as chief of the apostate angels, the sinister potency, the one that denies. The Ishmaelites and Idumeans were his people. Jacob wrestled with him and for a long time did not prevail—it was Barter against Plunder—the balance against the sword.

This Samael, the Demon of the Desert, became the consort of the recreant Lilith. Their progeny was numerous, and another story has classed the offspring as the evil spirits that beset and mislead. Much of the folk-lore of the world seems to be concentrated upon these legends.

A new light has arisen, however, to lead in another direction. Those who are ready to welcome truth from any source, and even something else, can obtain their illumination from this new fountain.

The *Chattanooga Weekly Blade* presents a new speculation about the matter. The editor, Mr. Miller, is a gentleman of color, and discourses to a numerous constituency. He propounds the theory that Adam had a dark-skinned wife, named Delinnah. The meaning and the etymology are alike obscure. When the two came to meet each other Adam began arrogantly to boast that he had been created in the image of God, and therefore possessed the divine right of governing. This Delinnah resisted; God had created her too. Adam was no better than she was. Unable to agree they separated.

The Negro, editor Miller tells us, was created in the Garden of Eden thirteen furlongs east from where Adam and Eve were—about eight English miles (?)—and “he went to the jungles of Africa from the presence of Adam and Eve.”

Delinnah, who was another of that race, had a daughter who was too attractive to the young man, Cain. This made so much friction in the family that the mother and daughter withdrew to Africa. In less than a week Cain was in the jungle too and from this alliance the Negro race had its origin.

The trouble about Cain and Abel grew out of this mesalliance. Cain, while living at home, persisted in going often to visit the girl of whom he was enamored. Adam would get after him about it, and he would "jaw back at the old man." Finally the old man got afraid of him and he set Abel to learn what he could of his brother and tell it to him. This incensed Cain and in his anger he killed Abel.

So we have two leading theories that are not exactly working hypotheses. In them both there is a first wife of Adam who resents his claim of supremacy in the household. But then comes the divergent maternity. Lilith is a mother of evil demons, Delinnah is parent of the colored race, as Eve was of the fairer races. Cain, however, may take an exception. In the book of *Genesis* he is described as the originator of the arts of civilized life; but the Chattanooga editor indicates far otherwise. It is a controversy of civilization and savagery for which we are not quite prepared, and but for what may be valuable in folk-lore, we would dump them all.

#### A CRAB BURIED ALIVE.

A workman in Nottingham, England, employed in laying foundations, when getting off a lump of sandstone recently observed motion at the end of his crow-bar. It was a living sea-crab with a shell measuring three inches by two, the crab in motion extending over double that space each way. It had been embedded in its rock ten feet below the surface, and its age is computed at from three to four thousand years.

#### WHY MEN FAIL IN BUSINESS.

"*Bradstreet's*" gives eight causes for failures in business, namely: 1. Incompetency; 2. Inexperience; 3. Lack of Capital; 4. Unwise Granting of Credits; 5. Outside Speculations; 6. Neglect of Business; 7. Personal Extravagance; 8. Fraudulent Disposition of Property. These cover 81 per cent. of the failures in 1907.

Beyond the control of the individual are 19 per cent. These are classed as Specific Conditions, Failure of Others, and Competition.

### A LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1908.

Dear Publisher:

I have long thought that the Postoffice Department, for the last fifteen years, has erroneously interpreted the laws relating to the Public Press, and a recent careful consideration of the subject has confirmed my opinion. You will find enclosed the reasons for my belief.

I am persuaded that many publishers approve of the late rulings; so do I, so far as our own business is concerned; but there is a principle at stake which we ought not to yield at any price.

Let me explain that my advocacy of this principle is persistently pressed with three prime objects in view:

First, to unite publishers in a common cause against any encroachment upon our sacred, constitutional, lawful rights;

Second, to secure the passage of a law that will interpret itself, in the place of those we now have, *which are capable of as many interpretations as there are publications in the United States*; and,

Third, to convince the officials of the Postoffice Department, the President, and Congress, by arguments that cannot be answered, and by the invincible logic of facts, that their line of duty leads directly to the complete emancipation of the Public Press from Government espionage, interference, or control.

When these three purposes are accomplished, I shall be ready to go back to the farm and give myself to the conquest of such noxious weeds as may presume to spring up and choke out my crops.

That pernicious Senate Bill, No. 1518, was quickly smothered out by the indignant protest of publishers; it was put to sleep, I hope, for all time, but we must not be too sure of this.

And let me say that publishers have yet to take into account a Bill *that the Postal Commission has in cold storage—to be introduced into Congress and put through whenever a favorable opportunity occurs.*

It will probably be a modification of the one introduced a year ago, but we have no assurance that it will not make your hair stand on end as the other one did. At any rate, publishers of every class must watch out, and be ready to join hands, and present a solid front against any and every danger that threatens.

I now desire to hear from every publisher who is in sympathy with this work, that I may confer with him and get his advice and

assistance *whenever an emergency arises requiring united action.*

Any communication sent me will be held *strictly confidential*, both now and in the future. I beg to remain, as ever,

Fraternally yours,

WILMER ATKINSON.

# AN INQUIRY INTO THE TRUE MEANING AND INTENT OF THE POSTAL LAWS RELATING TO THE PUBLIC PRESS.

BY WILMER ATKINSON.

Editor *Farm Journal*.\*

"Congress shall pass no law abridging the Freedom of the Press."—*Constitution of the United States.*

On March 3, 1879, twenty-nine years ago, the 44th Congress passed a law admitting publications to the second-class rate of postage. Publications to be admitted "must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry," and must have "a legitimate list of subscribers."

"Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be construed as to admit to the second class regular publications 'designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates.'"

On March 3, 1885, the rate for second-class matter was reduced to 1 cent per pound, bulk weight.

The lowest rate for other printed matter, being matter of the third class, was and is 1 cent for 2 ounces, or fraction thereof, making the cost 8 cents per pound if each piece of matter weighs 2 ounces; if it weighs only 1 ounce, it still requires a 1-cent stamp, the cost, therefore, being at the rate of 16 cents per pound; if it weighs only a half ounce, it still requires a 1-cent stamp, being at the rate of 32 cents per pound.

In the working out of this rate, when applied to newspapers and periodicals of the average weight, the cost is from 12 to 16 cents per pound, or from twelve to sixteen times more than the second-class rate.

A denial of the second-class rate throws the publication into the third class, which signifies that it must cease to be published. The

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\* Nearly 3,000,000 circulation.



Postoffice Department claims the right to determine to which class the publication belongs; it claims the right, therefore, to kill any publication.

Not only does it claim the right, but has actually exercised it to the extent of stifling at birth or destroying 24,955 established papers in the brief space of six years, being several thousand more than are now published.

The object of this paper is to consider what is the true meaning and original purpose of the restrictions in the law on which the Postoffice Department bases its so-called right to put publishers out of business by shutting them out of the second-class rate.

All the papers that have been shut out have had a subscription list, and nearly all were "devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry." None devoted to general news, such as the great city dailies, *have been interfered with*, although they have pages "devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry"; and such being largely served by carriers, and not depending upon the mails for distribution, these publications are not quick to see any fault with Postoffice rulings *excluding other papers*, and are *not easily alarmed at encroachments upon the Freedom of the Press*.

The Postoffice Department has adjudged those shut out either not to have had a "legitimate" subscription list, or that they were "primarily originated and published" either for "advertising purposes," or for "free circulation," or for "circulation at nominal rates."

The Standard Dictionary defines "primarily" thus: In the first place; originally; fundamentally; essentially.

Webster's Dictionary thus: In the first place; in the first intention; originally.

When the meaning of a law is to be interpreted by those appointed to execute it, it would seem to be the proper thing to resort to the dictionaries to ascertain the exact meaning of essential words. The word "primarily" is an essential word.

It is believed to be outside the province of the Postoffice Department to draw upon its inner consciousness for the true meaning of the word "primarily," but it ought to refer to the dictionaries and act in accordance with what it finds there.

Only a small proportion of the publications that have been ruled out were "in the first place," "in the first intention," "originally," "fundamentally" and "essentially" publications that actually come within the provisions of the law which declared them unmailable at the second-class rate.

In view of the fact that Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from "passing any law abridging the Freedom of the Press,"

it would seem that it could not be the intent of the law to give the Postoffice Department unlimited authority over the Public Press; that it was not the intent of the law that the Postoffice Department should fix its own definition to the word "primarily"; the restrictions apparently were meant to apply only to printed matter which on its face was an advertising sheet, pure and simple, "originated and published" to be given away, not intended to be sold, even if it had a fixed "nominal" price attached to it, not having a subscription list, "fundamentally" and "essentially" useful only in advancing the personal or business interests of the publisher, and not to a newspaper or periodical with a subscription list, "devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry."

It seems reasonable to conclude that Congress desired to have newspapers and periodicals circulated through the mails at as low rate as possible, and only intended to exclude such printed matter as was in no sense such, but that printed matter intended "primarily," "originally," "essentially" and "in the first intention" for "advertising purposes" or for "free circulation" to boost private enterprise solely, and not "devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry," must pay a higher rate.

While Congress has authorized the Postoffice Department to determine to which class ordinary matter entering the mails belongs, it could never have meant that, under the pretext of fixing the rate, it should assume and exercise the power to shut out of the mails, and thus exterminate, newspapers and periodicals with "subscription lists" "devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry"; *but only such printed matter as was "in the first intention," "originally," "essentially" and "fundamentally" something other than a newspaper or periodical.*

Because to have given the Postoffice Department such power over the Public Press would have been to give it authority to abridge its freedom; and, also, to "deprive citizens of their property without due process of law," *both of which grants are absolutely prohibited by the Constitution.*

This is not all of the proof that we possess that Congress never meant to abridge the circulation of the Public Press in the manner in which it has been done.

Six years after the law was passed the 47th Congress enacted that "with each issue the publisher may mail at second-class rate of postage sample copies of each issue."

In this there is no such restriction as in the original law against publications "designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates," because sample copies *are* for "free circulation"; they *are* for "advertising purposes"; they have *no* "legitimate subscription list"; and those papers

thus admitted were to have *unrestricted, unlimited circulation* through the mails at second-class rates; the object being to enable publishers to increase their circulation, because it was recognized that the circulation of the Public Press is a blessing to the people, a fact known of all men.

Therefore, it was not fair for the Postoffice Department to take into consideration the restrictions contained in the original law and ignore the later law which swept all those restrictions away and opened the mails at second-class rates to papers published for "free circulation"; papers "designed for advertising purposes"; papers to be sent to others than to a "legitimate" list of subscribers; *and without any limitation as to numbers.*

Both laws should have been taken into account, that of the 44th and that of the 47th Congress, *and the later law should have been the guide by which to interpret the earlier law.* Instead of this, the liberal provisions of the law relating to sample copies have been ignored; the restrictive features of the original law only brought to the front, *and under far-fetched interpretations have been used to trammel and harass the Public Press, drive thousands of publishers out of business, depriving them of their property "without due process of law," and probably plunging many into bankruptcy.*

The latest interpretation of the purposes of the legislative body, formulated in the law of the 47th Congress, which received a unanimous vote, allowing sample copies to go at second-class rates to any extent desired by publishers, has been set aside as futile and of no consequence, and the exercise of the legal right of publishers under the law relating to sample copies has actually been made a pretext for the enforcement of the restrictions of the original law and the destruction of many publications. *By some strange perversion of justice, the liberality of Congress has actually been made use of to serve the very opposite purpose for which it was intended.*

On February 19, 1885, there was a bill before Congress to reduce second-class postage to 1 cent a pound, and allow sample copies to go at the same rate. The bill became a law on March 3d following. Some light is thrown upon the real purpose of Congress in granting the right to send sample copies through the mails at second-class rates, without restrictions as to numbers. There was no extended debate upon the above bill, for there was apparently no opposition to the measure, for at that time there was no hostility anywhere toward the Public Press.

Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, urged one rate of postage for subscriptions and sample copies. "I could never see any reason," he said, "why a discrimination should be made against sending sample copies. It is intended, no doubt, by the publisher to advertise his paper, but if it tends to induce a subscriber to take the paper,

*we are reimbursed. If a newspaper by this means gets a new subscriber, we also get some benefit from that subscription."*

This was the correct view then, and it is as true to-day as it was then. There was nothing said about 100 or 10 per cent. limit upon sample copies, for it was well understood that for each subscriber obtained, *the Government was reimbursed by postage that would accrue therefrom.*

Senator Warner Miller, of New York, said: "Certainly the sending out of sample copies by all legitimate publishing houses, who are publishing regular weekly, semi-monthly or monthly magazines, *tends to increase the revenues of the Postoffice Department.* The result is that these sample copies bring back to the publisher a large number of permanent subscribers, and, *of course, increase the revenues of the Postoffice Department.*"

Later, Congressman Whitthorne said: "*I am apprehensive that if the Congress of the United States commits itself to the idea that the newspapers of this country must depend upon the will of anybody before their circulation can become complete and reach the people, they will be opening the door to the establishment of a 'censorship in the United States.'*" How prophetic these words of Mr. Whitthorne!

The postage rate on sample copies being reduced to 1 cent per pound, Congress expected the Postoffice Department to be reimbursed by the increasing number of permanent subscribers that publishers would get by the free distribution of sample copies; and so it has turned out.

The prerogative of Congress is to legislate. It has never resigned its functions to the Postoffice Department; the duty of the Postoffice Department is to execute the laws, not to make them; nor can it legally use one law to club the life out of another; *nor can it use any law to club the life out of the Public Press, without violating the Constitution.*

I am not a lawyer, nor the son of a lawyer, but "primarily," "originally," "fundamentally," a farmer—born on a farm and reared at the plow-handles; have a 90-acre farm under careful tillage now; corn not planted yet—but I comprehend enough law to be able to say with some confidence *that it is "primarily," "essentially," "fundamentally," "in the first place" and in the last place, the duty of an executive officer of the Government to maintain the law he has sworn to obey as he finds it; he is not to alter it, amend it or abolish it; and he is not to interpret it one way one time, and another way another time; for one person one way and another person another way.* And when the law relates to newspapers, he must hesitate long before he takes a single step that can be construed into a violation of that sacred American principle—the Freedom of the Press.

Several questions have arisen in the operation of the postal laws that have been carried to the Supreme Court and there decided. The distinguished Third Assistant Postmaster-General claims that in nearly every issue that has arisen, judicial decisions have been given in favor of the Department. This is true, but there has never been a full understanding or presentation of the publishers' cause before the highest tribunal. Many facts were not known when the causes were heard that are known now, and it never occurred to anyone to bring up the question of the constitutionality of the restrictions of the law of 1879, which have been made misuse of to so effectually abridge the Freedom of the Press.

No judicial tribunal has ever been informed as to what an alarming extent the Postoffice Department has gone in its questionable course, nor how many thousand citizens have been "deprived of their property, without due course of law." Some things were never before revealed, because they were not known, that now stand exposed; nor has the court's attention ever been called to the evident purpose of Congress in passing the later law, that of 1885, which was to remove the former restrictions and give the Public Press greater freedom.

It was not known that the Postoffice Department, by illegal restrictions upon the number of sample copies a publication may send out, *has made it impossible for any newspaper ever to be established in the United States which depends upon the mails for distribution, except by a person or corporation of great wealth, thus creating a monopoly of existing publications, nor that this favoritism to the largest beneficiaries of such monopoly has been one method by which public opinion has been moved to justify measures against which many publishers justly complain.*

It was not known that the Postoffice Department, by its limitation of the time of expirations, has stepped in between citizens and purposes to cut off the supply of reading matter from the poor and unfortunate, of which there are perhaps at this time one million in the United States, because unable to pay their subscriptions promptly. At this writing there are alone 345,000 railroad employees out of work. These things are recent, and the light has never been turned on them; the supreme tribunal of justice has never been informed concerning them.

Moreover, Congress has been prevailed upon by the Postoffice Department to appropriate \$60,000 within the past three years to pay *special* counsel to prosecute or defend suits against publishers. This money has been used to employ the ablest lawyers in the country to present the Government side; whereas, before a cause is heard at all, the stricken publishers are shut out of the mails at second-class rates, made to pay from twelve to sixteen times as

much as before while their cause is pending, which is often delayed for months while they are slowly bleeding to death by the dagger thrust of executive order; so they have never had their side presented to the courts in all its bearings and with its proper force. *They have been ground in the dust so far as relates to a fair opportunity for an adequate defense of sacred, constitutional rights.*

Is it any wonder then that the Postoffice Department has won the most of the cases against publishers suffering under such discouraging handicap? Few publishers have the means to make any fight at all under such adverse circumstances; many live thousands of miles away, struggling on in their business, with the prohibitive postage rate forced upon them, with suspicion aroused against their reputation, and their enterprises paralyzed and threatened with destruction.

There are those who at times impatiently criticise our highest tribunal for its decisions, but for myself, I have the most profound admiration for the Supreme Court of the United States, what it is, and what it stands for, and I can find better business than to speak or write about it with disrespect. The Court is not to blame.

*The Postoffice Department has little cause to boast of its judicial victories gained in its crusade against a Free Press.*

All for what? To cure "abuses" that have never existed and do not exist now, but which were and are largely imaginary; *for the Government has never lost a dollar by carrying newspapers and periodicals at 1 cent a pound.* It was formerly claimed that second-class matter cost the Government 7 cents per pound, and for ten years that bugaboo stalked abroad; now the distinguished Third Assistant Postmaster-General puts it at 2½ cents per pound; the Postoffice Department could not prove that it lost anything before the Postal Commission; it could produce no evidence bearing upon the subject; and if it give proper credit for the profitable letter mail produced by the second-class, it will have proof that there is no loss whatever.

Indeed, Postoffice reports bear testimony to the fact that in the establishment of Free Rural Routes *"the more papers and magazines people take, the more letters they write. They read the advertisements, and then answer them; and it is a rule that correspondence so increases after the establishment of a route that the increase will more than pay the added expense of delivery. The average increase in a three-months' test on over forty separate routes, was over 50 per cent."*

In further proof of the enormous increase of letter mail from advertising, I submit the statement of Mr. Hunter, of Chicago, before the Postal Commission at the Holland House, New York, to be found on page 665 of the Commission report, wherein it appears

that one single issue of a monthly paper paid the Postoffice, in cash, \$40,409.96. This statement is backed up by affidavits of the advertisers, but only covers 42 per cent. of the same. Every dollar of this postal revenue was through a single issue of one paper, all of which otherwise the Government would not have received.

The fact is, that second-class mail matter is the prolific mother of letter mail, and if we go back twenty years and consider the vast influence it has exerted in promoting the intellectual activities of our people, and the growth and enormous development of the business of the country, it will probably be found *that three-fourths of the first-, third- and fourth-class mail matter is now delivered directly, remotely, and cumulatively from the second-class; and that second-class mail matter is really more profitable to the Government than all the other classes put together.*

The hue and cry raised so loudly and persistently against publications because of the advertisements contained therein, have not knowledge for a base, because advertisements are the most potential agency in increasing the Postal revenues, besides helping to establish, more than anything else, the great mercantile and manufacturing enterprises of the country. Hence, it would have been better for the Postoffice Department to have encouraged advertising, and it should have thrown no obstacles in the way of publishers obtaining circulation, because circulation gives vitality to advertising, and advertising gives vitality to business, and business is not a thing to make war upon; it is what makes the country great.

Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler, in a recent address before the Boston High School of Commerce, truthfully said that:

"Advertising has three distinct values. First, it enables the business man to do business, and business, for the present, at least, is a necessity.

"Secondly, in itself it distributes information of untold consequences and of direct value to the people.

"Thirdly, it furnishes the capital necessary for the distribution and circulation of practically everything we have in the magazines and newspapers, enabling the poorest man to purchase what he needs to the best advantage.

"Therefore, advertising may be studied both from the viewpoint of cold-blooded business, and also for higher and better reasons, for advertising is one of the few business commodities *which rise above barter, and become an ethical, as well as a commercial feature, for the betterment of the people.*"

It is unwise beyond measure for the Postoffice Department to condemn newspaper advertising and to try to abate it as though it were an enemy of civilization. The postal official who was the first to discover the obnoxious character of newspaper advertising

and the great loss it entails upon the Postal revenues, has contributed about as much to the world's stock of knowledge and wisdom as the man who discovered that the moon is made of green cheese; or that other person, who maintains that the cow jumped over it.

#### EFFECTS OF THE RECENT RULINGS.

The distinguished Third Assistant Postmaster-General, in his able paper addressed to Congress, on February 15th, declared, under the heading "ITS EFFECTS," that, "This regulation has taken out of the mails, since January 1st, millions of copies of publications, whose circulation for advertising purposes was swelled to the limit," referring principally to sample copies.

The statement that "millions of copies" were eliminated from the mails possesses a vagueness that is unsatisfactory to those in search of facts. As it is dated February 15th, it will be noted that the regulations were less than seven weeks old; and if there were "millions," there must have been at least two millions, which means that, by the time the year is done, if at the same rate, there will have been shut out over fifteen million copies. This as to sample copies only—how many will go on account of expirations lies deeply hidden in the mists of futurity. It is my opinion that, eventually, many publishers who hastened to approve the rulings will lose a considerable percentage of their paying circulation.

Those are "its effects," present and prospective, as indicated, but there are others, of which no mention is made, some of which I will proceed to enumerate:

First.—The laborers who had been employed in producing the excluded papers—the pressmen, the mailers, the ink-makers, the paper-makers, the clerks—were thrown out of work in the dead of winter, in the midst of one of the worst business panics the country has ever known.

Second.—Probably one million of poor and unfortunate citizens are, or will be, denied the benefit of their papers, because unable to pay their subscriptions promptly, many of whom could and would eventually pay.

Third.—A new principle has been engrafted upon our Republican form of Government, giving the right to a favored citizen to extend a credit to his customers in business of \$1.50; another, less favored, \$1.00; another, with favors reduced to a minimum, only 12 cents—the 12-centers unable to make more than a 12-cent kick.

Fourth.—All the papers thrown out being published, as it is said, for "advertising purposes," and there being "millions" of them, what becomes of the business that was created and sus-



tained by that advertising, and of the Postal revenue accruing through such business? Evidently, a great deal of that business must have been knocked out, Postal revenues must have suffered accordingly, *and the laborers employed in those enterprises sent adrift.*

Here are four "effects" not mentioned by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General; nor are we told what the wives and children of the men forced out of their jobs are to do now. How are they to obtain food for their sustenance and clothing for their bodies? How shall the mothers maintain the comforts of home, nurture and educate their children? Are these things nothing to the Honorable Third Assistant Postmaster-General? I am generous enough to believe that it shows not want of heart, but want of thought, that reconciles him to such a situation.

Had many of the publishers concerned in this matter, and the laborers employed, been engaged in some unlawful occupation; had they been criminals in the eye of the law; if they had committed crimes of which they were duly convicted by a jury of their peers, no great sympathy need have been extended, but such was not the case. *They were convicted of no crime; they were guilty of none.* We are given no legal proof that their excluded subscriptions were "illegitimate."

At this point it seems proper to also direct attention to what has been done in the past on the same destructive lines, wherein more publications were destroyed in six years than are now in existence, wherein millions of the property of publishers were wiped out; wherein tens of thousands of workers in all lines entering into the publishing business were thrown out of employment; and wherein all the aggregate millions of dollars, invested in mercantile and manufacturing enterprises, that depend upon newspaper advertising for success, were more or less injured, entailing a serious loss in Postal revenues in the first, third and fourth classes!

I observe with satisfaction that workers in the printing trade are taking note of this very serious matter. President James M. Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, urges that there shall be "no limitation in the Postal laws that will work to the curtailment of printed matter," and he says: "The printed sheet is a great educator, and the Government, through the Postoffice, should be the leading spirit in furthering popular education."

Let us now try to ascertain what the necessity and urgency of these attacks upon the Public Press, and upon the business of the country, are, and just what the Government will get out of it in the way of profit by excluding those "millions of copies" from the mails. Was the pressure upon the mail service so great that something had to be done to relieve the strain? Were the mail pouches bursting with their burden?

No; for in a speech on the floor of Congress, the Honorable James T. Lloyd said that "there were 1,600,000 mail sacks and pouches in service; and if these were distributed each day, and all of them used, and the same amount placed in each, there would be *less than two pounds in each*," and this statement has never been denied so far as I know.

Let us double it, and admit that each mail bag or pouch, *whose capacity is from 50 to 100 pounds*, contains four pounds of mail matter when emptied at the Postoffices; how much did the Government really save in revenue by excluding those "millions of copies?" Is it profitable to carry mail sacks with only two pounds in them?

Estimating the "millions of copies" that were eliminated in seven weeks at two millions, weighing 200,000 pounds, the Government revenue was lessened \$2,000 for postage at pound rates, and \$2,000 more of mail matter of the other classes, which these publishers would have paid in their business; and this is almost a clear loss, because the result of eliminating those papers will perhaps *not lessen the contents of the average daily mail bag more than 4 ounces, and perhaps not more than 2 ounces*. Nor is there any other way that I can see that the Postoffice Department has saved by excluding the "millions of copies." I will not deny that I am poor at figures, and may have erred in the above; but I shall be most glad to have any error pointed out.

I wish, in closing, to call attention to the pregnant truth, ascertained by the six months' weighing of all mail matter, ending with December last, that less than 5 per cent. of the whole consisted of sample copies, and it is probable that not more than 1 per cent. was composed of sample copies that were not legitimate.



The long line above indicates the weight of all second-class matter sent through the mails the last six months of 1907.

*The short line indicates the weight of sample copies sent out by all non-legitimate publications for "advertising purposes" above the 10 per cent. limit, for same period, being in all about 1 per cent. of all mailings—a mere frazzle—and this before the new rulings were put in force.*

The excuse, therefore, which the Postoffice Department has for continuing longer its autocratic regulation of the *legitimate publications* of the country is, likewise—a mere frazzle.

To hamstring all of the legitimate publishers of the United States with harsh and obstructive rules on such meagre grounds as this, *is like taking a shot-gun to kill a flea; it is like tearing down the whole house to get at a few rats in the cellar.*

There has been a studied effort, at the expense of the United States Government, to make it appear that the recent rulings have the approval of publishers generally, but I find that this is far from being the case. Many publishers object to them, and those who approve are largely composed of publications that do not depend exclusively upon the mails for distribution, and who happen to live in sections where money is rather plentiful and cash payments common, as in the Middle West.

In New England, the Middle West, and in the South, there is more opposition. Of course, there is a class of periodicals which have news-stand circulation largely, and some that are delivered by express; these do not seriously object.

Very naturally, such rulings tend to give a monopoly to old, established newspapers, and it is not at all strange that such are not disposed to find fault with them; but is it wise, as a national policy, to crowd down and smother out beginners? We were all beginners once.

But it is my opinion that the rule, both as to sample copies and expirations, if enforced, will not be as satisfactory in the future to most approving publishers as they seem to be now.

The reader will find dissenting opinions below; I had hoped to find room for a much larger number, now in my possession, but the pages are full. Publishers who approve are welcome to their belief; judgments differ; and time alone will tell who are right.

#### EXTRACTS.

From twenty-one letters from eighteen States.

No. 1. "If the right to make laws is once taken out of the hands of Congress, there is no safety for any publisher. The publishers of the country are making a big mistake in assenting to the justice of this ruling, and are sure to see their mistake sooner or later."

No. 2. "The editors who have commended Lawshe's ruling do not know what they are talking about. The ruling concerning subscribers who have not paid to certain dates is, to my mind, arbitrary, autocratic and unconstitutional. The man who made it must have been hard up for material to make a record. It makes no difference to us, for our paper is sold almost entirely by newsboys, but to my mind, it is nobody's business—least of all, the Governments—whether a publisher chooses to trust subscribers, and send his paper to those who are in arrears, or not."

No. 3. "I am heartily in accord with you in saying that no one man in the Postal Department should be given power both to make and execute laws either for or against the press—the greatest

engine of right and liberty that ever existed. When the Postmaster-General signed the new Postal regulations on second-class matter, he placed himself in the position of an absolute dictator—a position worthy of a Russian press censor—and at one fell swoop sought to change conditions under which hundreds of helpful and flourishing papers had been built up, and under which thousands are now building up. The powerful, established publications say they do not mind the ten per cent. sample clause. But the growing concerns do. Ask them."

No. 4. "If there is one remaining despotism in the United States, it is in the power vested in the head of our Postal Department to render a verdict and make the defendant sue. This is contrary to all recognized laws of justice as practiced in our courts, where it devolves upon the State to prove guilt, the jury of twelve to state the degree, and the justice to impose sentence."

No. 5. "I was practically driven out of a profitable publishing business in Massachusetts, some years ago, by the Postoffice Department."

No. 6. "This day and age demand the freest possible privileges to those who disseminate literature. If there are any injurious effects from this privilege, the courts can be resorted to for redress for those who are injured."

No. 7. "I am entirely with you in the position you take as to the Press being left at the mercy of the uncontrolled whims of the Postoffice officials as to how it shall conduct its business. The ruling as to giving credit to subscribers is a most unjust interference with the liberty of the citizen, and amounts to a practical confiscation of property without redress or compensation."

No. 8. "The idea of giving any one man or set of men the authority now assumed by the Postoffice Department is monarchical and should not be tolerated further in a country where Congress intended that the press should have the utmost freedom. Their attitude toward some publishers at this time will eliminate hundreds of legitimate papers along with the others."

No. 9. "Under the present conditions, if the breakfast of the official in power should not agree with him, he might go down in the morning to his office and issue a new regulation that would put us all out of business. No other line of business in the country to-day would stand for such czar-like methods of government."

No. 10. "There is a class of daily papers that will be little injured by this new ruling—such papers as do a cash business or deliver their chief circulation by carriers; but it will be a deadly blow to newspapers with widely scattered lists of subscribers who have been in the habit for a long term of years of paying their subscriptions once a year. We have 9,000 subscribers scattered all over the State who will be affected by this ruling."

No. 11. "It does not seem to me that it is any of the business of the Department how long a credit a publisher may extend to his subscribers. The new ruling can never work for justice. It will practically keep new papers from starting; it is therefore not unreasonable that we find present publishers approving it."

No. 12. "The rulings lack argument and sanity. It is more arbitrary than any measure adopted by the Czar of Russia; it inflicts a cruelty upon readers of newspapers, and in doing this wrong wantonly and with apparent malice, it is performing no good to any human being."

No. 13. "The Department, in the matter of censorship, is legislator, prosecutor, judge and jury. This censorship grasps at the Freedom of the Press and the personal liberty of the American business man."

No. 14. "It will doubtless be found that older and stronger journals are fairly satisfied with the ruling as it is, and so the weaker journals must submit to the newspapers. If any are started they must work against a tremendous handicap."

No. 15. "Perhaps some day it will dawn upon the publishing fraternity that they ought to get together—to unite to secure a sane law that will give stability and uniformity to the mail service and put an end to the arbitrary power, which can by a stroke of a pen, wipe out an industry."

(No. 15 is from Edwin C. Madden.)

No. 16. "There is no question but that, in the matter of underlying principles, you are correct—that legislation by executives is wrong; is un-American."

No. 17. "I believe the ruling of the Postoffice Department, restricting the right of publishers to give credit, is an assumption of authority not warranted by law. If enforced, it will work much injury to a class of weekly and other small publications, which from the nature of their environment, have been obliged to extend a considerable amount of credit to their subscribers."

No. 18. "I recognize that there is a great principle involved in this constant hectoring of the publishing interests of this country, first by one head of the Department at Washington, and then another, following the personal opinions and viewpoints of various officials. This is bound to place the publishing business in jeopardy. No man knows where the thing will end. I agree with you perfectly that Congress should pass a specific and permanent Postal law which will preclude a single man to change its features to meet any whim he may have."

No. 19. "Publishers are invited to express their opinions to the Postoffice Department, but this I have not done, for the reason that

I know my views are contrary to those of the Department, and I feel in expressing them that I would excite antagonism. I note a number whose praise of the rulings led me to question if it were not more from fear, than for the love of the rulings, that they were singing their praises."

No. 20. "I am among those publishers who realize that it is within the power of the Postoffice Department to kill my business at its will; under which circumstances I have no desire to antagonize them, or even let it be known that I criticize their action, or complain at anything they do; I think that others feel as I do, or there would be such a protest against this injustice that the protest would be heard in the halls of legislation and answered. I therefore beg to impress upon you that this letter is not for publication; at least, not over my name nor that of my paper, for I do not wish to set myself up as a target for the malice of any person.

No. 21. "I most heartily approve your stand. I must, however, take advantage of your provision that what I say will be held 'confidential' for the reason that I am one of the class of publishers who are at present at the mercy of arbitrary rulings that have no compass, and no latitude nor longitude."

When the writer first called public attention to the fact that the Freedom of the Press is involved in this Postal question, the idea was treated with the indifference of silence; not so now; and the time will soon come when its truth will be generally recognized. Wonderful progress has been made, and the cause of a free and independent Press moves rapidly forward.

It is a pity that so many publishers hurriedly gave their approval to the new rulings, which are the most absolute that have ever been promulgated by the Postoffice Department. It cannot be helped now; but it is hoped new light will dawn, and those who have made a mistake will come to see and acknowledge it.

#### THE NEW RULE AS TO EXPIRATIONS.

On page 17 of Mr. Lawshe's pamphlet addressed to Congress will be found this statement:

*"As a matter of law, an expired subscription is no subscription at all, and the Postmaster-General is under no obligation whatsoever to recognize it as a subscription, or so regard a list composed solely or partly of such alleged subscriptions. If the subscriber does not renew his subscription, then he is not a subscriber, and strictly the publisher has no legal right to include him in the list of subscribers for a single day after the term for which the subscription is paid has passed."*

But the *rule* says that:

"A reasonable time will be allowed publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions; but unless subscriptions are *expressly renewed* after the time for which they are paid, they shall not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers."

Now, if it is *written in the law* that the publisher has no right to count an expired subscription as legitimate, how can a *rule* of the Postmaster-General of the Postoffice Department make it *legal*?

What is the meaning of "expressly renewed?" Does it mean that the paper must be renewed and paid for, or renewed and need not be paid for? If not paid for, then the paper is for "free circulation" so far as that subscription is concerned, and remains so until it is paid for. This might render it unmailable under the law at second-class rates.

Mr. Lawshe, if he really intends that subscribers of all publications in the United States may *expressly renew* a subscription without paying for it, he opens the door for "free circulation," for if a subscriber may do this once, he may do it again, and if he may thus order the paper for one year without paying for it, he may for ten years—and in the end never pay for it at all.

It seems to me that the adoption of such a system as this will make future trouble to both the Department and publishers, for it will require that subscription lists forever be under the surveillance of the Postoffice Department, and publishers will remain in the moonshiner class. The twenty-two inspectors dismissed last winter will have to be taken on again and the whole number duplicated.

Several years ago, there was a bad season among farmers and cash was scarce, so we tried that system of renewals; 2197 expirations agreed in writing to renew, and they were allowed a year to pay up; of all that number, only 306 ever did pay, and the rest had to be dropped, owing a year's subscription. We never tried to get a subscriber to "*expressly renew*" in that manner since.

When publishers allow subscribers, at the suggestion of the Postoffice Department, to renew without paying up, their trouble will have begun in earnest. By such action they stand a good chance of demoralizing the business. It would be far better for the Postoffice Department to let publishers and subscribers adjust their own credits as other business men do.

Though Mr. Lawshe says a person is not a subscriber a day after his subscription expires, yet he permits a daily paper to send seventy-five copies over time, a weekly fifty-two, and a monthly four. Is not the rule, therefore, purely arbitrary, and why should one class be favored above another? Is this not class legislation? Is it not the essence of injustice?

If it is intended in fixing this schedule to prevent abuse of the mailing privileges—that is, to prevent the Government from loss—

why is it that seventy-five issues of a daily may be transported over time, and only four copies of a monthly? Won't the Government lose about eighteen times as much on the daily as on the monthly? Why so tender with the daily publisher, unless it be that the daily would stand no nonsense, while the monthly cannot help itself? Or was it necessary to ease up on the daily in this way in order to win its influence in support of the rulings, that Congress might be impressed and made to believe that the rulings were meeting with general acceptance?

"The wise men to whom we owe the constitution under which we live, did much to set free the press from the control of the law: Much, indeed, do we owe them for the benefits they have conferred. But the leaven of ancient prejudice is still at work, even in this land of freedom; and in many cases the constitution of the country guarantees a right, which the want of general information renders unpopular in its exercise. Those who love truth because it is necessary to human improvement, ought to unite in their efforts to unfetter it."—Thomas Cooper.

"Our security is in our watchfulness of executive power; if we would maintain our system we shall act wisely to that end by preserving every restraint and guard which the constitution has provided."—Daniel Webster.

I certainly hope that the distinguished Postmaster-General and his able Third Assistant, will take this whole matter into new, more careful and thoughtful consideration, and see if they cannot find a way to withdraw their recent rulings. Statesmen of broad minds, possessing patriotic instincts, who are not intoxicated with power, and who are sincerely devoted to the best interests of our country, when deceived by some false guide-boards at the start, find themselves on a strange road, traveling in the wrong direction, ought not to find it difficult to turn about, *retrace their steps, take a fresh start, and so prove themselves in every way worthy the exalted positions they hold.* They should remember that some day the history of this twentieth century battle for the Freedom of the Press will come to be written, and that the names of Geo. Von L. Meyer and A. L. Lawshe will figure therein, either to their everlasting honor or otherwise; and is it too much to hope that they will take to heart at this time, this warning of Daniel Webster: "*The contest of the ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. On the long list of champions of human freedom there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority.*"

Back to the Constitution: The Public Press must be free.

Respectfully,

Philadelphia, April, 1908.

WILMER ATKINSON.

N. B.—A copy of this pamphlet also of my booklet, "The Freedom of the Press," will be sent free to any address. W. A.



## CIVILIZATIONS OLD AS BARBARISM.

There can no longer be any excuse for the flippancy with which some compilers of history-books treat the history of the past, the littleness of their own minds and their great lack of education being shown in every paragraph. Each day fresh facts give their utterances the lie, and prove that while there might have been barbarisms, as there are indeed in all times, there were also great civilizations and men possessed of common sense, brains, and other faculties to which we ourselves lay claim. Also, in view of the number of times that tradition has triumphed over the grudging opinions of scientific history, we need to pay greater respect to what the Greeks claimed about their own descent and history. \* \* There are great gaps in the history even of times comparatively recent; as, for instance, that of the empires that flourished in Asia in the now arid sand-buried wastes.—*Student* in "New Century Path."

## CAUSE OF THE PANIC.

A financial expert figures out that the withdrawal of American money in titled marriages was one of the causes of the panic.

—*The Papyrus.*

## CONVENIENCE OF HAVING LAWYERS.

An American who can afford to engage a lawyer can commit murder with almost complete immunity.—*Sydney Brooks.*

---

Living, Abraham Lincoln saved the country; dead, he appears to be saving some of the magazines.

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Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom is love itself.

---

Many a preacher would be seldom at church but for the sermon.

---

You can always measure the man by the things that provoke him to merriment.

---

Your religion is not to be measured by what you are giving up, but by what you are giving out.

## NOAH'S DOVE AND CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

A lady remarked to Lord Bulwer-Lytton the peculiar coincidence that a dove, a colombe, should have been sent out from the ark to find the Old World, and that Columbus should find the New World. Lord Lytton promptly replied:

"Yes, and the one came from Noah and the other from Genoa."

## TOO EXPENSIVE.

Two little girls had been taken to see the play of Othello. The death-scene absorbed their attention.

"I wonder," one asked, "I wonder whether they kill a lady every night."

"Of course not," replied the other. "They just pretend to. It would be too expensive to really kill a lady every night."

## SEEING TOO MUCH.

An Irish soldier had been kept so long on scanty rations that he became so weak that he could hardly stand. He was permitted to go home to recruit. As he stepped from the car, a mere shadow of himself, an old acquaintance recognized him.

"Well, Pat," said he, "I see you're back from the front."

This worried Pat. "I knew I was getting thin," he replied, "but I never thought you could see that much."

## LIMITATIONS.

The inquisitive visitor at the studio asked the artist:

"What do you paint your pictures with?"

"With brains," replied the artist in tones of dignity.

"Ah," commented the visitor, "you paint miniatures."

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

## ADVICE.

A teacher asked the children to define the word "advice."

"Advice," said a little girl, "is when other people want you to do the way they do."—*Christian Register*.

---

"What do you think of my execution on the piano?"

"No better place for your execution could be chosen. I have always been in favor of punishing criminals on the scene of the crime."—*Chicago News*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.** By W. H. Mallock. Cloth, 303 pp., \$1.75 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The subject-matter of this, Mr. Mallock's latest book, relates to the contradictions between scientific and religious principles. The first part of the book deals with the negative position and the latter and larger part with the constructive work. His aim is to establish the validity of religious belief in general; and the reader who follows his arguments pro and con carefully cannot fail to be interested.

**THE FRIENDLY STARS.** By Martha Evans Martin. Cloth, 265 pp., \$1.25 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Here we have an attractive book about the stars, written in a natural, untechnical manner, which cannot fail to arouse interest in the subject among ordinary observers. The lover of Nature always finds a fascination in and a sense of companionship with the stars, and to such this volume will be a delight.

**THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH ALLIED WITH SCIENCE.** By Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., LL.D. Cloth, 144 pp., \$1.00 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This work is a "catechism for parents and teachers." An attempt to throw new light on the old paths that may serve as a guide to the educators of the young in the endeavor to lead them along the ways of right living and right thinking. The Author's philosophy is upbuilding, and his object is to harmonize religion and science.

All earnest workers in the field of education will do well to read and study this book carefully.

**SYMBOL-PSYCHOLOGY.** By Rev. Adolph Roeder. Cloth, 204 pp., \$1.50 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

In such as are interested in symbology this book will awaken more than a passing interest, as the Author, with keen insight, throws a light upon the deeper significance of the old legends and myths which gives them new meanings to the average reader. The work is a philosophical treatise upon the dual nature of man considered from a highly spiritual standpoint.

A most interesting chapter is entitled "The Architecture of the Soul."

"We have pushed the curtain just a little to one side," says Mr. Roeder, "and caught a glimpse of how the Race-Mind saw great

philosophic truths and clothed them in the garmenture of symbol stories—the duality of man, his animal side and his human side.” The real man is shown sharply distinct from the physical man who alone is disturbed and out of harmony with the laws of the Universe.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

#### THE CYCLE OF LIFE ACCORDING TO MODERN SCIENCE.

By C. W. Saleeby. Cloth, 343 pp., \$2.00 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

#### SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG OR THE UNHABITUAL WAY.

By Emily M. Bishop. Boards, 205 pp., \$1.20 net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

#### HYPNOTIC THERAPEUTICS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By John Duncan Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. Cloth, 333 pp., \$2.00 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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A MONTHLY REVIEW

DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY,  
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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

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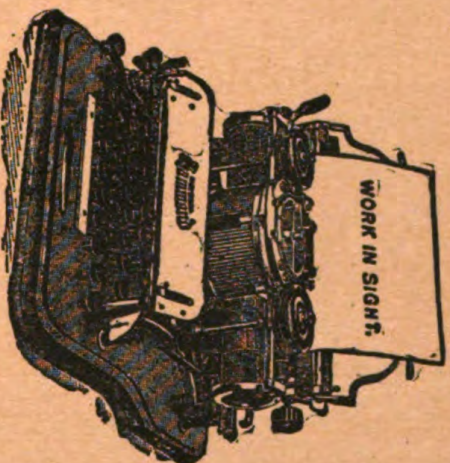
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